

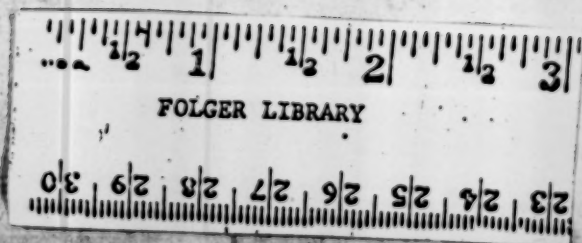
To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
VVith Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have dravne his VVit
As vvell in Brasse, as he hath hit
His Face; the Print vvould then surpasse
All, that was ever vvrit in Brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

No. 34

Bulley



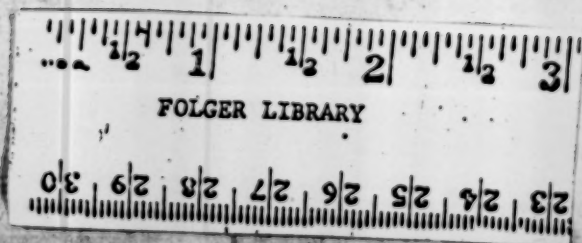
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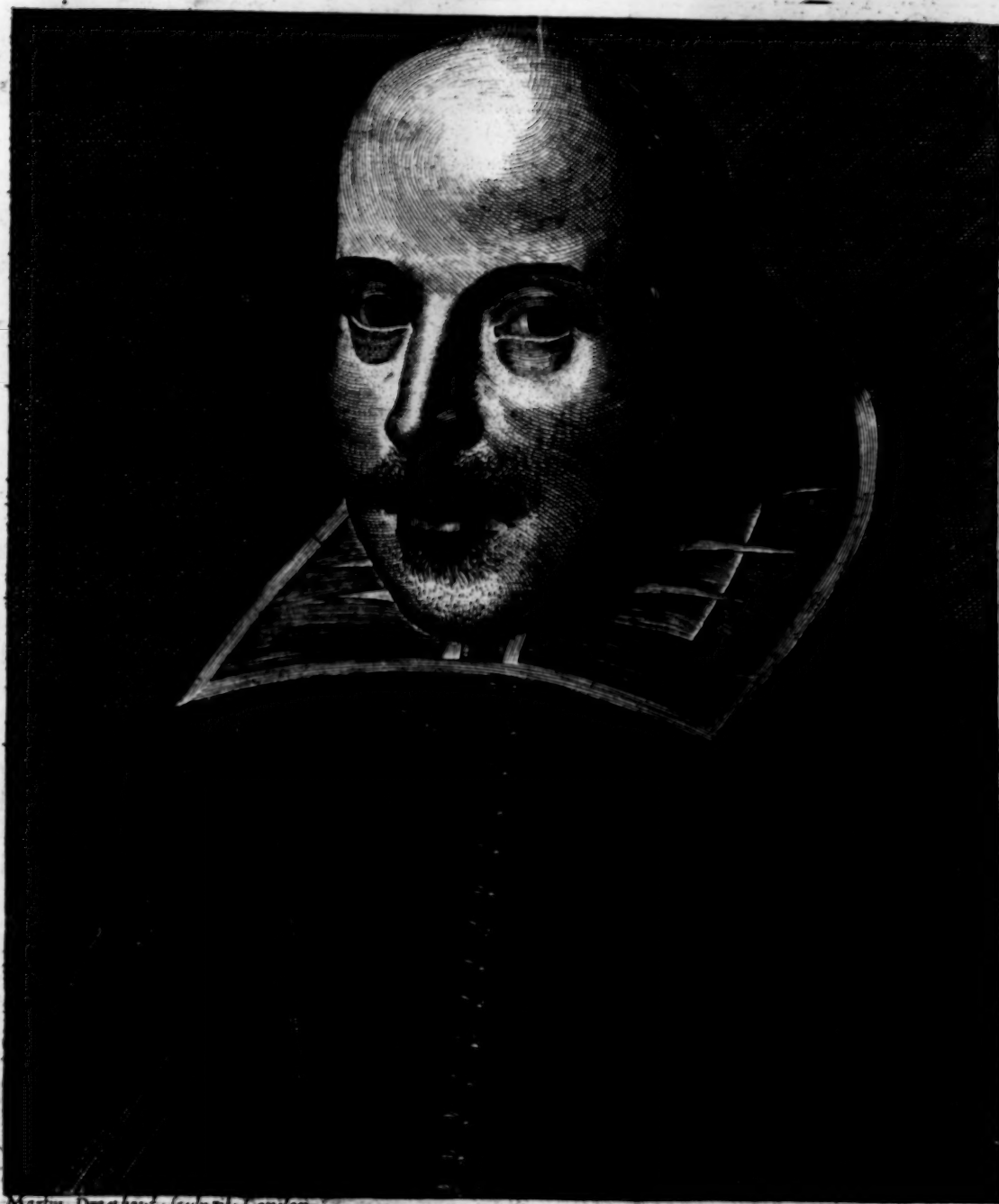
Bulley



MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, and
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the true Originall Copies.

The second Impression.



Martin Droghda sculptor London.

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at the signe
of the Blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1632.

8

1/11/1901



TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Majestie.

AND
PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,



*Hilſt we ſtudy to be thankefull in our particular, for
the many favors we have received from your L. L.
we are ſalne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the
moſt divers things that can be, feare, and raſhneſſe;
raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſuc-
ceſſe. For, when wee value the places your H. H. ſuſtaine, wee
cannot but know their dignity greater, than to deſcend to the reading
of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd
our ſelves of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L. L.
have beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſomething, heretofore; and
have proſequuted both them, & their Author living, with ſo much fa-
vour: we hope, (that they out-living him, and he not having the fate,
common with ſome, to be Exequutor to his owne writings) you will
uſe the ſame indulgence toward them, you have done unto their*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volumne ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his Playes, to your most Noble Patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the Present worthy of your H.H. by the Perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Countrey hands, reach forth Milke, Creame, Fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gummes and Incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake; It was no fault to approach their gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things, are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships most bounden

John Heminge.
Henry Condell.



To the great variety of Readers.



From the most able, to him that can but spell : There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your Purfes Well, it is now publike, and you will stand for your priviledges, we know : to reade, and censure. Doe so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer sayes. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-penny' orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the lacke goe. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit, on the Stage at *Black-Fryers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dayly, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeals ; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had beene a thing, we confesse, worthy to have beene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseene his owne writings ; But since it hath been ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them ; and so to have publisht them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious Copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious Impostors, that expos'd them : even those, are now offer'd to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His minde and hand went together : And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his Papers. But it is not our Province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him And so we leave you to other of his Friends, who, if you need, can be your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.



Vpon the Effigies of my vworthy
Friend, the Author Master VVilliam
Shakespeare, and his VVorkes,

Spectator, this Lifes Shaddow is ; To see
The truer image and a livelier be
Turne Reader. But, observe his Commicke vaine,
Laughe, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weepe ; So when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule rise
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke
Poet, VV. SHAKESPEARE.

What neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Vnder a starre-ypointing Pyramid ?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witnesse of thy Name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument :
For whil'st to th'shame of slow-endavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines with deepe Impression tooke
Then thou our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd in such pompe dost lie
That Kings for such a Tombe would wisht to die.



TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Author, Master

VV. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-speare, at length thy pious Fellowes give
The World thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigie
That is not Shakespeares; ev'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-doe
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy halfe-sword parlying Yomans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Laurell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the Memory of M. W. Shake-speare.

Wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
We thought thee dead, but this thy Printed worth,
Tels thy Spectatōrs, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to act a second Part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

COMMON SENSE



The Workes of William Shake-
speare, containing all his Comedies, Histo-
ries, and Tragedies : Truly set forth, according
to their first Originall.

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Vnderwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.



To the memory of my beloved,
The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AND

what he hath left us.

DO draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much:
Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For feeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and prayse to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all, that insolent Greeke, or haughty Rome
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses, still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warne
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family:
 Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses anvil: turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Lyes in his issue, even so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his welltorned, and true filed lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandisht at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appeare,
 And make those sights upon the bankes of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaire's day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN. IONSON.



On Worthy Master Shake- speare and his Poems.

A Mind reflecting ages past, whose cleere
And equall surface can make things appeare
Distant a Thousand yeares, and represent
Them in their lively colours just extent.

To cut run hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where (confused) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie.
In that deepe duskie dungeon to discern
A royall Ghost from Churles; By art to learne
The Physiognomie of shades, and give
Them suddaine birth, wondring how oft they live.
What story coldly tells, what Poets faine
At second hand, and picture without braine
Senselesse and souleslesse shewes. To give a Stage
(Ample and true with life) voyce, action, age,
As Plato's yeare and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld.
To raise our auncient Soveraignes from their herse
Make Kings his subjects, by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joyes in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our eares
Take pleasure in their paine; And eyes in teares
Both weepe and smile; fearefull at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that truth
which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport——
while the Plebeian Impe from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move
A chilling pittie, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroake downe, both joy and ire;
To steere th'affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolne from our selves——

This and much more which cannot bee exprest,
But by himselfe, his tongue and his owne brest,
was Shakespeares freehold, which his cunning braine
Improv'd by favour of the nine fold traine.

*The buskind Muse, the Commicke Queene, the graund
And lowder tone of Clio; nimble hand,
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
The Silver voyced Lady; the most faire
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.
And she whose prayse the heavenly body chants.*

*These joyntly woo'd him, envying one another
(Obej'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave
Fresh Greene, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blew, rich purple, guiltlesse white
The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch't and embroydred like the painted Spring
Each leafe match't with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silke; there run
Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the choyce
Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.
Here hangs a mossie rocke; there playes a faire
Bnt chiding fountaine purled: Not the ayre
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living drawne
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne.
But fine materialls, which the Muses know
And onely know the countries wherethey grow.*

*Now when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortall garments pent; death may destroy
They say his body, but his verse shall live
And more then nature takes, our hands shall give.
In a lesse volume, but more strongly bound
Shakespeare shall breath and speake, with Laurell crown'd
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meate
In a well-lyned vesture rich and neate.*

*So with this robe they cloath him, bid him weare it
- For time shall never staine, nor envy teare it.*

*The friendly admirer of his
Endowments.
I. M. S.*



Vpon the Lines and Life of the
Famous Scenicke Poet, Master
VV. SHAKESPEARE.

Hose hands, which you so clapt, goe now and wring
You Britaines brave; for done are Shake-speares dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of Heav'n and Earth to ring.
Dry'd is that Veinie, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phœbus Cloudes his Rayes:
That Corpe's, that Coffin now besticke those Bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the Grave,
(Deaths publique Tying-house) the Nuncius is,
For though his Line of life went soone about,
The Life yet of his Lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland.



A Catalogue of all the Comedies,
Histories, and Tragedies contained
in this Booke.

The Tempest. Verona.

The two Gentlemen of

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Measure for Measure.

The Comedy of Errors.

Much adoe about Nothing.

Loves Labour's lost.

Midfommers nights Dreame.

The Merchant of Venice.

As you like it.

The taming of the Shrew.

All's well that ends well.

Twelfe night, or vvhat you vvill.

The Winters Tale.

Histories.

The life and death of K. Iohn.

The life & death of K. R. the 2.

The life and death of K. H. 4.

The second part of K. H. the 4.

The life of King Henry the 5.

The first part of K. Henry the 6.

The 2 part of K. Henry the 6.

The 3 part of K. Henry the 6.

The Tragedie of Richard the 3.

The famous history of Henry 8.

Tragedies.

Troylus and Cressida.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Titus Andronicus.

Romeo and Iuliet.

Timon of Athens.

The Tragedy of Iulius Cæsar.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

The Tragedy of King Lear.

The Moore of Venice.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

THE



THE TEMPEST.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard : Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

Ote-swaine.

Botes. Heere Master : What cheere ?

Mastr. Good : Speake to th' Mariners : fall too't, yarely, or we run our selves a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerly my hearts : yare, yare : Take in the toppe-sale : Tend to th' Masters whistle : Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Bote-swaine have care : wher's the Master ? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson ?

Botes. Do you not heere him ? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabins : you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is : hence, what cares these roarsers for the name of King ? to Cabine ; silence : trouble us not.

Gon. Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more love then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can com mand these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, use your authoritie : If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts : out of our way ! *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow : methinkes he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes : stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our Cable, for our owne doth little advantage : If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast : yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague—

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

upon this howling : they are lowder then the weather, or our office : yet againe ? What do you heere ? Shall we give ore and drowne, have you a minde to sinke ?

Sebas. A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker ; we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stonger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unstanchd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold ?

Gon. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noise within.* Mercy on us.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother : we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Lets all sinke with King

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground : Long heath, Browde firs, any thing ; the wills above be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you have Put the wilde waters in this Rore, alay them :

The skye it seemes would powre downe stinking pitch,

But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheek,

Dashes the fire out. Oh ! I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer : A brave vessel

A

(Who

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I bin any God of power, I would
Have suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pittieus heart,
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme.
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I have with such compassion in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betide to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardest cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther. (downe,

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to the bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Prof. The houre's now come,
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeares old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other house; or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off.
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelve yere since (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millaine*, and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She sayd thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire:
And Princeesse; no worfe Issued,

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.
By fowleplay (as thou sayest) were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I have turnd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Ambrosio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Though all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the Liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle
(Doe'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to grant suites,
How to deny them: whom t'advauce, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts e' th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being retired
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrary, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my renew yeelded,
But what my power might else exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleve
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative: hence is Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roialties
He thinkes me now incapable. Confederates
(So drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne, and bend
The Dukedome yet unbowed (alas poore *Millaine*)
To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Prof. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes have borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brothers suit;
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Milaine*
With all the honors, on my brother : Whereon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Milaine*, and ich' dead of darkenesse
The Ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie :

I not remembring how I ride out then
Will cry it ore againe : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's upon's : without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That houre destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench :
My Tale provokes that question : Deare, they durst not,
So deare the love my people bore me : nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried us a-board a Barke,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor sayle, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it : There they hoyft us
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to us ; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pittie sighing backe againe
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you ?

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserve me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomacke, to beare up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By providence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities
Which since have steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lov'd my bookes he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Have I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princeesse can, that have more time
For vainer howres; and tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heavens thanke you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind ; your reason
For rayning this Sea-storme ?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore : And by my pretciense
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droope : Heare cease more questions;
Thou art inclinde to sleepe : 'tis a good dulnesse,
And give it way : I know thou canst not chuse ;
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, haile I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be it to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire : to ride
On the curld clowdes : to thy strong bidding, taské
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ship : now on the Beake;
Now in the Walle, the Decke, in every Cabyne,
I flam'd amazement, sometimes I'd divide
And burne in many places ; on the top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and joyne. *Joves* Lightning, the precursors
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptunus*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dead Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a foule
But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some trickes of disperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire up-flaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Divells are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit :
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe ?

Ari. Not a haire perisht:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before : and as thou badst me,
In troops I have disperfd them 'bout the Isle :
The Kings sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou callidst me up at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Marriners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffered labour
I have left asleepe : and for the rest o'th' Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season.

Iro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since you doft give me paines,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
Which is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I preethee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeare.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkest it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run upon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was gowne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slave, (child,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To A& her earthy, and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine
A dozen yeares: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Save for the Sunne that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelp, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the brefts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe undoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Doe so: and after two dayes
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like to a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Ar. The strangenes of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yeelds us kinde answers.

Ar. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis

We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves Offices
That profit us: What hoa: slave: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other businesse for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine apparition: my quaint Ariel, Nymph.*
Hearke in thine care.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the divell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen,
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eate my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I loved thee
And shewed thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits, barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, nor kindness: I have us'd thee
(Filt'as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honour of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mr. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodnesse will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took paines to make thee speake, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (*Savage*)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Thou thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't,
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Pro. Hag-sced hence:
Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (*Malice*)
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Seubos*,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slave, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:

Cursied when you leave, and kist
the wilde waves whist:

Foot it feastly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen disperdely.

Harke, harke, bowgh wagh: the watch-Dogges harke,
bowgh-wagh.

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare the straine of strutting Chanielers
cry cackadiddle-dowe.

Fer. Where shold this Musicke be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It founds no more: and sure it waytes upon
Some god'oth' Island, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begin: againe.

Ariel Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearles that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no found

That the earth owes: I heare it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't a spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeve me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleepest, & hath such senses
As we have; such. This Gallant which thou see'st,
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With griefe (that's beauties canker) y might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde'em.

Mr. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mr. No wonder sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heavens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?

What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mr. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his brave sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more braver daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mr. Why speakes my father so urgently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie move my father
To be inclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.
They are both in cythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must uneasy make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere usurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me; the Lord on't

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mr. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit have so faire a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me:

Prof. Speake not you for him : hee's a Traitor: come,
He manacle thy necke and feete together :
Sea water shalt thou drinke : thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He draves, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearefull.

Prof. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traytor,
Who makes a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is posselt with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you Father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir have pity,
He be his surety.

Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impostor? Hush :
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe.
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up :
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whome I am subdu'd: are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make use of : space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me.
Harke what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes, but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ar. To th'syllable.

Pro. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry: you have cause,
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preservation) few in millions
Can speake like us: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alfon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him orefo.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On: Tell.

Gon. When every greefe is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save meanes to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks?
How Greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of Greene in't.

Ant. He missees not much.

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte
water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon.

Gon. Me thinks our garments are now as fresh as when wee put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had sayd Widdower *Aeneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my doublet Sir as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had never Married my daughter there: For coming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,

I saw him beate the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
Whose enmity he slung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
Boye the contentious waves he kept and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th'shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thanke your selfe for this great losse, That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an Affrican.
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise By all of us: and the faire soule her selfe Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o'th' beame should bow: we have lost your I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have (son, Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making, Then we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth' losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgionly.

Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule,

Gon. Had I plantation of this Ile my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or Dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, poverty,

And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none:

No use of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And women too, but innocent and pure:

No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and Knaues,

Gon. I would with such perfection governe Sir:

'T Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gon. I do well beleve your Highnesse, and did it to

minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such

sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes esse to laugh

at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas your we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kinde of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me a sleepe, for I am very heavie.

Ant. Go sleepe and heare us.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes

Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you : Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowsinesse possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate.

Seb. Why.

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleepe :

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke : what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more :

And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be : th' occasion speakes thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepey Language ; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe : What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving :

And yet so fast a sleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe : die rather : wink't

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome : you

Must be so too, if heed me : which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebbe,

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it : how in stripping it

You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir :

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,

'Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd,

As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,

That hee's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you? No hope that way: Is

Another Way so high a hope, that even

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. Hee's gone.

Ant. Then tell me who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis* : she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from *Naples*

Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post:

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,

(And by that destiny to performe an act,

Whereof, what's past in prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stufte is this? How say you?

'Tis true, my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,

So is she heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*

Measure us backe by *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*.

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worfe

Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*

As well as he that sleepes : Lords, that can prate

As amply, and unnecessarily

As this *Gonzalo* : I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat : O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True :

And looke how well my Garments sit upon me,

Much feater then before : My Brothers servants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for ydur conscience.

Ant. I Sir : where lies that? If 'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper : But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome : Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest : Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lyes upon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)

Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morfell : this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course : for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine*,

I'll come by *Naples* : Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together :

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariel with Musicke and Song.

Ariel, My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.

Sing in Gonzalo's ears.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take :

*If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let us both be sodaine.

Gen. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alo. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gen. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, (Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you? It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare; To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gen. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming, (And that a strange one too) which did awake me: I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend, I saw their weaponous drawne: there was a noyse, That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground and let's make further search For my poore sonne.

Gen. Heavens keepe him from these Beasts: For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

(done.)

Ariell. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I have So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda:

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes up From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By ynch-meale a discafe: his Spirits heare me, And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire, Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke Out of my way, unlesse he bid'em; but For every trifle, are they set upon me, Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which Lye tumbling in my barefoote way, and mount Their pricks at my foote-fall: sometime am I All wound with Adders who with cloven tongues Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter* Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me, *Trinculo.* For bringing wood in slowly: Ile fall flat, Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another storme brewing, I heare it sing i'th winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailc-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, he smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohh: a strange fish: were I in England now (as once I was) and had but his fish painted; not a holyday-foole there but would give a peece of silver: there, would this monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doitt to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes; warme o' my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thundebolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe under his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea to sea, here shall I dye ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkee.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I; The Gunner, and his Mate

Lon'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,

But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Saylor goe hang:

She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort.

drinkee.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we divels here?

Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to bee afraid now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper a man as ever went on foure leges, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be sayd so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an ague: where the divell should he learne our language? I will give him some reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: Ile bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prospero* workes upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be, ———

But

But he is dround; and these are divels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake of his friend; his backward voyce, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Dost thou other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a Divell and no Monster: I will leave him, I have no long Spooone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calf? Can hee vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kild with a thunder-stroke; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the storme over-blowne? I hid me under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* escap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne mee about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape? How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaved o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly:

Ste. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Sworn ashore (man) like a Ducke; I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made life a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone when time was.

Cal. I have seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with the new contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow Monster:

The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill ynoch Isle: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's asleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve; I'll beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Cal. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe:

Celiban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban, Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-day freedom.

Ste. O brave Monster, lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some sports are painfull; and their labour Delight in them set off: Some kinds of basenesse Are nobly undergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heavie to me, as odious, but The mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O she is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove Some thousands of these Logs; and pile them up, Vpon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistris Weepes when she sees me worke, and sayes, such basenes Had never like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours, Most busie least, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you

Worke not so hard: I would the lightening had Burnt up those Logs that thou art enjoyned to pile: Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes 'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father Is hard at study, pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere mistress,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while : pray give me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor undergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease : for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worne thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night : I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name ?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I have broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeepe the top of Admiratiō, worth
What's deereft to the world : full many a Lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent care : for severall vertues
Have I like'd severall women, never any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foyle. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of everie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe ; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine owne : Nor have I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father : how features are abroad
I am skilleffe of; but by my modestie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of : but I prattle
Someting too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wooden slaverie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth : heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you did
My heart flie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven; O earth, beare witnesse to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde event
If I speake true : if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief : I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections : heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene'em.

Fer. Wherefore weepe you ?

Mir. At mine unworthynesse that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want : But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow
You may denie me; but Ile be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistress (deereft)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then ?

Fer. I, with a heart so willing
As bondage ere of freedome : heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoying
At nothing can be more : Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop, before; therefore beare up, and boord
em' Servant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monster ? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eyes are almost set in thy heart.

Trin. Where should they bee set else ? hee were a
brave Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
Sacke : for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirtie Leagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant
Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Wee'l not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfs, speake once in thy life, if thou beest
a good Moone-calfs.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shoos:
Ile not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou list most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to jultle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,
was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell me a monstrous lie, being
but halfe a Fish and halfe a Monster ?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my
Lord ?

Cal.

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my Subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvie patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke frefhes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile goe no further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand further: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou mayst braine him, Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's brave Vtenfils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselve Cals her a non-pareill: I never saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, save our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let us be jocond. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, And reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sing.

Flout'em, and count'em: and shew'em, and flout'em, Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dyes payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou affear'd?

Ste. No Monster, nor I.

Cal. Be not affear'd, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometimes voyces, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe; and then in dreaming, The cloudes me thought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cride to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me, Where I shall have my musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away. Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster, Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come? Ile follow *Stephano*.

*Exeunt
Scena*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth rights and Meanders : by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alo. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th' dulling of my spirits : sit downe, and rest :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my flatterers : he is dround
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mockes
Our frustrate search on land : well : let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope :
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly :

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are feesh.

*Solemne and strange Musicke : and Prosper on the top (invi-
sible.) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet;
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and in-
viting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I say to night : no more.

Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens : what were these ?

Seb. A living Drollery : now I will beleeve
That there are Vnicornes : that in Arabia
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeve both :

And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile be sworne 'tis true : Travellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they beleeve me ?
If I should say I saw such Islanders.
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind then of
Our humane generation you shall find
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well : for some of you there present,
Are worse then divels.

Alo. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fre. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since (mackses.)
They have left their Viands behind ; for we have sto-
Wilt please you taste of what is here ?

Alo. Not I.

(Boyes

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not feare : when we were
Who would beleeve that there were Mountayne neeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alo. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past : brother : my lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a quinc device the Ban-
quet vanishes.*

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't : the never surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad ;
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selves : you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted : but remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child : for which foule deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*,
They have bereft ; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whole wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Ile, else fails
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleare life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and car-
rying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this Harpy, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariel*) a grace it had deuouring :
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bared
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kinds have done : my high charmes worke
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my powre ;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is dround)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare ?

Alo. O, it is monstrous : monstrous :
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me : and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prospero* : it did bate my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Exit.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

B

Ant.

Ant. He be thy second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt
(Like poyson given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits ; I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now provoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live : who, once againe
I tender to thy hand : All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the rest : here, afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift : O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will our-strip all praise
And make it halt, behind her.

Fer. I doe beleeeve it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter :
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lampes shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phædus* steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke ;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne ;
What *Ariell* ; my industrious servant *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
Did worthily performe : and I must use you
In such another trick : goe bring the rabble
(Or whom I give thee powre) here, to this place :
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. I : with a twincke.

Ari. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice ; and cry, so, so :
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you love me Master ? no ?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell* : doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ari. Well : I conceive;

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true : doe not give dalliance
Too much the raigne : the strongest oathes, are straw
To th' fire it's blood : be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolari,
Rather then want a spirit, appeare, and perty. *Soft musick.*
No tongue : all eyes : be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, the rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Bailey, Fetches, Oares, and Pease;
Thy Turphy. Mountaines, where live nibbling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stover, them to keepe :
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims,
Which spungy *Aprill*, at thy heft betrimms ;
To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes ; and thy broome-
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves, (groves ;
Being lasse-lorne : thy pole-clipt vineyard :
And thy Sea-marge sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her soveraigne grace, *Inno*
Here on this grasie-plot, in this very place (*descends.*)
To come, and sport : here Peacocks flye amaine :
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
Who, with thy iassron wings, upon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My bosky acies, and my unshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth : why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene ?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene ? since they did plot
The meanes, that dusky *Diu*, my daughter got :
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall'd company,
I have forsworne.

Ir. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the cloud towards *Paphos* : and her son
Dove-drawne with her : here thought they to have done
Some wanton charme, upon this man and maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrowes,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Inno* comes, I know her by her gate.

In. How do's my bounteous sister ? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honor in their issue. *They Sing.*

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joyes, be still upon you,

Inno

*Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestick vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from all their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You Nymphs call *Nayades* of the winding brooks
With your sedge'd crownes, and ever-harmlesse looks,
Leave your cripe channels, and on this greene-land
Answer your summons, *Iuno* do's command
Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: be not too late.

Enter certayne Nymphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certayne Reapers (properly habited:) they joyne with
the *Nymphes*, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
of, *Prospero* starts suddenly and speaks, after which to a
strange hollow and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, avoyd: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of their vision
The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behind: we are such stufte
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, lie walke
To still my bearing mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Exit.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thanke thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: we must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say againe, where didst thou leave these varlots?

Ari. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete: yet alwayes bending
Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
Advanc'd their eye lids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, and thornes,
Which entred their traile shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond you Cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeves. *Ariell* I goe, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A devill, a borne-devill, on whose nature
Nurture can never sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body uglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line:

*Enter Ariell, laden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are nere his Cell. (*Fairy*,

Ste. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles
Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with us.

Trin. Monster, I doe smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Doe you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still,
Be patient, for the prize lie bring thee to
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's hush as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to lose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
(Monster) but an infinite losse.

Trin. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for any labour.

Cal. Prethee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Doe that good mischance, which may make this Island
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I doe begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: we know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

B 2

Ste. Put

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (meanes)

Cal. The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murther first: if he awake, From too to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin under the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, and prove a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and levell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thanke thee for that jest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and levell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. *Monster*, come put some Lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have done on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. *Monster*, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogthead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of Dogs, and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. *Silver*: there it goes, *Silver*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that thou grinde their joynts With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinewes With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me service.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my spirits obey, and time Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixt houre, at which time, my lord You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together In the same fashion, as you gave in charge, Just as you left them, all prisoners Sir In the *Lime-groves* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudgetill your release: The King, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old lord *Gonzalo*, His teares run downe his beard like winters drops From eaves of reeds: your charme so strongly works'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but ayre) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my fury Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*, My Charms Ile breake, their fences Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

Pro. Ye Elves of hills, brookes, standing lakes and And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote (groves, Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flye him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the Greene sowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Muskrumps, that rejoyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde (Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And twixt the Greene Sea, and the azur'd vault. Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder Have I given fire, and risted *Ioves* stout Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up The Pyne, and Cedar. Graves at my command Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abjure: and when I have requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which even now I doe) To worke mine end upon their senses, that This Ayry-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did ever Plummert sound Ile drowne my booke.

Solemn musicke.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an unsettled fancy, Cure thy braines (Now uselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzalo*, Honorable man, Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves apace, And as the morning steales upon the night (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising fences Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzalo* My true preserver, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow't; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deed: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere have kill'd your King : I doe forgive thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art : their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy : not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me : *Ariel* ;
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime *Millaine* : quickly spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lye,
There I couch when Owles doe cry,
On the Batts backe I doe flye
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel* : I shall misse thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou find the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I prethee.

Ari. I drinke the ayre before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate.

Exit.

Gov. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero* :
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have beene) I not know : thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood : and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my mind amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me : this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story,
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be heere ?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meaur'd, or confin'd.

Gov. Whether this be,
Or be not, Ile not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th' *Ile*, that will nor let you
Beleeve things certaine : Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his highnesse frowne upon you
And justifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The divell speakes in him :

Pro. No.

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I doe forgive
Thy rankest fault : all of them : and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou bee'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us heere, who three howres since
Were wrackt upon this shore ? where I have lost
(How sharpe the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saves, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraigne ayd,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse ?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter ?

Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zy bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter ?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these lords,
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devoure their reason, and scare thinke
Their eie doe offices of truth : their words
Are naturall breath : but howsoever you have
Beene justled from your fences, know for certaine
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't : no more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting : Welcome, Sir ;
This Cell's my Court : heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad : pray you looke in :
My Dukedome since you have given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Pro. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world. (wrangle;

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about :
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there heere ?
How beauteous making is ? O brave new world

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

(play?)

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres :
Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall ;

But by immortall providence, she's mine ;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his advise : nor thought I had one : She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before : of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life ; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my child forgiveness ?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gen. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this : looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzalo*.

Gen. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and let it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers : In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband find at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost : *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore *Isle* : and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his owne.

Alo. Give me your hands :

Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

Gen. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine,
amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us :
I prophesied, if a Gallies were on Land
This fellow could not drowne : Now blasphemy,
That sweare't grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land ?
What is the newes ?

Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company : The next : our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro. My trickley spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall events, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger : say, how came you hither ?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you : we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noyses
Of roring, shrieking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd : straight way, at liberty ;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship : our Master
Capring to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done ?

Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Ar. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more than nature
Was ever conduct of : some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infest your mind, with beating on
The strangeness of this businesse, at pickt seisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents : till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well : Come hither spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free :

Vntye the Spell : How fares my gracious Sir ?

There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not,

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe ; for all is

But fortune : *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
Here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits indeed :
How fine my Master is ? I am afraid
He will challise me.

Seb. Ha, ha :

What things are these my lord *Anthonio* ?
Will money buy em ?

Ant. Very like : one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable,

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true : This misshapen knave ;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controule the Moone ; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power :
These three have robd me, and this demy-divell ;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledgé mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler ?

Seb. He is drunke now ;

Where had he wine ?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe : where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em ?

How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Tri. I have beene in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will never out of my bones :

I shall not feare flye-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano* ?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' the *Isle*, Sirha ?

Ste. I should have beene a fore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape : Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions : as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will : and Ile be wise hereafter,

And

And seeke for grace : what a thrice double Ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god ?
And worship this dull foole ?

Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.)

Alc. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse and your traine,
To my poore Cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waite
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away : The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this Ile : And in the morne
Ile bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the Nuptials
Of these our deare-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alc. I long

To heare the story of your life ; which must
Take the care strangely.

Pro. Ile deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall carch
Your Royall fleet farre off : My *Ariel* (Chicke)
That is thy charge : then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw neare.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE

spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my Charms are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I have's mine owne,
Which is most faint : now tis true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples : Let me not
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd t he deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce : Art to enchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island.

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, King of Naples.

Sebastian his brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of *Millaine*.

Anthonio his Brother, the usurping Duke of *Millaine*.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.

Adrian, and Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a Salvage and deformed Slave.

Trinculo, a Jester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boat-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to *Prospero*.

Ariel, an ayerie Spirit.

Iris.

Ceres.

Iano.

Nymphes.

Reapers.

} *Spirits*.

FINIS.




THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Valentine, Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

 Ease to perswade, my loving *Proteus* ;
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes,
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Love,

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st ; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet *Valentine* adieu,
Thinke on thy *Proteus*, when thou (haply) see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy Beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a Love-booke pray for thy successe ?

Pro. Vpon some booke I love, Ile pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Story of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deepe Story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over-shoes in love.

Val. Tis true ; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the Boots ? nay give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not ; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love, where sorne is bought with grones :
Coy lookes, with heart-fore sighes : one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights ; (mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a haplesse gaine :
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
How ever, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll prove.

Pro. Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you ;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinks should not be Chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers say ; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels ; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say ; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love, the yong and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Losing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a Votary to fond desire ?
Once more adieu : my Father at the Roade
Expects my comming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Proteus*, no : Now let us take our leave :
At *Milaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in love ; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend :
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Milaine*.

Val. As much to you at home : and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after Love ;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more ;
I love my selfe, my friends, and all for love :
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me :
Made me neglect my Studies, lose my time ;
Warre with good counsaile ; set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing, weake ; heart sicke with thought.

Sp. Sir *Proteus* : have you : saw you my Master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarke for *Milaine*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have plaid the sheepe in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,
and I a sheepe ?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheepe.

Sp. This proves me still a sheepe.

Pro. True ; and thy Master a shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but Ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the sheepe ; and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard ; but I seeke my Master, and my
Master seekes not me : therefore I am no sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for Fodder follow the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for food followes not the Sheepe : thou
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee : therefore thou art a sheepe.

Sp. Such another proove will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But dost thou heare : gav'st thou my Letter to
Julia ?

Sp. I

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd Mutton,) and she (a lac'd Mutton) gave me (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Heres too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are assay: twere best pound you.

Sp. Nay sir, lesse then a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the Pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why thats Noddy.

Sp. You mistooke sir, I said she did nod: And you aske me if she did nod, and I said I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddys.

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the Letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry sir, the Letter very orderly, Having nothing but the word noddys for my paines.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brieft; what said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both delivered.

Pro. Well sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truly sir, I thinke youle hardly win her.

Pro. Why? couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a Duckett for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me, that brought your minde; I feare shee'l prove as hard to you in telling her minde. Give her no token but stones, for shee's as hard as Steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy paines: (me; To testifie your bounty, I thanke you, you have Testern'd In requitall whereof, hencefore carry your letter your selfe; And so sir, Ile commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wracke, Which cannot perish having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a dryer death on shore: I must goe send some better Messenger, I feare my *Julia* would not deigne my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now are we alone) Wouldst thou then counsaile me to fall in love?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen, That every day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, Ile shew my mind, According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What thinkst thou of the faire Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine; But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What thinkst thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Jul. What thinkst thou of the gentle *Prothema*?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in us.

Jul. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, tis a passing shame, That I (unworthy body as I am) Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Prothema*, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a womans reason.

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. I: if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shewes his love but small.

Luc. Fire thats closest kept, burnes most of all.

Jul. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruse this Paper Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say: who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentines* Page: and sent I think from *Prothema*. He would have given it you, but I being in the way, Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now trust me, tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the Paper: see it be return'd,

Or else returne no more into my sight.

Luc. To pleade for love, deserves more fee then hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides in modesty, say no to that,

Which they would have the profferer construe, I.

Fie, fie; how way-ward is this foolish love;

That (like a testy Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kisse the Rod?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here?

How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe,

And aske remission for my folly past.

What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Luc. What would your Ladiship?

Jul. Is't neere dinner time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And

And not upon your Maid.

In. What is't that you
Tooke up so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

In. Why didst thou stoope then?

Lu. To take a Paper up, that I let fall.

In. And is that Paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

In. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it have a false interpreter.

In. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a note, your Ladiship can set.

In. As little by such toys, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Love,*

Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

In. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it.

In. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

In. Lets see your song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I doe not like this tune.

In. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

In. You (Minion) are too sawcie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

In. The Meane is drown'd with your unruly base.

Lu. Indeed I bid the base for *Protheus*.

In. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the Papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter. *Exit.*

In. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such loving words;

Injurious Waspes, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the Bees that yeeld it, with your stings;

He kisse each severall Paper for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: unkinde *Julia*,

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a soveraigne kisse.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the Letter.

Except mine owne name: That some whirle-wind beare

Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:

To the sweet Julia: that he teare away:

And yet I will not, sith so pretily

He couples it, to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will. *Enter.*

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready, and your father stayes.

In. Well, let us goe.

Lu. What, shall these Papers lie, like tell-tales here?

In. If you respect them; best to take them up.

Lu. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

In. I see you have a monthes minde to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what fights you see;
I see things to, although you judge I winke.

In. Come, come, wilt please you goe?

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my Brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seek preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniversities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having knowne no travaile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his Royall Court.

Ant. I know it well.

(thither,

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
There shall he practise Tilts and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are journeying to salute the Emperour,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* goe:
And in good time, now will we breake with him. *Enter*

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,

(*Pro.*

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart,
Here is her oath for love, her honours pawne;

O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves
To seale our happinesse with their consents.
Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes;

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperour;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emperours Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readinesse to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Looke what thou wantst shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you shall be imploy'd,
To hasten on his expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my Love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my Love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sunne,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Father call's for you,
He is in haste, therefore I pray you goe.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Val. Not mine: my Gloves are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now *Sirra*?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Sp. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Sp. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to sir, tell me: doe you know Madam *Silvia*?

Sp. Shee that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Sp. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you have
learn'd (like sir *Protheus*) to wreath your armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Love-song, like a Robin-red-
breast: to walke alone like one that had the Pestilence:
to sigh like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
weepe like a yong Wench that had lost her Grandam: to
fast like one that takes dyet: to watch like one that feares
robbing: to speake puling like a Beggar at Hallowmasse:
You were wont when you laughed to crow like a Cocke:
when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when
you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you lookt
sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Meta-
morphos'd with a Mistresse, that when I looke on you, I
can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Sp. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Sp. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without
you were so simple, none else would: but you are so
without these follies, that these follies are within you, and
shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not
an eye that sees you, but is a Physitian to Comment on
your Malady.

Val. But tell me: dost thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Sp. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at Supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I meane.

Sp. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet
know'st her not?

Sp. Is she not hard favour'd sir?

Val. Not so faire (Boy) as well favour'd.

Sp. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Sp. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well fa-
vour'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her fauour infinite.

Sp. That's because the one is painted, and the other out
of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Sp. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man
counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Sp. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Sp. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Sp. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Sp. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine
eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus*, for going un-
garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Sp. Your owne present folly, and her passing deform-
ity: for he being in love, could not see to garter his
Hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your
Hose.

Val. Belike (Boy) then you are in love, for last morning
You could not see to wipe my shooes.

Sp. True sir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke
you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the
bolder

bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her:

Sp. I would you were set, so your affection would create.

Val. Last night she enjoy'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.

Sp. And have you.

Val. I have.

Sp. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can doe them:
Peace, here she comes.

Sp. Oh excellent Motion; Oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Mistris, a thousand good morrowes.
Sp. Oh, give ye good-cv'n: here's a million of man-
ners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and servant, to you two thousand.

Sil. He should give her interest: and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoy'd me; I have writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, namelesse friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle servant) 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you thinke too much of so much paines?

Val. No (Madam), so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Sp. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when its writ: for my sake reade it over,
And if it please you, so: if not, why so.

Val. If it please me (Madam) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow servant. *Exit.*
Sp. Oh Iest unseene: inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a Steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?
That my Master being Scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Sp. Nay, I was riming: tis you that have the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Sp. To be a spokel-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Sp. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Sp. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Sp. What need she,

When she hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the jest?

Val. No, beleeve me.

Sp. No beleeving you indeed Sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Sp. Why she hath given you a Letter.

Val. Thats the Letter I writ to her friend.

Sp. And y Letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worfe.

Sp. Ile warrant you tis as well:

For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some melséger, y might her mind discover
Her selfe hath taught her Love himselfe to write unto her
All this I speake in Print, for in Print I found it. (Lover
Why muse you sir, tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Sp. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Love can
feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my vi-
ctuals; and would faine have meat: oh be not like your
Mistresse, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prothemus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Jul. If you turne not: you will returne the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Jul. And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that houre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing houre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulnesse:
My father slayes my comming: answer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Julia farewell: what, gone without a word?
I, so true love should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Pan. Sir *Prothemus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Goe, I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Lovers dumbe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this houre ere I have done
weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces* have this very
fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious
foone,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court : I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the fowrest natured dogge that lives : My Mother weeping : my Father wayling : my Sister crying : our Maid howling : our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare : he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pittie in him then a dogge : a few would have wept to have seene our parting : why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blind at my parting : nay, Ile show you the manner of it. This shooe is my father : no, this left shooe is my father ; no, no, this left shooe is my mother : nay, that cannot bee so neyther : yes ; it is so, it is so : it hath the worser sole : this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother : and this my father : a veng'ance on't, there 'tis : Now sir, this staffe is my sister : for looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand : this hat is *Nan* our maid : I am the dogge : no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge : oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe : I ; so, so : now come I to my Father ; Father, your blessing : now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping : now should I kisse my Father ; well, hee weepes on : Now come I to my Mother : Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman : well, I kisse her : why there 'tis ; heere's my mothers breath up and downe : Now come I to my sister ; marke the moane she makes : now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare : nor speakes a word : but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

Panth. *Launce*, away, away : a Boord : thy Maister is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares ; what's the matter ? why weep'st thou man ? away asse, you'll loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no mater if the tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide, that ever any man tyde.

Panth. What's the unkindest tide ?

Laun. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Panth. Tut man : I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Maister, and in loosing thy Maister, loose thy service, and in loosing thy service : — why dost thou stop my mouth ?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue ?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tyde, and the voyage, and the Maister, and the Service, and the tide : why man if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares : if the winde were downe, I could drive the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come : come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir : call me what thou dar'st.

Panth. Wilt thou goe.

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valensine, Silnia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistris.

Spee. Maister, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy it's for love.

Spe. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistrisse then.

Spe. 'Twere good you knockt him ;

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not ?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeits.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What seeme I that I am not ?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoad you my folly ?

Val. I quoad it in your Ierken.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour ?

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then live in your ayre.

Val. You have sayd Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well sir, you alwayes end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thanke the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant ?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well sir : you have an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers : For it appeares by their bare Liveries That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more : Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silnia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valensine*, your father is in good health, What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes ?

Val. My Lord I will be thankfull, To any messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countriman ?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne ?

Val. I my good Lord, a Son ; that well deserves The honour, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as my selfe : for from our Infancie We have convert, and spent our houres together, And though my selfe have beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time.

To cloathe mine age with Angel-like perfection :

Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)

Made use, and faire advantage of his dayes :

His yeares but yong, but his experience old :

His head un-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe ;

And in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

C

He

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he meanes to spend his time a while;
I thinke 'tis no welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.

Ua. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Cristall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.

Thur. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely object love can winke. *Enter.*

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, deere *Prothens*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm this welcome, with some speciall favour,

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from.

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistris for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too, meane a servant,
To have a looke of such a worthy Mistris.

Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your servant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistris.

Pro. He dye on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father would speak with

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new servant welcome;
He leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke to heare from you.

Pro. Wee'l both attend upon your Ladiship.

Val. Now tell me how do al from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are wel, & have the much comended.

Ua. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Ua. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Ua. I *Prothens*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done pennance for contemning Love,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily heart-fore sighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Prothens*, Love's a mightie Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Ua. Call her divine:

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sieke, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minifter the like to you.

Ua. Then speake the truth by her, if not divine,
Yet let her be a principallitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Ua. And I will helpe thee to prefer her to;
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, least the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough Winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

Ua. Pardon me (*Prothens*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar and the Rocke pure gold.
Forgive me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou see'st me doate upon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st) is full of jealousie.

Pro. But she loves you? (howre,

Ua. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Prothens* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries; that I needs must use,
And then He presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one nayle by strength drives out another:
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
Is it mine then, or *Valentineans* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I love,

(That

(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinks my zeale to *Valensino* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont :
O, but I love his Lady too-too much.
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazeld so my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring love, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile use my skill.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.

Laun. Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undon till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap : Ile to the Ale-house with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Spee. But shall she marry him ?

Laun. No.

Spee. How then ? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neyther.

Spee. What are they broken?

Laun. No ; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Spee. What an asse art thou, I understand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe understands me.

Spee. What thou sayst?

Laun. I, and what I do too : looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe understands me.

It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under : and understand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wilt be a match ?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will : if hee say no, it will : if he shake his taile and say nothing, it will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so : but Launce, how saist thou that my master is become a notable Lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber : as thou reportest him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

Spee. I tell thee, my master, is become a hot Lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house, so, if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Spee. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian : Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy service:

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Plotsheim John.

Pro. To leave my *Julia* ; shall I be forsworne?
To love faire *Silvia* ; shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
Love bad me sweare, and Love bids me for-swear ;
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne :
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To learne his wit, & exchange the bad for better ;
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whole sovereignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I doe :
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe :
If I loose them, thus finde I but their losse,
For *Valentine*, my selfe : for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Love is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silvia* (witnesse heaven that made her faire)
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemy,
Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend:
I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,
Without some trechery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Silvia's* chamber window,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine* :
For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gone, Ile quickly crosse
By some flie trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot his drift.

Exit.

Scena septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Prothens*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdoms with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loves wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such divine perfection as Sir *Prothens*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Prothens* make returne.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Love with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Least it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th'enameld stones,
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
He be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there he rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseme some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Jul. No girle, he knit it up in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*).

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-peece (Ma-

Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfavord. (dam)

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you have a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

If I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. I then never dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Prothens* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd withall.

Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares
And instances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Prothens*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.

Jul. Bait men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer starres did governe *Prothens* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Prothens, Valentius,
Launce, Speed.

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Prothens*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (undeserving as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentius* my friend
This night intendsto steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being unprevented) to your timelesse grave.

Duk. *Prothens*, I thanke thee for thine honest care,
Which to require, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have often scene,
Haply when they have iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her company, and my Court.
But fearing lest my jealous ayne might erre,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashness that I ever yet have shun'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me:
And thou maist perceive my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming. *Enter.*

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast?

Va. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknowne to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) (and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?)

Duk. No, trust me, She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neyther regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have bene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turne her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beautie be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in Verona heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I have forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Va. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kinde

More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best cōtents her.
Send her another: never give her ore,
For scorne at first makes after-love the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.

If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what ever she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and prayse, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they have Angels faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If this his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a gentleman of blood
advise me, where I may have such a Ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray sir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seaven a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a clocke, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge, where (senseless) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my servants fortune.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night I will enfranchise thee.
'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. *Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed upon the shaddow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musike in the nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life. *Enter Pro. and Launc.*

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Laun. Soa-hough, Soa hough——

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Va. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Va. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Va. nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

Laun. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear? friend *Valentine*, a word.

Va. My eares are stop't, & cannot heare good newes,
So much of bad already hath possesst them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, un-tuncable, and bad.

Va. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Va. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Va. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Va. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Dost *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which un-reverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares.
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenesse so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commaunded her,
With many bitter threatens of biding there.

Va. No more: unles the next word that thou speak'st
Have some maligant power upon my life:
If so: I pray thee breathe it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers staffe, walke hence with that
And mannage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate,
Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, conter at large
Of all that may concerne thy love affaires:
As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Va. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Va. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*. *Exeunt.*
Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knave: but
that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now
that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milkmaid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for she hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serves for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. *Inprimis*, Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
onely carry, therefore is she better then a Iade. *Item.*
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
cleane hands. *Enter Speed.*

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that ever thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proves that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There: and *S. Nicolas* be thy speed.
Sp. Inprimis she can milke.
La. I that she can.
Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (*Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)
Sp. Item, she can fowe.
La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so*)
Sp. Item she can knit.
La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench, When she can knit him a stocke?
Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.
La. A speciall vertue: for then she neede not to be wash'd and scowr'd.
Sp. Item, she can spin.
La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she can spin for her living.
Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
Sp. Here followes her vices.
La. Close at the heeles of her vertues:
Sp. Item, she is not to bee fasting in respect of her breath.
La. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.
Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her fowre breath.
Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.
La. It's no matter for that; so she sleepe not in her talke.
Sp. Item, she is slow in words.
La. Oh villanie, that set downe among her vices; To be slow in words is a womans onely vertue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too:
 It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be tane from her,
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth,
La. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.
Sp. Item, she is curst.
La. Well: the best is she hath no teeth to bite.
Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
La. If her liquor be good; she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be prayd.
Sp. Item, she is too liberrall.
La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, she shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.
Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there: Ile have her: she was mine, and not mine twice, or thrice in that Article: rehearse that once more.
Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.
La. More haire then wit: it may be ile prove it: The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit: for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haire.
La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.
Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious Well, ile have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staves for thee at the *North-gate*.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee? I; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.
Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long that going will scarce serve the turne.
Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exiunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will love you Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.
Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake impression of love, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts; And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot. How now Sir *Proteus*, is your countymari (According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going heavily?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleve: but *Thurio* thinkes not so:
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shovne some signe of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I prove royall to your Grace, Let me not live, to looke upon you Grace.
Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also I doe thinke, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Du. I, and perversly, she perseveres so: What might we doe to make the girle forget The Love of *Valentine*, and love sir *Thurio*?
Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*, With falshehood, cowardize, and poore descent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one, whom she esteemes as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe.
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him:
But say this weede her love from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will love sir *Thurio*.

Th. Therefore as you unwind her love from him;
Least it should ravell, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praying me as much
As you, in worth dispraye, sir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firme votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you, with *Silvia* may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By wailefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowes.

Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forake unfounded deepes, and dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Confort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shoves thou hast bin in love.

Th. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City presently
To fort some gentlemen, well skil'd in Musique.
I have a Sonnet, that will serve the turne
To give the on-set to thy good advice.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-Laws.

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

3. *Out.* Stand fir, and throw us that you have about 'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rise you:

Sp. Sir we are undone; these are the Villaines
That all the Travellers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little to lose;

A man I am, cross'd with adversitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whither travell you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Millaine*.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there? (staid,

Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. *Out.* Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull travaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had bene miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin hood*s fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

Sp. Master, be one of them:
It's an honorable kinde of thevery.

Val. Peace villaine.

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any things to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the furie of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, allide unto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from *Manina*, for a gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lives;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2. *Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And live as we doe in the wildernesse?

3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our confort?
Say I, and be the captaine of us all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

1. *Oni.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
 2. *Oni.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have of-
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, (fer'd.
 Provided that you do no outrages
 On silly women, or poore passengers.
 3. *Oni.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
 Come, goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes;
 And shew thee all the Treasure we have got;
 Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
 Vnder the colour of commending him,
 I have access to my owne love to prefer.
 But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my faithhood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
 She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
 In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
 And notwithstanding all her todaine quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
 Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
 The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
 And give some evening Musique to her care.
Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
 Will creepe in service, where it cannot goe.
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.
Th. Whom, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
 Let's turne: and too it lustily a while.
Ho. Now, my young guest; me thinks you'r allycholly;
 I pray you what is it?
Im. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, wee'll have you merry: ile bring you where
 you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
 you ask'd for.
Im. But shall I heare him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
Im. That will be Musique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Im. Is he among these?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beautie lives with kindnesse,
Love doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia, let us sing;
That Silvia is excellant;
She excels each mortall thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
 How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.
Im. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Im. He plaies false (rather.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings?
Im. Not so: but yet
 So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Ho. You have a quick ear. (heart.
Im. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a slow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musicke.
Im. Not a whit; when it jars so.
Ho. Harke what fine change is in the Musicke:
Im. I: that change is the spight.
Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.
Im. I would alwayes have one play but one thing.
 But *Host*, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
 Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Lance* his man told me,
 He lov'd her out of all nicke.
Im. Where is *Lance*?
Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
 Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his
 Lady.
Im. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not I will so pleade,
 That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregorius* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thanke you for your Musicke (Gentlemen)
 Who is that that spake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
 You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compasse yours.
Sil. You have your wish: my will is ever this,
 That presently you hie you home to bed:
 Thou subtil, perjur'd, false, disloyall man:
 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitelesse,
 To be seduced by thy flattery,
 That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vowes?
 Returne, returne, and make thy love amends:
 For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
 I am so farre from granting thy request,
 That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
 And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
 But she is dead.
Im. 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
 For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
 Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
 I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
 To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thy selfe, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.

Int. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that Ile speake, to that Ile sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

Int. If 'twere a substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapcs,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

Int. Host, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.

Int. Pray you where lies Sir *Prothens*?

Ho. Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.

Int. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

Exeunt.

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.

Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)

But thinke upon my grieffe (a Ladies grieffe)

And on the iustice of my flying hence,

To keepe me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I doe desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands;

To beare me company and goe with me:

If not, to hide what I have sayd to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Eg. Madam, I pittie much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuouly are plac'd,

I give consent to goe along with you,

Wreaking a little what betideth me,

As much, I wish all good befortune you.

When will you goe?

Sil. This evening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meeete you?

Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Eg. I will not faile your Ladship:

Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Prothens, Julia, Silvia.

Laun. When a mans servant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy: one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to *Miltris Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steals her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily he had bin hang'd for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge: He thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-doggs, under the Dukes table: he had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him up (saies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his servant? nay, ile be sworne I have sat in the stockes for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the trickes you serv'd me, when I tooke my leave of *Madam Silvia*: did

not

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that *Madam Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in:
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who calls?

Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladships command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd)
Thy selfe hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grieffe did come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love di'de,
Vpon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir Eglamore: I would to *Valentine*
To *Adamina*, where I heare, he makes aboard;
And for the wayes are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? didst thou ever see me doe such a trick?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some service presently.

In. In what you please, ile doe Sir what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whor-son pezant, Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Mary Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you bade me.

Pro. And what sayes she to my little Jewell?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tells you currissh thankes is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:

Here have I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me By the hangmans boy in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog As big as ten of yours, & therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or nere returne againe into my sight.

Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here; A slave, that still an end, turnes me to shame. *Exit.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee, Partly that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my businesse:

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt; But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my Augury deceive me not) Witnesse good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertaine thee. Go presently and take this Ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

In. It seemes you lov'd not her, to leave her token: She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I thinke she lives.

In. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

In. I cannot choose but pittie her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?

In. Because, me thinkes that she lov'd you as well As you doe love your Lady *Silvia*:

She dreames on him, that has forgot her love;

You deate on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pittie Love should be so contrary:

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall

This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,

I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:

Your message done, hye home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie. *Exit.*

In. How many women would doe such a message?

Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;

Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him?

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,

Because I love him, I must pittie him.

This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To binde him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my Maisters true confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my Maister,

Vnlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe.

Yet will I wooe for him, but yet so coldly; *Enter*

As (heaven it knows) I would not have him speed. *Silvia.*

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane

To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

In. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience

To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

In. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

In. I, Madam.

Sil. *Viola*, bring my Picture there,

Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me,

One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

In. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;

Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe:

In. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke upon your Masters lines:

I know they are stuf't with protestations,

And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake

As easie as I do teare his paper.

In. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Si. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times,

His *Julia* gave it him, at his departure:

Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,

Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.

In. She thankes you.

Si. What sai'st thou?

In. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:

Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Si. Do'st thou know her?

In. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke upon her woes, I do protest

That I have wept a hundred severall times.

Si. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?

In. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

Si. Is she not passing faire?

In. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,

When she did thinke my Master lov'd her well;

She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.

But since she did neglect her looking glasse,

And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,

The ayre hath starv'd the roses in her cheekes;

And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

In. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,

When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,

Our youth got me to play the womans part,

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,

Which served me as fit, by all mens judgements,

As if the garment had bin made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height;

And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For I did play a lamentable part.

(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus* periury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moved therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas, (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is a purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. *Exit.*

Int. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.)
I hope my Maisters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his love,
He get me such a colour'd Perriwig:
Her eyes are grey as grasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe,
If this fond love, were not a blinded god?
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For tis thy rivall: O thou sencelesse forme.
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
He use thee kindly, for thy mistris sake
That us'd me so: or else by *love*, I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my Maister out of love with thee. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrickes* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Lovers breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamour*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Proteus*, what sayes *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Th. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.)

Th. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-

Pro. But love will not be spurd to what it loathes.

Th. What sayes she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes.
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Th. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Th. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Int. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.

Th. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Int. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Th. What sayes she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Int. True: from a Gentleman to a foole.

Th. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh I: and pitties them.

Th. Wherefore?

Int. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Int. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now sir *Proteus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you say saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Th. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neyther.

Du. Why then

She's fled unto the pezzant, *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her companie:

'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both

As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:

Him he knew well: and gueld that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patrickes* Cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meeete with me

Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girle,

That flies her fortune where it followes her:

He after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,

Then for the love of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love

Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Int. And I will follow, more to crosse that love

Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-laves.

Int. Out. Come, come be patient:

We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her.

3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.
But *Moses* and *Valerius* follow him :

Goe thou with her to the West end of the Wood,
There is our Captaine : wee'll follow him thats fled,
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captaines Cave.
Feare not : he beares an honourable mind,
And will not vse a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine* : this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-laws.*

Val. How use doth breed a habite in a man ?
This shadowy Desart, unfrequented woods,
I better brooke then flourishing peopled townes :
Here can I sit alone, un-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes ;
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repaire me with thy presence, *Silvia* :
Thou Gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorne Swaine.
What hallowing, and what stirre is this to day ?
These are my mates, that make their wils their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace ;
They love me well, yet I have much to doe
To keepe them from uncivill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine* : who's this comes here ?

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not ought your servant doth)
To hazzard life, and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke :
(A smaller boone than this, I cannot beg,
And lesse than this, I am sure you cannot give.)

Val. How like a dreame is this ? I see and heare :
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am.

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came :
But by my comming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Ju. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I beene seized by a hungry Lion,
I would have beene a breakfast to the Beast,
Rather than have false *Proteus* reskew me :
O heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Proteus* :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergoe for one calme looke :
Oh, tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd,

When women cannot love, where they're below'd.

Sil. When *Proteus* cannot love, where he's below'd :

Reade over *Julia's* heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose deare sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes ; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury to deceive me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse than none : better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but *Proteus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme ;
Ile move you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love : force ye.

Sil. Oh heaven.

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let goe that rude uncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine* !

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love.

For such is a friend now : Thou treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me : now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me :
Who should be trusted now, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bosome ? *Proteus*

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake :
The private wound is deepest : oh time, most accurst :
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst ?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me :
Forgive me *Valentine* : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere : I doe as truly suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid :
And once againe, I doe receive thee honest ;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd :
By Penitence th'Eternals wrath's appeas'd :
And that my love may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Ju. Oh me unhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy ?
Why Wag : how now ? what's the matter ? looke up : speak.

Ju. O good sir, my Master charg'd me to deliver a Ring
to Madam *Silvia* : which (out of my neglect) was never

Pro. Where is that Ring ? Boy ? (done.)

Ju. Heere 'tis : this is it.

Pro. How ? let me see.

Why this is the Ring I gave to *Julia*.

Ju. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistooke :

This is the Ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this Ring ? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Ju. And *Julia* her selfe did give it me,

And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ? *Julia* ?

Ju. Behold her that gave ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart :

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote ?

Oh *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush.

D

Be

Be thou asham'd that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodest rayment ; if shame live
In a disguise of love?

It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, than men their mindes.

Pro. Than men their minds? tis true, oh heauen, were
Man but constant, he were perfect ; that one errour
Fills him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy fals off ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come : a hand from either :
Let me be blest to make this happy close :
Twere pittie two such friends should belong foes:

Pro. Beare witnesse (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize, a prize, a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say : It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia* : and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* give backe; or else imbrace thy death :
Come not within the measure of my wrath :
Doe not name *Silvia* thine : if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee : here she itands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch :
I dare thee, but to breathe vpon my Love.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I :
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His body, for a Girle that loves him not :
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreffe love :
Know then, I here forget all former gricfes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy arrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thanke your Grace, the gift hath made me hap-
I now beseech you (for your Daughters sake) (py :
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) whatere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile :
They are reform'd, civill, full of good,
And fit for great imployment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee :
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let us goe, we will include all jarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and all solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd :
Come *Protheus*, tis your pennance but to heare
The story of your Loves discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

Names of the Actors.

Duke : Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus. }

Antonio : father to *Protheus*.

Thurio, a foolish rival to *Valentine*.

Eglamore, Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host, where *Julia* lodges.

Out-lawes with *Valentine*.

Speed, a clownish servant to *Valentine*.

Launce, the like to *Protheus*.

Panthion, servant to *Antonio*.

Julia, beloved of *Protheus*.

Silvia, beloved of *Valentine*.

Lucetta, waiting-woman to *Julia*.



THE Merry VVives of VVindsor.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple, Shallow.

Sir Hugh, perswade me not : I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and *Shal.* I (Cofen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato-lorum* too ; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't : and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may : they may give the dozen white Luce in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Evans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well : it agrees well passant : It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz.)

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady : if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures ; but that is all one : if Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my benevolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Councell heare of a Ryot : there is no feare of Got in a Ryot : The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot : take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha ; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my praine, which peradventure prings good discretions with it. There is *Anne-Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress *Anne Page* ? she has browne haire, and speakes like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry perfon for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, & silver, is her Grand-fire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventene yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leave her seven hundred pound ?

Evans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the yong Gentlewoman, shee has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilitie is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Mr. *Page* : is *Falstaffe* there ?

Evans. Shal I tell you a lye ? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true : the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beseech you bee ruled by your well-willers : I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page*. What hoa ? Got blesse your house here.

Mr. Page. Who's there ?

Evans. Here is got's plesing and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*, and here's yong Master *Slender* : that peradventures shall tell you another tale, it matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well : I thanke you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you : much good doe it your good heart : I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd : how doth good mistress *Page* ? and I thank you alwayes with my heart, la : with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you : by yea and no I doe.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see you good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cot-sale*.

Mr. Pa. It could not be judg'd sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse, you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault : 'tis a good dogge.

Mr. Page. A Cur sir.

Shal. Sir, hee's a good Dog, and a faire Dog, can there be more said ? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* here ?

Mr. Page. Sir, he is within : and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

Mr. Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*M. Page*)? he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeve me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, faith he is wrong'd.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of mee to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my Deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers Daughter?

Shal. Tut a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait, I have done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were knowne in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. *Panca verba*; (*Sir John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheese.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephistophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *panca, panca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

Evans. Peace I pray you: now let us understand; there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

M. Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Evans. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my Note-booke, and we will afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with cares.

Evans. The Tevill and his Tam, what phrase is this, he heares with care? why it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of feaven groates in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovel-boords, that cost me two shilling and twopence a peece, of *Tead Miller*: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true *Pistol*?

Evans. No, it is false, if it is a pickepurse.

Pist. Ha, thou Mountaine Forreiner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denyall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall, froth, and scum thou lyest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hookes' humour on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this Hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an Assle:

Fal. What say you *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bar. Why sir (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheer'd: and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you spake in Latine then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilst I live againe, but in honest, civill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous mind.

Fal. You heare all these matters deny'd, Gentlemen you heare it.

M. Page. Nay daughter, carry the Wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heaven: This is Mistris *Anne Page*.

M. Page. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leave good Mistris.

M. Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all unkindnesse.

Slen. I hadd rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here: How now *Simple*, where have you beene? I must waite on my selfe, must I? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles, why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come, Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you understand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason,

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Evans. Give care to his motions; (*M. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my *Cofen Shallow* sayes: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Evans. Marry is it: the very point of it, to *M. An. Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

Shal. *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will doe as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Evans. Nay, got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, (sweet Coz:) what I doe is to pleasure you (*Coz*) can you love the Maide?

Slen. I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marryed, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It

Evans. It is a ferry discretion answer : save the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely : his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang' (11.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris Anne.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your Worships company.

Sh. I will waite on him, (faire Mistris Anne.) (Grace.

Evans. Od's plessed will : I will not be absence at the

An. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thanke you forfooth, heartily; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forfooth: goe Sirrha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cosen Shallow : a Iurice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man; I keepe but three men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I live a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your Worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, Ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I brui'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three venys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares itl' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the sport well, but I shal as soon quarrell at it, as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. Indeed Sir.

Sl. That's meat and drinke to me now: I have seene Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come gentle M. Slender, come: we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eat nothing, I thanke you sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pye you shall not choose Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on Sir.

Sl. Mistris Anne, your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truly I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be unmannerly then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Evans. Goe your wayes and aske of Doctor Caius house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris Quickly, which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Sim. Well Sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether acquaintance with Mistris Anne Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicit your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne Page: I pray you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's Pippins and Cheefe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What sayes my Bully Rooke? speake Schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine Host; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (Bully Hercules) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperour (Cesar, Keisar and Phazar) I will entertaine Bardolfe: he will draw, he will tap, said I well (Bully Hector?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I have spoke, let him follow: let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word: follow.

Fa. Bardolfe follow him, a Tapster is a good trade: an old Cloake makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Servingman, a fresh Tapster, goe, adieu.

Ba. It is a lute that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

Pist. O bafe hungarian wight: wilt thou the Spigot weild.

Ni. He was gotten in drinke: is not the humor cōceited.

Fa. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his hiching was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humour is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

Fa. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes endue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now Pistol: (Indeed I am in the Waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make love to Fords wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourfes: she carves: she gives the leere of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am sir Iohn Falstaffs.

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humour passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many divels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Pages wife, who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious illads: sometimes the beame of her view, guided my foot: sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me up like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purle too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold and bounty: I will bee Cheators to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: wee will thrive (Lads) wee will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, And by my side weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no bafe humour: here take the humour-Letter; I will keepe the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirrha, beare you these Letters rightly, Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaint, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away oth' hooft, seeke shelter, packe: *Falstaffe* will learne the honour of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Tetter Ile have in Pouch when thou shalt lacke, Bafe Phrygian Turke.

Ni. I have operations, Which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Starre.

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humours, I: I will discesse the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold How *Falstaffe* (Varlet vile) His Dove will prove; his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yellownesse, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contentis*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caffe-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a Posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-coale-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is,

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Qu. Doe's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a litle yellow Beard: a Caine-colour'd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betwene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: doe's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeed doe's he.

Qu. Well, heaven send *Anne Page* no worfe fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good gile, and I wish—

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good yong man: goe into this Clofset: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne 'a, &c.)

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Clofset, unboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you: I am glad he went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man, he would have beene horne mad.

Ca. *Fa, fe, fe, fe, moi foi, il fais for ebando, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, de-peeck quickly:* Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jacks Rugby*: Come, take a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay ie oublie*: dere is some Simples in my Clofset, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll find the yong man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Clofset? Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Clofset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my clofset.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee from *Parson Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth, to desire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your-tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some Paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly : but notwithstanding man ; Ile doe for your Master what good I can : and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house ; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o' that ? you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early, and downe late : but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would have no words of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Mistris Anne Page : but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Cai. You, Iack'Nape : givie-'a this Letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a challenge : I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Iack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make : — you may be gon : it is not good you tarry here : by gar I will cut all his two stones : by gar, hee shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas : he speakes but for his friend.

Cai. It is no matter a ver dat : doe not you tell-a-me dat I shall have Anne Page for my selfe ? by gar, I will kill de Iack-Priest : and I have appointed mine Host of de Iarteer to measure our weapon : by gar, I will my selfe have Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well : We must give folkes leave to prate : what the good-jer.

Cai. Rugby, come to the Court with me : by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my dore : follow my heeles, Rugby.

Qui. You shall have An-fooles head of your owne : No, I know *Ans* mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knowes more of *Ans* mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa ?

Qui. Who's there, I troa ? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou ?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worshop to aske ?

Fen. What newes ? how do's pretty Mistris Anne ?

Qui. In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way. I praise heaven for it.

Fen. Shall I do any good thinkst thou ? shall I not loose my suit ?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loves you : have not your Worshop a wart above your eye ?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that ?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale : good faith, it is such another *Nan* ; (but I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread : we had an houres talke of that wart ; I shall never laugh but in that maids company : but (indeed) she is given too much to Allicholy and musing, but for you — well — goe to —

Fen. Well : I shall see her to day : hold, there's money for thee : Let me have thy voyce in my behalfe : if thou seest her before me, commend me. —

Qui. Will I ? I faith that we will : And I will tell your Worshop more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woovers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Farewell to your Worshop : truly an honest Gentleman : but Anne loves him not : for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's : out upon't : what have I forgot ?

Exit.

Actus secundus : Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistol, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mist. Page. What, have I scap'd Love-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? let me see ?

Aske me no reason why I love you, for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his Counsaillour : you are not yong, no more am I : goe to then, there's simpathy : you are merry, so am I : ha, ha, then there's more simpathy : you love Sacke, and so doe I : would your desire better simpathy ? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least of the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee ; I will not say pity me, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase ; but I say, love me :

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night :

Or any kind of light, with all his might,

For thee to fight. John Falstaffe.

What a Herod of Iury is this ? O wicked, wicked world : One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant ? What an unwayed Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The devills name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assay me ? why, he hath not beene thrice In my Company : what should I say to him ? I was then Frugall of my mirth : (heaven forgive me :) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men : how shall I be reveng'd on him ? for reveng'd I will be ? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mist. Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mist. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you : you looke very ill.

Mist. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeve that ; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mist. Page. Faith but you doe in my mind.

Mist. Ford. Well : I doe then : yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary : O Mistris Page, give me some counsaile.

Mist. Page. What's the matter, woman ?

Mist. Ford. O woman : if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor.

Mist. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honor : what is it ? dispencc with trifles : what is it ?

Mist. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so : I could be knighted.

Mist. Page. What thou liest ? Sir Alice Ford ? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mist. Ford. We burne day-light, heere, read, read : perceive how I might be knighted, I shall thinke the worfe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking ; and yet hee would not sware : praise

praise womens modesty : and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproofe to all uncomelineffe, that I would have sworne his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but they doe no more adhere and keepe place together, then the hundred Psalmes to the tune of Green-sheues : Whattempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a shoare at *Windsor* ? How shall I be revenged on him ? I thinke the best way were to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace : Did you ever heare the like ?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter ; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs : to thy great comfort in this mystery of illoptions, heer's the twyn-brother of thy Letter : but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sue more :) and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt : for he cares not what he puts into the presse, when he would put us two : I had rather be a Giant sic, and lye under Mount *Pelion* : Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same : the very hand : the very words : what doth he thinke of us ?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not : it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty : He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure unlesse he know some straine in me, that I know not my selfe, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mis. Ford. Boarding, call you it ? He be sure to keepe him above decke.

Mis. Page. So will I : if he come under my hatches, He never to Sea againe : Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting : give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the charinesse of our honesty : oh that my husband saw this Letter : it would give eternall food to his jealousie,

Mis. Page. Why looke where he comes ; and my good man too : hee's as farre from jealousie, as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight : Come hither.

Ford. Well : I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires : Sir Iohn affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not yong.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves thy Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver, burning hot : prevent : Or goe thou like Sir *Aleone* he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles : O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir ?

Pist. The horne I say : Farewell : Take heed, have open eye, for theeves doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe sing. Away sir Corporall *Nim* :

Beleeve it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

Ford. I will be patient : I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true : I like not the humor of lying : he hath wronged me in some humors : I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her : but I have a sword : and it shall bite upon my necessity : he loves your wife ; There's the short, and the long : My name is Corporall *Nim* : I speake, and I avouch ; 'tis true : my name is *Nim* : and *Falstaff* loves your wife : adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheese : adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a ?) heer's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe find it : well,

Page. I will not beleieve such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o'th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now *Meg* ?

Mis. Page. Whither goe you (*George* ?) harke you.

Mis. Ford. How now (*sweet Franke*) why art thou melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ? I am not melancholy :

Get you home, goe.

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now : will you goe, *Master Page* ?

Mis. Page. Have with you : you'll come to dinner *George* ? Looke who comes yonder : she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

Mis. Ford. Truist me, I thought on her : shee'll fit it.

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne* ?

Qui. I forsooth : and I pray how do's good Mistresse *Anne* ?

Mis. Page. Goe in with us and see : we have an houre's talk with you.

Page. How now Master *Ford*.

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me ?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them ?

Page. Hang 'em slaves : I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it, But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men : very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men ?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that, Do's he lye at the Garter ?

Page. I marry do's hee : if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife : but I would bee loath to turne them together : a man may be too confident : I would have nothing lye on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting Host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he lookes so merrily : How now mine Host ?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke : thou'rt a Gentleman Caveleiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow : Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Caveleiro-Iustice : tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Casim* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter : a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke ?

Shal. Will you goe with us to behold it ? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places : for (beleeve me) I heare the Parson is no Iester : harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight ? my guest-Cavaleire ?

Shal. None, I protest : but Ile give you a pottle of burn'd Sacke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broome* : onely for a jest.

Host. My hand, (Bully :) thou shalt have egress and regress, (said I well ?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight : will you goe An-heires ?

Shal. Have with you mine Host.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir : I could have told you more : In these times you stand on distance : your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what : 'tis the heart (Master *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere : I have seene the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you foure tall fellowes skip like Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere : shall we wag ?

Page. Have with you : I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wives frai'ty ; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily : she was in his company at *Page*'s house : and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaff* ; if I find her honest, I lose not my labour : if she be other-wife, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny : I have beene content (Sir) you should lay my countenance to pawne : I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim* ; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones : I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when *Mistresse Briger* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share ? hadst thou not fiftene pence ?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason : thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, gratis ? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you : goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Picks-batch* : goe, you'll not beare a Letter for me you rogue ? you stand upon your honor : why, (thou unconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the terme of my honor precise : I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of heaven on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle : to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs ; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, under the shelter of your honor ? you will not doe it ? you ?

Pist. I doe relent : what would thou more of man ?

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeve the swearer ; what with me ?

Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two ?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one *Mistresse Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this wayes : I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on ; *Mistresse Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship sayes very true ; I pray your worship come a little neerer this wayes.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body heares : mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so ? heaven blesse them, and make them his servants :

Fal. Well ; *Mistresse Ford*, what of her ?

Qui. Why, Sir ; shee's a good creature ; lord, lord, your Worship's a wanton : well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

Fal. *Mistresse Ford* ; come, *Mistresse Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it : you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull : the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Canary : yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches ; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly ; all Muske ; and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and gold, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womans heart : and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her : I had my selfe twenty Angels given me this morning, but I desie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty ; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles : nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But wht sayes she to me ? be briefe my good shee-*Mercury*.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter : for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Qui. I, forsooth : and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of : Master *Ford* her husband will be from home : alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him : hee's a very jealousie-man ; she leades a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistrisse *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a civill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is feldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I thinke you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Nor I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford's* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Qui. That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little *Page*: and truly Master *Page* is an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life then she do's: doe what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all. goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she wil: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, he may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednesse: old folkes you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee-well, commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more sailes, pursue: up with your fights: Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *lacke*) goe thy wayes: Ile make more of thy old body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent you worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to me, that ore' flowes such liquor: ah, ha, Mistrisse *Ford* and Mistrisse *Page*, have I encompassed you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. Blessé you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave *Drawer*.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all wayes doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have beene a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good meanes as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating observance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give mee sight of her: not onely bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what shee would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have received none, unlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

*"Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies; and flying what pursues."*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a faire house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, onely give

give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwels so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foule dares not present it selfe: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattail'd against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*.

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, give me your hand: and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (*Sir John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (*Master Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: doe you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the Cuckold-rogues Coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor o're the Cuckolds homes: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (*Master Broome*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night. *Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who sayes this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnaw'd at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbasen*, well: yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, than my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then she rumi-

nates, then she devises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy: eleven o'clock the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Shallow, Slender, Host.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Iacke.

Rug. 'Tis past the houre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has save his soule, dat he is no-come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iacke Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise Sir: he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: her's company.

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you M^r. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good M^r. Doctor.

Slender. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy pun to, thy stocke, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what sayes my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iacke-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinal: *Hector of Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me have stay, fixe or seven, two tree howres for him, and he is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M^r. Doctor) he is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*; you have your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M^r. *Page*, though I now be old, and of peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are Iustices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (M^r. *Page*) we have somefalt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (M^r. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, M^r. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, (M^r. *Page*) M^r. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworne of the peace: you have shew'd your selfe a wise Physician; and sir *Hugh* hath shown himselfe a wise and patient Churchman: you must goe with me, M^r. Doctor.

Host.

Hof. Pardon, Gueft-Inflice; a Mounfeur Mockewater.

Cai. Mocke-water? vat is dat?

Hof. Mocke-water, in our Englifh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mocke-vater as de Englifhman: fcuruy-Iack-dog-Prieft: by gar, me vill cut his cares.

Hof. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me do looke he shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Gueft, and Mr. Page, and ecke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there, fee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

Cai. By gar, me vill kill de Prieft, for he speake for a Iacke-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him dye: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with me through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Miftris Anne Page is, at a Farme-houfe a Feasting: and thou shalt woo her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Gueft: de Earle, de Knight, de lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which, I will be thy adverfary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said!

Hof. Let us wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iacke Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himfelfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pitty-wary, the Parke-ward; every way: old Windsor way, and every way but the Towne way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will fir.

Evans. Plesse my foule: how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of mind: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaves costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: Plesse my foule: *To shallow Rivers to whose falls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow.* 'Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing Madrigall: — When as I sat in Babylon: and a thousand vagrant Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. Hee's welcome: *To shallow Rivers, to whose falls:* Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow; and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you give me my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Enter All.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gameller from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Evans. Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

Evans. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you: to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Evans. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourescore yeeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physitian.

Evans. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knave besides: a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Enter Caius.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Englifh,

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your care; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Evans. Pray you let us not be laughing-stockes to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaves Cogs-combe.

Cai. *Diable, Iacke Rugby*, mine Hof de *Larteer*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians-foule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile be judgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

Hof. Peace, I say, Gallia, and Gaule, French, and Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hof. Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machivell? Shall I loofe my Doctor? No, he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loofe my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he gives me the Proverbes, and the No-verbes. Give me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slou. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Evan. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our praines together to be revenge on this same scall scurvy-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring-me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will finite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof.
Evans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) goe before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.)

Mis. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a

Ford. Well met *Mistris Page*, whither goe you.

Mis. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mis. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tel what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*. (sirrah?)

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at

Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve scoice: he peeces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this showre ring in the wind; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming *Mist. Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and willfull *Atheon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry ayme. The clocke gives me my Qu,

and my assurance bids me search, there I shall find *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather praised for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitive, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will goe.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met *Mr. Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all goe with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe *Mr. Ford*.

Slou. And so must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with *Mistris Anne*, And I would not breake with here for more mony Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall have our answer.

Slou. I hope I have your good will father *Page*.

Page. You have *Mr. Slender*, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (*Mr. Doctor*) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nursh-Quickly tell me so much.

Hof. What say you to yong *M. Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verses, bee speakes holliday, he smels Aprill and May, he will carry't he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes; with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monster: *Mr. Doctor*, you shall goe, so shall you *Mr. Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the fitter wooing at *Mr. Pages*.

Cai. Goe home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canary with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ile make him dance. Will you goe, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mistris Ford, Mistris Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Mis. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

Mis. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say,

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mis. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

Mis. Pa. Give your men the charge, we must be brieve.

M. Ford. Marry as I told you before (*Iohn* and *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the *Whitsters* in *Dorches* Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the *T*hames side.

M. Page. You will doe it? (direction.)

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mis. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?)

Mis. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *John* is come in at your backe doore (*Mis. Ford.*) and requests your company.

Mis. Pa. You little Iack-a-lent, have you bin true to us?

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares hee'l turne me away.

Mis. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile goe hide me.

Mis. Ford. Doe so: goe tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mistress Page*, remember you your Qu.

Mis. Page. I warrant thee, if I doe not act it, hisse me.

Mis. Ford. Goe too then: we'l use this unwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes. *Enter Fal.*

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me dye, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mis. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mistress Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mis. Ford. I your Lady Sir *John*! Alas, I should be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arch'd-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mis. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *John*:

My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixure of thy foote, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale, I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mis. Ford. Beleeve me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-many of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

Mis. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I feare you love M. *Page*.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Mis. Ford. Well, heaven knowes how I love you, And you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keepe in that mind, Ile deserve it.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that mind. *Within.*

Rob. *Mistress Ford*, *Mistress Ford*: here's *Mistress Page* at the doore, swearing, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe so, she's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? how now? *Enter Mis. Page.*

Mis. Page. O *mistress Ford* what have you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are overthrowne, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good *mistress Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, *mistress Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

Mis. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mis. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out upon you: How am I mistooke in you?

Mis. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Mis. Page. Your husbands comming hither (woman) with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mis. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mis. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe *Windsor* at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mis. Ford. What shall I doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mis. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw foule linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whitening time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

Mis. Ford. He's too big to goe in there: what shall I doe?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

Mis. Page. What Sir *John Falstaffe*? Are these your Letters Knight?

Fal. I love thee, helpe me away: let me creepe in heere: ile never —

Mis. Page. Helpe to cover your master (boy:) Call your men (*Mistress Ford*) You dissembling Knight.

Mis. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Goe, take up these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Looke how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Datchet-Meade*: quickly, come.

Ford. Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it: How now? Whither beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

Mis. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whither they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck: bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, be my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, find out: Ile warrant wee'll unkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented:

You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) up Gentlemen.

You shall see sport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Evan. This is fery fantasticali humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France :
It is not jealous in France.—

Exeunt.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his searck.

Mis. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mis. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mis. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Mis. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will have need of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mis. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaffes* being heere: I never saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now.

Mis. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more trickes with *Falstaffes*: his dissolute disceale will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carion, *Mist. Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mis. Page. We will doe it: let him be sent for to morrow by eight a clocke to have amends. *Enter All.*

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mis. Page. Heard you that?

Mis. Ford. You use me well, *Mist. Ford*? doe you?

Ford. I, I doe so.

Mis. Page. Heaven make you better then your thoughts *Ford.* Amen.

Mi. Pa. You doe your selfe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it.

Ev. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the pressies: heaven forgive my finnes.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not asham'd? What spirit, what divell suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windsor* castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

Evan. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner: come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this— Come wife, come *Mi. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mocke him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house to breattfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Anything.

Ev. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Cai. If there be one, or two, I shall make a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you goe, *M. Page*.

Evan. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowlie knave, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Ev. A lowlie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mis. Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy fathers love,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fen. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy fathers wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne*):
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more vauew
Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I layme at.

An. Gentle *M. Fenton*,
Yet seeke my fathers love, still seeke it fir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke *Mist. Quickly*,
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. He make a shaft or a bolt ou'e, slid, tis but ventu-

Shal. Be not dismaid. (ring.)

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my fathers choyce:

O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd fales

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming: to her Coz.

O boy, thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father (*M. An.*) my uncle can tel you good jests of him: pray you Vncle, tel *Mist. Anne* the jest how my father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. *Mist. Anne*, my Cozen loves you.

Slen. I thar I doe, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I thar I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jo ynture.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow* let him wooe for himselfe.

Shal. Marry I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: shee calls you (*Coz*) He leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good *Mist. Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven) I am not such a sickely creature, I give Heaven praise.

E 2

a. Anne.

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what would you with me?
Slen. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so: if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Master *Slender*; Love him daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does Master *Fenton* heare? You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mis. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come Master *Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in; Knowing my wind, you wrong me (Master *Fenton*).

Qui. Speake to Mistress *Page*.

Fen. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I doe, Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, doe not marry me to yond foole.

Mis. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be fet quicke i'th earth, And bow'd to death with Turnips.

Mis. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good Master *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs goe in, Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistress: farewell *Nan*.

Qui. This is my doing now; Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looke on Master *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy pains. *Exit.*

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistress *Anne*, or I would Master *Slender* had her: or (in foorth) I would Master *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and Ile be as good as my word, but speciously for Master *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaffe* from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Goe, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Have I liv'd to be carryed in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be serv'd such another trick, Ile have my braines 'rane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a

blind bitches Puppies, fiftene i'th litter: and you may know by my fize, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I should downe. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should have beene a Mountaine of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Mistress *Quickly*, Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sacke to the Thames water: for my bell's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pilles to coole the reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Enter Quickly.

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy? Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalicees:

Goe, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile go Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from Mi. *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough: I was throwne into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Qui. Alas the day (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their correction. (promise.)

Fal. So did I mine, to build upen a foolish Womans

Qui. Well, she laments sir for it, that it would yerne your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so; and bid her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Doe so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you sir.

Exit.

Fal. I marvaile I heare not of Master *Broome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere be comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now Master *Broome*, you come to know What hath past betweene me, and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *John*) is my businesse.

Fal. Master *Broome* I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly Master *Broome*.

Ford. How so sir, did she change htr determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Cornuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continuall larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, and (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to ferch his house for his wives love.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one Mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach: and in her invention, and *Ford*'s wives distraction, they convey'd me into a bucke-basket!

Fal.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea: a Buck-basket: ram'd me in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords Knaves, his hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry me in the name of foule Cloathes to Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous Knave their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare lest the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went he, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutchdise) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing hot, in that serge like a Horseshoe; thinke of that: hissing hot, thinke of that (Master Broome.)

Ford. In good sadness Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have sufferd all this.
My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna, as I have bene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her husband in this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment: Come to me at your convenient leisure, & you shall know how I speed: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu, you shall have her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford. Exit.

Ford. Hum: ha? is this a vision? is this a dream? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible he should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-boxe: But least the Divell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, He be hornemad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mis. Page. Is he at M. Fords already think'it thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come sodainely.

Mis. Page. He be with her by and by: He but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?

Eva. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. Blessing of his heart.

Mis. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband sayes my sonne profits nothing in the world at his booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither William; hold up your head; come.

Mis. Page. Come on sirha, hold up your head; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Evan. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bene one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Evan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faire) William?

Will. Pulcher.

Qui. Poulcats? there are fairer things then Poulcats, sure.

Evan. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapis) William?

Will. A stone.

Evan. And what is a stone (William)?

Will. A Peeble.

Evan. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

Evan. That is a good William: what is he (William) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined, Singulariter nominativo, hic, hac, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo hic, hac, hoc: pray you marke: genitivo huius: Well, what is your Accusativo-case?

Will. Accusativo hinc.

Evan. I pray you have your remembrance (child) Accusativo, hinc, hang, hog.

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the Vocativo case (William)?

Will. O, Vocativo, O.

Evan. Remember William, Vocativo, is caret.

Qui. And that's a good roote,

Evan. O'man, forbear.

Mis. Page. Peace.

Evan. What is your Genitive case pray all (William)?

Will. Genitive case?

Evan. I.

Will. Genitive harum, harum, harum.

Qui. Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her: never name her (child) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach a bechild such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call horum; fie upon you.

Evan. O man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cafes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mis. Page. Prethee hold thy peace.

Evan. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preaches: Goe your wayes and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewell *M. Pa.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*.

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mis. Ford, Mis. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. Mistris Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requitall to a haire's breadth, not onely *Mistris Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: but are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. He's a birding (sweet sir *John*.)

Mis. Page. What ho, gossip *Ford*: what ho.

Mis. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*. *Enter.*

Mis. Page. How now (sweet heart) who's at home besides your selfe?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mis. Ford. No certainly: speake louder.

Mis. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mis. Ford. Why?

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffetts himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mis. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mis. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time he search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his owne foolery.

Mis. Ford. How neere is he *Mistris Page*?

Mis. Pag. Hard by, at streets end; he will be here anon.

Mis. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere.

Mis. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

Mis. Ford. Which way should he goe? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, ile come no more i'th Basket: *Enter.* May I not goe out ere he come?

Mis. Page. Alas: three of Master *Ford's* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere he came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I doe? Ile creepe up into the chimney.

Mis. Ford. There they alwayes use to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mis. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neither Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile goe out then.

Mis. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you dye Sir *John*, unlesse you goe out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mis. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman's gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheife, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather then a mischeife.

Mis. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne above.

Mis. Page. On my word it will serve him: she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up Sir *John*.

Mis. Ford. Goe, goe, sweet Sir *John*: *Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mis. Page. Quicke, quicke, we'll come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while. *Exit.*

Mis. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shap: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her.

Mis. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mis. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mis. Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mis. Ford. We'll try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mis. Page. Nay, but hee'll be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mis. Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe up, ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough: We'll leave a prooffe by that which we will doo, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We doe not act, that often, jest, and laugh, 'Tis old, but true, still Swine eates all the draugh.

Mis. Ford. Goe Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if he bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch. *Enter Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of the Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had as leife beare so much Lead.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (*Master Page*) have you any way then to unfoole me againe? Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a Basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a ging, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the divell be ashamed. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest

nelt cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes M. Ford: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunatickes: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) doe I?

Mist. Ford. Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloathes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable, will you take up your wives cloathes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe? in my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you finde a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well M. Ford: This wrongs you.

Evans. M. Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not here I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me as jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Mistris Page) come you and the old Woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman's that?

Mist. Ford. Why it is my Maids Aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A Witch, a Queane, an old cozening Queanee: Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, we doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman. *Enter Fal.*

Mist. Page. Come Mother Prat, Come give me your hand.

Ford. Ile Prasher: Out of my doore you Witch, you Rag, you Baggage, you Poultar, you Runnion, out, out: Ile conjure you, Ile Fortune-tell you. *Exit Fal.*

Mist. Page. Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you have kil'd the poore woman.

Mist. Ford. Nay he will doe it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her Witch.

Evans. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousy: If I cry out thus upon no traile, never trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

Exeunt.

Mist. Page. Trust me he beate him most pitifully.

M. Ford. Nay by th'Masse that hee did not: hee beate him most unpittifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

Mist. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the Divell have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I thinke, in the way of waste, attempt us againe.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee have served him?

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can finde in their hearts, the poore unvertuous far Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mist. Ford. Ile warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd, and methinkes there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things coole: *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to have three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sawce them, they have had my houses a weeke at command: I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Ford, and Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as ever I did looke upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnesse; Now doth thy honor stand

(In

(In him that was of late an Hereticke)
As firme of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not extreame in submission as in offence,
But let our plot goe forward: Let our wives
Yet once againe (to make us publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the
Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Evans. You say he hath been throwne into the River: and
has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: me thinkes
there should be terrours in him, that he should not come:
Methinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall have no de-
sires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes:
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

M. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Horne* the
Hunter (sometime a Keeper here in *Windsor* Forrest)
Doth all the Winter time at still of midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great ragg'd hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner:
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-*Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Horne* the Hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that doe feare
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hornes* Oake:
But what of this?

Mis. Ford. Marry this is our devise,
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

M. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne, thus:
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'll dresse
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen *Tapers* on their heads,
And *Rattles* in their hands; upon a sodaine,
As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,
In their so-sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the surposed *Fairies* pinch him sound,
And burne him with their *Tapers*.

M. Pa. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll nev'r doo't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I
will be like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight with
my *Taber*.

Ford. That will be excellent,
He goe buy them vizards.

Mis. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That filke will I goe buy, and in that time
Shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: goe, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Brooms*,
Hee'll tell me all his purpose: sure hee'll come.

Mi. Pa. Feare not you that: Goe get us properties
And tricking for your *Fairies*.

Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

Mis. Page. Goe *Mis. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monyed, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Exit.

Scena quinta.

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans,
Caius, Quickly.*

Host. What woulst thou have? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, discusse: brieft, short, quicke, snap.

Sim. Marry sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Fal-*
staffe from *M. Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle,
his standing bed and truckle bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock
and call: hee'll speake like an *Anthrophaginian* unto
thee: Knocke I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into
his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd:
Ile call, Bully-Knight, Bully-Sir *John*: speake from thy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine *Host*, thine
Ephesian calls.

Fal. How now, mine *Host*?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming
downe of thy fat woman: Let her descend (Bully) let
her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priva-
cy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine *Host*) an old fat woman even
now with me, but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you sir, was't not the wife woman of
Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shel) what would you
with her?

Sim. My Master (Sir) my Master *Slender*, sent to her
seeing her goe through the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ther one *Nim* (Sir) that beguild him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry she sayes, that the very same man that be-
guil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman
her

her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. I, come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (sir.)

Hof. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir,

Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so sir?

Fal. I sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

Hof. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (sir *John*) was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I, that there was (mine *Hof*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Out alas (sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hof. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behinde one of them in a flow of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three *Germane-Diuel*s; three Doctor *Fau*-*stuffs*.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine) doe not say they be fied: *Germanes* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Ev. Where is mine *Hof*?

Hof. What is the matter sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to towne, tels me there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hofs* of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Colebrooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vouting-stockes: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well. *Exit. Enter Caius.*

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hof* de *Lartiere*?

Hof. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexity and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de *Lamany*: by my trot: der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu. *Exit.*

Hof. Huy and cry (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: flye, run: hu and cry (villaine) I am undone. *Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have beene cozened and beaten too: if it should come to the care of the Court, how I have beene transform'd; and how my transformation hath beene wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor *Fishermens* boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creft-falne as a dri'd Peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my wind were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Enter Quickly.

Qu. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Divell take one party, and his Dam the

other: and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes; more than the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qu. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke and blue? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd mee, the Knave Constable had set me ith' Stockes, ith' common Stockes for a Witch.

Qu. Sir, let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a letter will say somewhat: (good hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure one of you de's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hof.

Hof. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a Gentleman) Ile give thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Hof. I will heare you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chuser) Even to my wilh; I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, solarded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested Without the shew of both: for Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest Ile shew you here at large (harke good mine *Hof*;) To night at *Hermes Oke*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Faery Queene: The purpose why, is here: in which disguise While other jests are something ranke on foot; Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry: She hath consented: Now Sir; Her mother, (even strong against that match And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their mindes, And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She (seemingly obedient) likewise hath Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests, Her father meanes she shall be all in white; And in that habite, when *Slender* fees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her goe, She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended (The better to devote her to the Doctor; For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose enroab'd,
With Richards-pendant, flaming 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to goe with him.

Hof. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fen. Both (my good Hof) to goe along with me,
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your device; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Prethee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers, Away, goe, they say there is Divinity in odde numbers, either in Nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile doe what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold up your head and mince. How now *M. Broome*? Master *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or never. Be you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes-Oake*, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master *Broome*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that same Knave (*Ford* her husband) hath the finest mad Divell of jealousy in him (Master *Broome*) that ever govern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliath with a Weavers beame, (because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haste, goe along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *Broome*:) since I pluckt Geese, plaid Trewant and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, Ile tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom tonight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember sonne *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, and wee have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven prosper our sport. No man meanes evill but the Divell, and we shall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in greene, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly: goe before into the Parke: we two must goe together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu. *Exit.*

Mist. Page. Fare you well (sir): my husband will not rejoyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-broke.

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fairies? and the Welsh Divell *Herne*?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes Oake*, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mi. Pa. Against such Lewdsters, and their Lechery, Those that betray them doe no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be bold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords: doe as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistresse Page, Mistris Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.

Fal. The *Windsor* Bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute drawes on: Now the hot-bloodied-gods assist mee: Remember Iove, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love set on thy hornes. O powerfull Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man, a Beast. You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipo-

omnipotent Love, how nere the god drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a Beast, (O Love, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Love) a fowle-fault. When godshave hot backs, what shall poore men doe? For me, I am here a *Windsor* Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Love) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deare?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of *Greene-sleeves*, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow *Eringoes*: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee here.

M. Ford. Mistris *Page* is come with me (Sweetheart.)

Fal. Divi'd me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my fides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeathe your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a childe of Conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page Alas, what noyse?

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. *M. Page.* Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the Divell will not have me damn'd, Least the Oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would never else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies, blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-shine Revellers, and shades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: Silence you ayry toyes. Cricket, to *Windsor* Chimneyes shalt thou leape: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept, There pinch the Maides as blue as Bilbery, Our radiant Queene hates Sluts and sluttary.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speakes to them shall die. Ile winke and couch: No man their workes must eye.

Ev. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid That ere she sleepe hath thrice her prayers said, Raife up the Organs of her fantasie, Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancy, But those as sleepe and thinke not on their sinnes, Pinch them armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shinnes.

Qu. About, about:

Search *Windsor* Castle (Elves) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every sacred roome, That it may stand till the perpetuall doome, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre With juyce of Balme; and every precious flowre, Each faire Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest, With loyall Blazon evermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing Like to the *Garters*. Compasse in a Ring, Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be, More fertile-fresh then all the field to see:

And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pense*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blue, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich Embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies use Flowers for their Characterie, Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our dance of custome round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Ev. Pray you locke hand in hand, your selves in order set: And twenty Glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes be To guide our Measure round about the tree. But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy, Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Qu. With tryall-fire touch me his finger end; If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend And turne him to no paine: but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qu. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire. About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull Rime, And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinfull phantasie: Fie on Lust and Luxurie:

Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart whose flames aspire,

As thoughts doe blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: pinch him for his Villanie.

Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,

Till Candles, and Starlight, and Moone-shine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke we have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher. Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windsor* Wives? See you these husbands? Doe not these faire Okes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

M. Broome, Falstaff's a Knave, a Cuckoldly Knave, Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:

And Master *Broome*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his Cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to *M. Broome*, his horses are arrested for it, *M. Broome*.

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill lucke: we could never meet: I will never take you for my Love againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I doe begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiv'd believe, in despite of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Evans. Sir *John Falstaffe*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to wooe her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sunne and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goattoo? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

Evans. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke, though we would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Divell could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A bag of Flax?

Mist. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as *Iob*.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearing, and staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a Plummert ore are, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry sir, wee'l bring you to *Windsor* to one M^r *Broome*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have beene a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her M^r *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Caius* wife.

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now sonne, Have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, sonne?

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and shee's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not beene i't Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd mee. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might never stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had beene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparell) I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter By her garments?

Slender. I went to her in greene, and cryed *Mum*, and she cry'd *Budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters Boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed shee is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozon'd, I ha married one Garsoon, a Boe; oon Pefant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

M. Pa. Why? did you take her in white?

Caius. I be gar, and 'tis a Boy: be gar, Ile raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes M. *Fenton*.
How now M. *Fenton*?

An. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with M. *Slender*?

M. Pa. Why went you not with M^r. Doctor *Maid*?

Fen. You doe amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I (long since contracted) Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us: Th'offence is holy that she hath committed, And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or undutious title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed houres Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy: In Love, the heavens themselves doe guide the state, Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a speciall stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs runne, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

M. Pa. Well, I will muse no further: M. *Fenton*, Heaven give you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let us every one goe home, And laugh this sport ore by a countrey fire, Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *Iohn*):
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*



MEASURE

For Measure.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.



Escalus.

My Lord.

Duke. Of government, the properties to unfold,
Would seeme in me t' affect speech and discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : Then no more remaines
But that, to your iusticie, as your worth is able,
And let them worke : The nature of our people,
Our *Cities institutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warpe ; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo* :
What figure of us thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we have with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne power : what thinke you of it ?
Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your graces will,
I come to know your Graces pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo* :

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold : Thy selfe and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe upon thy vertues ; they on thee :
Heaven doth with us, as we with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves : For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not : Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks and use ; but I doe bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise ;

Hold therefore *Angelo* :

In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe :

Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*

Live in thy tongue and heart : Old *Escalus*

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,

Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :

We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choyce

Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours :

Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,

That it prefers it selfe, and leaves unquestion'd

Matters of needfull value : We shall write to you

As time, and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with us, and doe looke to know

What doth befall you here. So fare you well :

To th'hopefull execution doe I leave you,

Of your Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,

Nor need you (on mine honour) have to doe

With any scruple : your scope is as mine owne,

So to enforce, or qualifie the Lawes,

As to your soule seemes good : Give me your hand,

He privily away : I love the people,

But doe not like to stage me to their eyes :

Though it doe well, I doe not relish well

Their loud applause, and Aves vehement :

Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion

That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth and bring you backe in happinesse.

Duke. I thanke you, fare you well.

Exit.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you ; and it concernes me

To looke into the bottome of my plice :

A power I have, but of what strength and nature,

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me : Let us with-draw together,

And we may soone our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Esc. He wait upon you honour.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2 Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that went to Sea with the tenne Commandements; but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why? 'twas a Commandement to command the Capitaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a souldier of us all, that in the thanksgiving before meate, doe rallish the petition well that prayes for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleeve thee: for I thinke thou never wast where Grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controversie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace

1 Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene us.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1 Gent. And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velvet. Doe I speeke feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou dost: and indeed with most painefull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drinke after thee.

1 Gent. I thinke I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Misigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe, As come to—

2 Gent. To what I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2 Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeere?

1 Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1 Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1 Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that I prethee?

Bawd. Marry sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 Gent. *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three dayes his head to be chopt off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

Luc. Beleeve mee this may be: hee promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides you know, it draws something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Luc. Away, let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweate, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am custome-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you?

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carryed to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peticular River.

Baw. What? is there a Maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with Maid by him: you have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Baw. What Proclamation, man?

Clow. All houses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.

Baw. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gone downe too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Baw. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be pull'd downe?

Clow. To the ground Mistris.

Baw. Why here's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellours lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you need not change your Trade: He be your Tapster still; courage, there will be pittie taken on you; you that have worne your eies almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to doe here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison: and theres Madam *Juliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, and two Gent.

Clau. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I doe it not in evill disposition, But from *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make us pay downe, for our offence, by waight The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (so) yet still tis just. *(Straint.)*

Luc. Why how new *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

Clau. From too-much liberty, (my *Lucio*) liberty, As surfet is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turnes to restraint: our Natures doe pursue

Like

Like Rats that ravin downe their proper Bane,
A thirstie evill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely, under an arrest, I
would fend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,
Claudio?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lechery?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'd doe you any good: Is Lechery so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chanceth
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ in *Juliet*.

Luc. With Childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnesse,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Governour doth ride,
Who newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fits it up
I stagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have (like unscow'd Armor) hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteene Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a Milke-maid, if she be in love, may
sigh it off: Send after the Duke and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde service:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voyce, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy: bid her selfe assay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse Dialect,
Such as move men: beside she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perfwade.

Luc. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand upon grievous imposi-
tion: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sor-
ry should be thus foolishly lost, at a game of Ticke-tacke:
He to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bolome: why, I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled, then the aimes and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it.

Duke My holy sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost, and witlesse bravery keeps,
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travail'd to *Poland*,
(Far so I have strew'd it in the common care)
And so it is receiv'd: Now (pious sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Lawes,
(The needfull bits and curbes for headstrong weeds,) which for this fourteene yeaes, we have let slip,
Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of Birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For errour, not to use: in time the rod
More mock'd then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks Iustice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tyde-up Iustice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I doe feare, too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike & gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For we bid this be done
When evill deeds have their permissive passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeed (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To doe in slander: And to behold his sway.
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and people: Therefore I prethee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Friar*: Moe reasons for this action
At your more leisure, shall I render you;
Onely this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell, and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you Nuns no farther priviledges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Isa. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a mans voyce, gentle *Isabella*,
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unsworne:
When you have vow'd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse*;
Then if you speake, you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speake:
He calls againe: I pray you answer him.

Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is't that calls?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheekes-Roses
Proclaime you are nolesse: can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Isa. Why her unhappy brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle and faire: your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with Childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your story.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to jest
Tongue, farre from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied and sainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleeve it: fewnesse, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother and his Lover have imbrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednesse, the bare fallow brings
To reeming foyson: even so her plenteous wombe
Expreffeth his full Tilt and Husbandry.

Isa. Some one with child by him? my Cosen *Juliet*?

Luc. Is she your Cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an Infinite distance
From his true meant designe: upon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)

Governes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who never feesles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Study, and fast.
He (to give feare to use, and liberty,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous Law,
As Myce by Lions) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heavy sense, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlesse you have the grace, by your faire prayer
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Provost hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good?

Luc. Assay the power you have.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Mend give like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are astruely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe.

Luc. I take my leave of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Justice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their Pearch, and not their terrour.

Ese. I, but yet

Let us be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would save, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeve to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had Time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your owne purpose;
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another

Another thing to fall : I not deny
 The lury passing on the prisoners life
 May in the sworne-twelve have a theefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
 That Iustice ceizes ; What knowes the Lawes
 That theeves doe passe on theeves? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
 Because we see it ; but what we doe not see,
 We treade upon, and never thinke of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, doe so offend,
 Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Ese. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Pro. Here if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
 Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
 For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage.

Ese. Well : heaven forgive him ; and forgive us all :

Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall :

Some Run from brakes of Ice, and answer none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good people
 in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but use their abu-
 ses in common houses, I know no law : bring them a-
 way.

Ang. How now sir, what's your name? And what's
 the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dakes
 Constable, and my name is *Elbow* ; I doe leane upon Iu-
 stice sir, and doe bring in here before your good honour,
 two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
 Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
 they are : But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,
 and voyd of all prophanation in the world, that good
 Christians ought to have.

Ese. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to : What quality are they of? *Elbow* is
 your name?

Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Cl. He cannot sir : he's out at *Elbow*.

Ang. What are you sir?

Elb. He sir, a Tapster sir : parcell Bawd : one that
 serves a bad woman : whose house sir was (as they say)
 pluckt downe in the Suburbs : and now she professes a
 hot-house ; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Ese. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir, whom I detest before heaven and
 your honour.

Ese. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir : whom I thanke heaven is an honest wo-
 man.

Ese. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as shee,
 that this house, if it be not a Bawds house, it is pittie of her
 life, for it is a naughty house.

Ese. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a wo-
 man Cardinally given, might have beene accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all uncleannesse there.

Ese. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* meanes : but as she spit
 in his face, so she def'd him.

Cl. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these Varlets here, thou honoura-
 ble man, prove it.

Ese. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Cl. Sir, she came in great with childe : and longing
 (saying your honors reverence) for stew'd Prewynes; sir,
 we had but two in the house, which at that very instant
 time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three
 pence; your honors have seene such dishes) they are not
 China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Ese. Go too, goe too : no matter for the dish sir.

Cl. No indeed sir not of a pin ; you are therein in the
 right : but, to the point : as I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being
 (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing
 (as I said) for Prewyns : and having no more in the dish
 (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten
 the rest (as I said) and (as I say) paying for them very ho-
 nestly : for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not give
 you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeed.

Cl. Very well : you being then (if you be remembred)
 cracking the stones of the foresaid Prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeed.

Cl. Why, very well : I telling you then (if you bee
 remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past
 cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good
 dyet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Cl. Why very well then.

Ese. Come : you are a tedious foole : to the purpose :
 what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that he hath cause to com-
 plaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Cl. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Ese. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Cl. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honours
 leave : And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here
 sir, a man of foure-score pound a yeere ; whose Father
 dyed at Hallowmas : Was't not at Hallowmas Master
Froth?

Fro. All-hallond-Eve.

Cl. Why very well : I hope here be truthe : he Sir,
 sitting (as I say) in a lower Chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch
 of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have
 you not?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open roome, and good
 for Winter.

Cl. Why very well then : I hope here be truthe.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
 When nights are longest there : He take my leave,
 And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
 Hoping you'll finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Ese. I thinke no lesse : good morrow to your Lord-
 ship. Now sir, come on : What was done to *Elbowes* wife,
 once more?

Cl. Once sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you sir, aske him what this man did to
 my wife.

Cl. I beseech your honour, aske me.

Ese. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Cl. I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face :
 good Master *Froth* looke upon his honour ; 'tis for a good
 purpose ; doth your honour marke his face?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be suppos'd upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked Varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Justice*, or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caytiffe: O thou Varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship thinke me the poore Dukes Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or Ile have mine action of battery on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'care, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caytiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your Worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore Widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hither to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any reome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hither to me, M. Tapster: what's your name M. Tapster?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Esc. What else?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the

great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what doe you thinke of the Trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull Trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth in the Citie?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your Worship will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to feare the Bawdes.

Esc. There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeares, Ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your Prophecie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever: no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his Trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long have you been in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeare and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeeres together.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they doe you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I doe it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring me in the names of some sixe or seven, the most sufficient of your Parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iust. Eleven, sir.

Esc. I pray you goe home to dinner with me.

Iust. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Clandio*, But there's no remedy.

Iust. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so, Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet, poore *Clandio*; there is no remedy. Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages smacke of this vice, and he
To dye for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall dye to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Left I might be too rash:
Vnder your good correction, I have seene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to: let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honors pardon:
What shall be done sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
Shee's very neere her houre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.
Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lavish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio, and Isabella.

Pro. Save your Honor.

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Isab. I am a woefull Sutor to your Honor, (will?)
Please but your honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite?

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye;
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Isab. Oh just, but severe law:

I had a brother then; heaven keepe your honor.

Luc. Give't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs dye?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe:

Isab. But might you doe't and doe the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You art too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speake a word,
May call it backe againe: well, beleve this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Nor the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercy does: If he had beene as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. I touch him: there's the veine.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have tooke,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne;
It should be thus with him: he must dye to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,
Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchenes
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serve heaven
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selves? good, good my Lord, bethinke you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to doe that evill
If the first; that did th' Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future evils
Either now, or by remission, new conceiv'd,
And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to have no successefull degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pitty.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;
For then I pitty those I doe not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gaulle

And

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;

Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isa. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *love* himselfe do's, *love* would nere be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splitst the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: O But man! proud man!
Drest in a little bricte authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plays such phantastique trickes before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luci. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive't.

Pro. Pray heaven she winne him.

Isab. We cann ot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may jest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse foule prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt it's right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemy.

Luc. Art avil'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authority, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knocke there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon you tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isab. Harke, how Ile bribe you: good my lord turne

Ang. How? bribe me? (backe.)

Isa. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserved soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what howre to marrow,
Shall I attend you lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Isab. 'Save your Honor. *Exeunt.*

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? What's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who finnes most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Iudges steale themselves: what! doe I love her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sinne, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Even till now
When men were fond, I simild, and wondred how. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, and Provost.

Duk. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Provost: what's your will, good Frier;

Duk. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.

Enter Julius.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I doe thinke to morrow.

I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Duk. Ile teach you how you shall araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it seemes your most offencefull act
Was mutually committed.

Jul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sinne of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but leaft you doe repent
As that the finne hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwayes toward our felues, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.

Int. I doe repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.

Duk. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must dye to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.*

Int. Must dye to morrow? oh injurious love
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Scena quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, and thinke, I thinke, and pray
To severall subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Grown feard, and tedious: yea, my Gravity
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place! oh forme!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles; and tye the wiser soules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devils horne,
'Tis not the devills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh heavens
Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to helpe him, and so stop the ayre
By which he should revivue: and even so
The generall subject to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appeare offence: how now faire Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot live.

Isa. Even so: heaven keepe your Honor.

An. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must dye.

Isab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? sic, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetnesse, that doe coyne heavens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heaven, but not in earth!

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesse,
As she that he hath staine?

Isab. Sir, beleeve this,
I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compell'd finnes
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in sinne,
To save this brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doe't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doe't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charity.

Isab. That I doe beg his life, if it be sinne
Heaven let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sinne, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but heare me.
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,
To be received plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to save him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bene sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then

Ang. Then must your brother dye.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother di'd at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should dye for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so ?

Isa. Ignominy in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawfull mercy,
Is nothing kin to foule redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane ;
I something doe excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother dye,
If not a feodary but onely he
Owe, and succeed thy weakenesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes :
Women ? Helpe heaven ; men their creation marre
In profiting by them : Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well :

And from this testimony of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold ;
I doe arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.

Isa. I have no tongue but one ; gentle my lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isa. My brother did love *Iuliet*.
And you tell me that he shall dye for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor,
My word expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha ? Little honor, to be much beleev'd,
And most pernicious purpose : Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throat Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeve thee *Isabell* ?
My unsoild name, th' austere nesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stiffe in your owne report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and polixious blushes
Thar banish what they sue for : Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding up thy body to my will,

Or else he must not onely dye the death,
But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance : Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can ; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit.*

Isa. To whom should I complaine ? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeve me ? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of Honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender downe
On twenty bloody blockes, hee'd yeeld them up,
Before his sister should her body floope
To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother dye ;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastity.

Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duk. So then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo* ?

Claudio. The miserable have no other medicine
But onely hope : I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.

Duke. Be absolute for death : either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I doe loose thee, I doe loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict : Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th' accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nurs'd by basenesse : Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme : thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft provoakst, yet grossely fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on many a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone : if thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes ;
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee ; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which doe call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loynes,
Doe curse the Gout, Sarpego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begger the almes
Of palsied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant : what's yet in this
That beares the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lye hid moethousand deaths ; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humbly thanke you.
To sue to live, I find I seeke to dye,
And seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabell.

Isab. What hoa ? Peace heere ; Grace, and good company.

Pro. Who's there ? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome.

Duk. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holy sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And very welcome : looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duk. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you please.

Duk. Bring them to speake, where I may be conceal'd, yet heare them. *Exeunt.*

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort ?

Isa. Why,
As all comforts are : most good, most good indeed,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger ;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Cla. Is there no remedy ?

Isa. None but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twaine :

Cla. But is there any ?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live ;
There is a divellish mercy in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance !

Isa. I jult, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastidity you had
To a determin'd scope.

Cla. But in what nature ?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,
And leave you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I doe feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertaine,
And sixe or seven winters more respect
Then a perpetuall honor. Dar'st thou dye ?
The fence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we tread upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dyes.

Cla. Why give you me this shame ?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowry tendernesse ? If I must dye,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother : there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voyce. Yes, thou must dye :
Thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputy,
Whose setled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the fowle, is yet a divell :
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla. The Princely, *Angelo* ?

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of hell,
The damndest body to invest, and cover
In Princely gardes ; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginity
Thou might'st be freed ?

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee ; from this ranke offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should doe what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thankes deere *Isabell*.

Isa. Be ready *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes. Has he affections in him.
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' nose,
When he would force it ? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isa. Which is the least ?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'de ? Oh *Isabell*.

Isa. What sayes my brother ?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to dye, and goe we know not where.
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restless violence round about
The pendant world : or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.

What sinne you doe, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beast !

Oh faithlesse Coward ! oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice ?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame ? What should I thinke,
Heaven shield : my Mother plaid my Father faire :
For such a warped slip of wildernesse
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Dye, perish : Might but my bending downe
Repreeve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
Ile pray a thousand prayers for thy death ;
No word to save thee.

Cla. Nay heare me *Isabell*.

Isa. Oh, fie, fie, fie.

Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade ;

Mercy

Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cl. Oh heare me *Isabella*.

Duke Steps in.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leisure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath past betweene you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honor in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: doe not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must dye, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cl. Let me aske my sister pardon, I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Exit.

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: *Provoist*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my mind promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnesse that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnesse; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it ever faire; the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convoid to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother dye by the Law, then my soule should be unlawfully borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duk. That shall not be much amisse: yet as the matter now stands, he will avoyd your accusation: he made triall of you onely. Therefore fasten your eare on my advising, to the love I have in doing good; a remedy presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleve that you may most uprightly doe a poore wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeeme your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I have spirit to doe any thing that appeares not foule in the truth of my spirit.

Duk. Vertue is bold, and goodnesse never fearefull: Have you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isab. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. She should this *Angelo* have married: was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that

perished vessel, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heavily this befall to the poore Gentlewoman, there she left a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever most kind and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, and dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her cares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can she availle?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good father.)

Duk. This forenamed Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindnesse (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: we shall advise this wronged maid to steed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poore *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenesse of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lyes much in your holding up: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *Sr. Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thanke you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

El. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne and white bastard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what stutfe is heere?

Clow. Twas never merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then innocency, stands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way Sir: blesse you good father Frier.

Duk. And you good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too sir: for we have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-locke, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duk. Fye, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The evill that thou caus'est to be done, That is thy meanes to live. Doe thou but thinke What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthy vice: say to thy selfe, From their abhominable and beaustly touches I drinke, I eat away my selfe, and live: Canst thou beleve thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Goe mend, goe mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir: But yet Sir I would prove —

Duk. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofes for sin Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer; Correction, and instruction must both worke Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good goe a mile on his errand.

Duk. That we were all, as some would seeme to be Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waist, a Cord sir.
Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of *Cesar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmaliions* Images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocker, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duk. Still thus, and thus: still worfe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Mistris? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, she hath eaten up all her Beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse Pompey: farewell: goe say I sent thee thither: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farewell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keepe the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trusty Pompey.

Blesse you Friar.

Duk. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Fryer? What newes?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe: *Exeunt.* What newes Fryer of the Duke?

Duk. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperour of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duk. I know not where: but wherefoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale from the State, and usurpe the beggery he was never borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: hee puts transgression too't.

Duk. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lechery would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Fryer.

Duk. It is too generall a vice, and severity must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duk. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice, that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duk. You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duk. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not inclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are decciv'd.

Duk. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Whe, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. He would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duk. You doe him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke, and I beleve I know the cause of his with-drawing.

Duk. What (*I prethee*) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lipes: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wife.

Duk. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duk. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and he shall appeare to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Souldier: therefore you speake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkned in your malice.

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Luc.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duk. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duk. I can hardly beleieve that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, well knowne to the Duke.

Duk. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duk. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me too unhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* dye to morrow, or no?

Duk. Why should he dye Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunnish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this ungenitur'd Agent wil un-people the Province with Continency. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkely answered, he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridayes. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell.

Exit.

Duk. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumny The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong, Can tye the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Baud.

Ese. Goe, away with her to prison.

Baud. Good my lord be good to me, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Ese. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kind? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Baud of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Baud. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, *Mistress Kate Keepe-downe* was with child by him in the Dukes time, hee promis'd her marriage: his Child is a yeere and a quarter old come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my selfe; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Ese. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: Goe to, no more words. *Provost*, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must dye to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Ese. Good even, good father.

Duk. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Ese. Of whence are you?

Duk. Not of this Country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In special business from his Holinesse.

Ese. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duk. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make Societies secure, but Security enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runnes the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is every dayes newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Ese. One, that above all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe,

Duk. What pleasure was he given to?

Ese. Rather rejoycing to see another merry, then merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoyce. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duk. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) many deceiving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to dye.

Ese. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed justice.

Duk. If his owne life, Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile, he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Ese. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you wel. *Exit.*

Duk. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heaven will beare, Should be as holy, as severe: Patterne in himselfe to know, Grace to stand, and Vertue goe: More, nor lesse to others paying, Then by selfe-offences weighing. Shame to him, whose cruell striking, Kils for faults of his owne liking: Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*, To weede my vice, and let his grow. Oh, what may Man within him hide, Though Angell on the outward side? How may likeness made in crimes, Making practise on the Times, To draw with idle Spiders strings Most ponderous and substantiall things? Craft against vice, I must apply. With *Angelo* to night shall lye His old betroathed (but despised:) So disguise shall by th'disguited Pay with falshood, false exacting, And performe an old contracting.

Exit.
Alm.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
 that so sweetly were forsworne,
 And those eyes: the breakers of day
 lights that doe mislead the Morne;
 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
 Seales of love, but seal'd in vaines, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advise
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musically.

Let me excuse me, and beleve me so,
 My mirth it much displeat'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good: though Musicke oft hath such a charme
 To make bad, good; and good provoke to harme.
 I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here
 to day? much upon this time have I promis'd heere to
 meete.

Mari. You have not beene enquir'd after: I have sat
 here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleve you: the time is come
 even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be
 I will call upon you anone for some advantage to your
 selfe.

Mari. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
 What is the newes from this good Deputy?

Isa. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
 Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
 And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
 This other doth command a little doore,
 Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
 There have I made my promise, upon the
 Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isa. I have tane a due and wary note upon't,
 With whispering, and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
 Betweene you'greed, concerning her observance?

Isa. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
 And that I have possesst him, my most stay
 Can be but brieft: for I have made him know,
 I have a Servant comes with me along:
 That staves upon me; whose perswasion is,
 I come about my brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne up.
 I have not yet made knowne to Mariana

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
 I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
 She comes to doe you good.

Isa. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Doe you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mari. Good Frier, I know you doe, and have found it.

Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand
 Who hath a story ready for your care:
 I shall attend your lecture, but make haste
 The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walke aside? *Exit.*

Duk. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eyes
 Are stucke upon thee: volumes of report
 Runne with these false, and most contrarious Quests
 Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
 And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana, and Isabell.

Isa. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
 If you advise it.

Duk. It is not my consent,
 But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little have you to say
 When you depart from him, but soft and low;
 Remember now my brother.

Mari. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
 He is your husband on a pre-contract:
 To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
 Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us goe,
 Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
 But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
 And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee
 a direct answer. To morrow morning are to dye *Claudio*,
 and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common execu-
 tioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
 it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your
 Gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprison-
 ment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping;
 for you have beene a notorious baud.

Clo. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull baud, time out of
 mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawfull hangman:
 I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fel-
 low partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abbo. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
 in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with
 him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,
 use him for the present, and dismisse him, he cannot
 plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abbo. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our
 mystery.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equally: a feather will
 turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favour: for surely sir, a
 good favor you have, but that you have a hanging looke:
 Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mystery?

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Abbo. I,

Abbo. I Sir, a Mistry.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Mistry : and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v-fing painting, doe prove my Occupation, a Mistry : but what Mistry there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abbo. Sir, it is a Mistry.

Clo. Prooffe.

Abbo. Every true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it bigge enough. If it be too big for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough : So every true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed ?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him : For I doe find your Hang-man is a more penitent Trade then you Baud : he doth oftner aske forgiveness.

Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abbo. Come on (Baud) I will instruct thee in my Trade : follow.

Clo. I doe desire to learne sir : and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your owne turne, you shall find me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit.*

Pro. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio* : Th'one has my pitty ; not a jot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death, 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine* ?

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour, When it lyes starkely in the Travellers bones. He will not wake.

Pro. Who can doe good on him ? Well, goe, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise ? Heaven give your spirits comfort : by, and by, I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night, Invellop you, good *Provost* : who call'd heere of late ?

Pro. Now since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*.

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio* ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so : his life is paralel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great Iustice : He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himselfe, which he spurs on his powre To qualifie in others : were he meal'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous, But this being so, he's just. Now are they come. This is a gentle *Provost*, sildome when The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men : How now ? what noise ? That spirit's posselt with haste, That wounds th'unsting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay untill the Officer Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet ?

But he must dye to morrow ?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning *Provost*, as it is, You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know : yet I beleeve there comes No countermand : no such example have we : Besides, upon the very siege of iustice, Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike care Profest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger,

Duke. This is his lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, And by me this further charge : That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it, Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow : for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sinne, For which the Pardoner himselfe is in : Hence hath offence his quicke celerity, When it is borne in high Authority. When Vice makes Mercy ; Mercy's so extended, That for the faults love, is th'offender friended. Now Sir, what newes ?

Pro. I told you :

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse In mine Office, awakens me With this unwonted putting on, methinkes strangely : For he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let *Claudio* be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone *Barnardine* : For my better satisfaction, let me have *Claudios* head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver. Thus faile not to doe your office, as you will answer it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir ?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who isto be executed in th'afternoone ?

Pro. A Bohemian borne : But here nurs't up and bred, One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard it was ever his manner to doe so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeves for him : And indeed his fact till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtfull prooffe.

Duke. It is now apparent ?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison ? How seemes he to be touch'd ?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreakelesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come : insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He will heare none : he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison : give him leave to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many dayes entirely drunke. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duke.

Duk. More of him anon: There is written in your brow *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, than *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but foure dayes respite: for the which, you are to doe me both a present, and a dangerous courtelie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duk. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I doe it? Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duk. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seen them both, And will discover the favour.

Duk. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it; Shave the head, and tye the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duk. Were you tworne to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duk. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duk. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearefull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will goe further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duk. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find within these two dayes, he will be here. This is a thing that *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th' unfolding Starre calles up the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

Over-donsowne house, for heere bee many of her old Customers. First, here's yong Mr. *Rash*, he's in for a commodity of browne paper, and old Ginger, ninescore and seventene pounds, of which he made five Markes ready money: marry then, Ginger was not much in request, for the old Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr. *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here, yong *Dizy*, and yong Mr. *Deepe-vow*, and Mr. *Copperspore*, and Master *Starve-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-beere* that kild lusty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave Mr. *Shoory* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abbo. Sirah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clow. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Master *Barnardine*.

Abb. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clow. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:

You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepey.

Abb. Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

Clow. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Abb. Goe in to him, and fetch him out.

Clow. He is coming Sir, he is coming: I heare his Straw rusle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the blocke, sirah?

Clow. Very ready Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson*?

What's the newes with you?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrant's come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have beene drinking all night, I am not fitt for't.

Clow. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, here comes your ghostly father: doe we jest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induc'd by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have beene drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to dye this day, that's certaine.

Duk. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the journey you shall goe.

Bar. I sweare I will not dye to day for any mans perswasion.

Duk. But heave you:

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day. *Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duk. Vnfit to live, or dye: oh gravell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how doe you find the prisoner?

Duk. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feaver,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Clandio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of colour. What if we doe omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Clandio*?

Duk. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to dye.

Pro. This shall be done (good father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must dye this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Clandio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive?

Duk. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Clandio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you shall find
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duk. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost* he shall beare them) whose contents
Shall witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickely: him ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citty: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carry it my selfe.

Duk. Convenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no care but yours,

Pro. Ile make all speed.

Exit.

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duk. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duk. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better given me be so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brothers pardon?

Duk. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duk. It is no other.

Shew your wisdome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I will to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duk. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappy *Clandio*, wretched *Isabell*.

Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duk. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.
Forbeare it therefore, give your cause to heaven,
Marke what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithfull verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dry your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who doe prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to give up their powre: if you can pace your wif-
In that good path that I would wish it goe,
And you shall have your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And generall Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your course: who's heere?

Enter Luci.

Luc. Good even;
Friar, where's the Provest?

Duk. Not within Sir,

Luc. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would set mee
too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the old fanta-
sticall Duke of darke corners had beene at home, he had
lived.

Duk. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to
your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
doe: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duk. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarry, Ile goe along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duk. You have told me too many of him already sir
if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a Wench with
child.

Duk. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marry did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duk. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you
well.

Luc. By my troth Ile goe with thee to the lanes end:
if bandy talke offend you, we'll have very little of: nay
Friar I am a kind of a Burre, I shall sticke. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo, and Escalus.

Ese. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.
Ang.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions shew much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wife-dome be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and deliver our authorities there?

Efc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should we proclaime it in an houre before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice, they should exhibite their petitions in the street?

Efc. He shewes his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it be proclaim'd be-times i th, morne, Ile call you at your houle: give notice to such men of fort and suit as are to meet him.

Efc. I shall sir: fare you well.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred Maide,
And by an eminent Body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her Maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ranfome of such shame: would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Fryer Peter.

Duk. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you ever to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flavia's* house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrinus.

Duke. I thanke thee *Varrinus*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet us heere anon: my gentle *Varrinus*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speake so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it,
He sayes, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isa. Besides, he tels me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the adverse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a Physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Fryer *Peter*.—

Isab. Oh peace, the Fryer is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not passe you:
Twice have the Trumpets sounded.
The generous and gravest Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neere upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Varrinus, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
Citizens at severall doores.*

Duke. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Efc. Happy returne be to your Royall Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings be to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publike thanks
Foreunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Du. Oh your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong
To locke it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with Characters of Brasse
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion: Give we your hand
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Favours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O Royall Duke, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brieve:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Iustice,
Reveale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seeke redemption of the Divell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I feare me, are not firme:
She hath been a suitor to me, for her brother
Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice!

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly.

Isab. Most.

Isab. Most strange : but yet most truly will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange ?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange ?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous theefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange ? and strange ?

Du. Nay it is ten times strange ?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange ;
Nay, it is tentimes true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reckning.

Du. Away with her : poore soule
She speakes this, in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev'st
There is another comfort, than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse : make not impossible
That which but seemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst Caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute :
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracks, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine : Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Du. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeve no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that ; nor doe not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason :
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of Fornication
To lose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo* :
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my brother ; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and 't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo* :
For her poore brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Du. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Du. I with you now then,
Pray you take note of it : and when you have
A businesse for your selfe : pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honour.

Du. The warrant's for your selfe : take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Du. It may be right, but you are i'th wrong
To speake before your time, proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Caytiffe Deputy.

Du. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.

Du. Mended againe : the matter : proceed.

Isab. In brieft, to set the needlesse by :
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vilde conclusion
I now begin with griefe and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him : But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfering, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Du. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak'st,

Du. By heaven (fond wretch) I know'st not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hatefull practise : first his Integrity
Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe : if he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off : some one hath set you on :
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complaine.

Isab. And is this all ?

Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vntold the evill which is here wrapt up
In countenance : heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeleeved goe.

Du. I know you'd faile be gone : An Officer :
To prison with her : Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him to neere us ? This needs must be a practise ;
Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Fryer Lodowicke*.

Du. A ghostly Father belike :
Who knowes that *Lodowicke* ?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I doe not like the man : had he beene Lay, my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Du. Words against me ? this a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute : Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison : a sawcy Fryer,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace :
I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royall eare abus'd : first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.

Du. We did beleeve no lesse.
Know you that Fryer *Lodowicke* which she speakes of ?

Peter. I know him for a man Divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman :
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) misreport your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeve it.

Peter. Well : he in time may come to cleare himselfe ;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord :

Of a strange Fever : upon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended against Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false : and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whensoever he's convented : First, for this woman,
To justifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproved to her eyes,
Till she herselfe confesse it.

Duke. Good Fryer let's heare it :
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fooles,
Give vs some seates, Come Cosen *Angelo*,
In this Ile be impartiall : be you judge
Of your owne Cause : Is this the Witnesse Fryer ?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew her face, and after speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid ?

Mar. No my Lord,

Duke. A Widdow then ?

Mar. Neither my Lord.

Duke. Why are you nothing then : neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife ?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Punke : for many of them, are neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I have knowne my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not that ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunke then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Du. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Du. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Since that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When Ile depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she mee then me ?

Mar. Not that I know.

Du. No ? you say your husband.

Mar. Why just my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body;
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabell*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse : Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmaske.

This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract
Was fast belockt in thine : This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy Garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Du. Know you this woman ?

Luc. Carnally she sayes.

Du. Sirr ha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And five yeares since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe and her : which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition : but in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In levity : Since which time of five yeeres
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith and honour.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make up Vowes : And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's Garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confix'd here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Iustice,
My patience here is touch'd : I doe perceive
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Fryer, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone : think 't thou thy oathes,
Though they would sweare downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies gainst his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation ? you, Lord *Escalus*,
Sir with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Fryer that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint ;
Your *Provost* knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly :
And you my Noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your injuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement ; I for a while
Will leave you ; but stirre not you till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

Ese. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly : Signior *Lucio*,
did not you say, you knew that Fryer *Lodowicke* to bee a
dishonest person ?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing
but in his Cloathes, and one that hath spoke most villanous
speeches of the Duke.

Ese. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,
and inforce them against him : wee shall finde this Fryer a
notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna* on my word.

Ese. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would
speake with her : pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to
question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Ese. Say you ?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately

She

she should sooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll bee alham'd.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Ese. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Ese. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the Rascall I spoke of, Here with the Provost.

Ese. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Ese. Come sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have contes'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Ese. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place; and let the Divell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Ese. The Duke's in us: and we will heare you speake, Looke you speake justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh poore soules, Come you to seeke the Lambe here of the Fox? Good night to your redresse: is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeale, And put your tryall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the Rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Ese. Why thou unreverend and unhallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in fowle mouth, And in the witnesse of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you Ioynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose: What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot: the Duke dare No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not, Nor here Provincial: My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in Vienna, Where I have seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-runne the Stew: Lawes for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeits in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

Ese. Slander to th' State: Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duke. I remember you sir by the sound of your voyce, I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and doe you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably sir.

Luc. Doe you so sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must (sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeed spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would crole now, after his traitonable abuses.

Ese. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the Provost? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough upon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you baldpated lying Rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaves vilage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and bee hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duke. Thou art the first knave that ere mad'st a Duke. First Provost, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneake not away sir, for the Fryer and you, Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave: Ha'st thou or word or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st, Rely upon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be undiscernable, When I perceive your Grace, like power Divine, Hath look'd upon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold vpon my shame, But let my triall be mine owne Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither Mariana, Say: was't thou ever contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duke. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly. Doe you the office (Fryer) which consummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him Provost. *Exit.*

Ese. My Lord I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duke. Come hither Isabel, Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then Advertising, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Atturnd at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon That I, your vassall, have imploy'd and pain'd, Your unknowne Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd Isabel: And now deare Maide, be you as free to us. Your brothers death, I know, sits at your heart: And you may marveile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Then let him so be lost: Oh most kinde Maide, 't was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did thinke with slower foote came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isa. I doe my Lord.

Duke For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour; you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haste still payes haste, and leasure answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo* thy fault's thus manifested:
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duke It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproch your life.
And choake your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours;
We doe enstate, and widdow you withall,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord;
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle my Liege,

Duke. You doe but lose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabel*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
Ile lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duke. Against all sense you doe importune her,
Should shee kneele downe, in mercy of this fact,
Her brothers ghost his paved bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabel:

Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dyes for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.

Looke, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly thinke,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not dye: my brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duke. Your suite's unprofitable: stand up I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an unusuall houre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duk. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord, it was by private message.

Duke. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give up your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, Noble Lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have dy'd;
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I wouldst thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deserving, and I doe intreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Fryer told me of this man.
Sirrha, thou art said to have a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
I pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Fryer*, advise him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
Aslike almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives hee's safe,
Me thinks I see a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours.
I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;
You sirrha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an Ass, a mad man:
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
tricke: if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather
it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it *Provost* round about the City;
If any woman wrong'd by this lew'd fellow
(As I have heard him sweare himselfe there's one
Whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd;
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry mee to a
Whore: your Highnesse said even now, I made you a
Duke, good my Lord doe not recompence me, in making
me a Cuckold.

Duke. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marry her,
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duk. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.

Ioy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo* :

I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.

Thankes good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,

There's more behind that is more gratefull,
Thankes *Provoft* for thy care, and secrecy,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozins* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline ;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behind, thats meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

Names of all the Actors.

Vincenzio: the Duke.

Angelo, the Deputy.

Escalus, an ancient lord.

Claudio, a yong Gentleman.

Lucio, a fantastique.

2. Other like Gentlemen.

Provoft.

Thomas. } 2 Friars.

Peter.

Elbow, a simple Constable.

Froth, a foolish Gentleman.

Clowne.

Abborson, an Executioner.

Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.

Isabella, sister to Claudio.

Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.

Iuliet, beloved of Claudio.

Francisca, a Nun.

Mistress Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.





The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracuse,
Iaylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Roceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmitie and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants our well-dealing Countermen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pittie from our threatening looks:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countermen and us,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Syracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no trafficke to our aduersé townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Syracusan* Marts and Faires:
Again, if any *Syracusan* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sunne.

Duke. Well *Syracusan*; say in briebe the cause
Why thou departe dost from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*?

Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my grieve unspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
He utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidaurium*, till my factors death:
And he great store of goods at randone leaving,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soone, and safe arriv'd where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfesame Inne,
A poore meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, Maletwins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanelly proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwillling I agreed, alas, too soone we came aboard:
A league from *Epidaurium* had we sayld
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any tragicke Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death;
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispo'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sunne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas waxe calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurum* this;
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

H

For

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to us :
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne up upon,
Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened,
With lesse waight, but not with lesse woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have rest the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their barke beene very slow of saile ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befallne of them and thee till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
Ateightene yeares became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might beare him company in the quest of him :
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* :
Hopelesse to finde, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men :
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To beare th' extremite of dire mishap :
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as advocate for thee :
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement :
Yet will I favour thee in what I can,
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
And live : if no, then thou art doom'd to die :
Iaylor take him to thy custodie.

Iaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis, Erastes, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate :

This very day a *Syracusan* Merchant
Is apprehended for arrivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the weary Sunne set in the West :
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, tell I come to thee ;
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Within this houre it will be dinner time :
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long travaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meanes.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests :
What, will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to the Inne and dine with me ?

E. Mer. I am invited sir to certaine Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon, soone at five a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward comfort you till bed time :
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will goe loose my life,
And wander up and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mer. Sir I commend you to your owne content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to my owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get :
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnscene, inquisitive) confounds himselfe,
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of him (unhappie) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date :
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late :
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit ;
The clocke hath stricken twelue upon the bell :
My Mistris made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot because the meate is colde :
The meate is cold because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomacke :
You have no stomacke, having broke your fast :
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray,
Where have you left the mony that I gave you ?

E. Dro. Oh ! fixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper :
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner :
I from my Mistris come to you in post :
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

For

For she will scouré your fault upon my pate :
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be you cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season.
Referue them till a merrier houre then this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Hometo your house, (the *Phoenix* sir) to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my monie :
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
That stands on trickes, when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me ?

E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes upon my shoulders :
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance your will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what mistris slave hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phoenix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner :
And prayes that you will hie you home to dinnner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.

E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles. (hands:

Exit Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some device or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my mony.
They say this towne is full of cosenage :
As nimble Iuglers that deceive the eye :
Darke-working Sorcerers that change the minde :
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the body :
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And many such like liberties of sinne :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner :
Ile to the Centaure to goe seeke this slave,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secunda.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Sereptus, with
Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchans hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
Good Sister Let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is Master of his libertie ;
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come ; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lyes out adore.

Adr. Looke when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is last with woe :
There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules :
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seas;
Indued with intellectuall fence and soule,
Of more preheminance then fish and fowle.
Are masters to their females, and their Lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This servitude makes you to keepe unwed.

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold beare some sway

Luc. Ere I learne love, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I wold forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that have no other cause :

A wretched soule bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.

But were we burnd with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selves complaine :

So thou that hast no unkinde mate to greeve thee,
With urging helpelesse patience wold releeve me ;

But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie :
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand ?

E. Dro. Nay, hee's at two hands with mee, and that my
two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
Besheew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
feeel his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce understand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home ?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistrisse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine ?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold-mad,
But sure he is starke mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner;

He ask'd me for a 1000. markes in gold:

'Tis dinner time quoth I : my gold, quoth he :

Your meat doth burne, quoth I : my gold quoth he :

Will you come, quoth I ; my gold quoth he ;

Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine?

The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd : my gold quoth he :

My mistrisse, sir, quoth I : hang up thy mistrisse :

I know not thy mistrisse, out on my mistrisse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house
no wife, no mistrisse : so that my arrant due unto my
tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon thy shoulders:
for in conclusioe, he did beate me there.

Adr. Go backe againe thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home ?

For Gods sake send some other messenger.

H 2

Adri. Backe

Adri. Backe slave, or I will breake thy pate acrossie.

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

Dro. Am I forround with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. *Exit.*

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face:

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil't I at home starve for a merrie looke:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheekes? then he hath wasted it.

Are my discourtes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Vnkindnesse blots it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,

A funnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, (too unruly Deere,) he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming Icalousie; fie beat it hence:

Adi. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:

I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, alone he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the lewell best enamaled

Will lose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
He weepe (what's left) away and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond foolcs serve mad Icalousie?

Exeunt.

Enter Antipolis Erotas.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slave
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart: see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusan.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an houre since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me?

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the gold's receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistress, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou felft I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie veine,
What meanes this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, do'st thou jeere and flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, and that. *Beats Dro.*

S. Dr. Hold fir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,

Vpon what bargain doe you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarie sometimes
Doe use you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upou my love,
And make a Common of my serious houres:
When the Sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Scoone call you it? so you would leave batte-
ring, I had rather have it a head, and you use these blows
long, I must get a sconce for my head, and In sconce it
too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
fir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I fir, and wherefore; for they say, every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flouting me, and then wherefore,
for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
time nor reason. Well fir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me fir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry fir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something. But say fir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time fir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be drie.

S. Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eate not of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me
another drie basting.

Ant. Well fir, learne to jest in good time, there's a
time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that before you were so
chollericke.

Ant. By what rule fir?

S. Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire
that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recoverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover
the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as
it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on
beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, he hath
given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more haire
then wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose
his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairie men plaine dea-
lers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-
seth it in a kinde of jollitie.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay

An. Nay not found ones I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying : the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did sir : namely, no time to recover haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould bee a bald conclusion : but soft, who waits us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath some sweet aspects :
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musicke to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand ;
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste ;
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, (my Husband) oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe ?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me :
That undividable incorporate
Am better than thy deere selves better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me ;
For know my love : as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfes,
And take unmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou heare I were licentious ?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate ?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow ?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
I am posselt with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust :
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poyson of my flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not :
In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange unto your towne, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to understand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you :
When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner,

Ant. By *Dromio*?

Drom. By me.

Adri. By thee, and thus thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you conversie sir with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

S. Dro. I sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her very words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with you gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode ;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :

Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine :
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Vsurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion,

Ant. To me she speaks, shee moves mee for her
theame ;

What, was I married to her in my dreame ?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eyes and eares amisse?
Vntill I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the servants spred for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the faire land, oh spite of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Elves Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will insue :
They'l sucke our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snail, thou slug, thou set.

S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tisto an Asse.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adri. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in thy eye and weepe ;
Whil'st man and master laughs my woes to scorne :
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate :
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks :
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter :
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advise :
Knowne unto thele, and to my selfe disguise !
Ile say as they say, and persevere so :

And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?

Adri. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.

Luci. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant

E. Ant. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchmēt, & blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare:
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. Ant. Yare sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. Ant. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish:
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one daintie dish.

Bal. Good meat firis comon that every churle affords.

Ant. And welcome more common, for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-
rie feast.

Ant. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cissy, Gillian, Ginn.*

S. Dro. Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-
ot, Patch,

Either get thee from the dore; or sit downe at the hatch:
Doit thou conjure for wenches, that calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my Master
stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest he
catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell
me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to
day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe
when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the
house I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is
Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office
and my name,

The one ne're got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst bid *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luc. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those
at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in *Luce*.

Luc. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your
Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Pro-
verbe.

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luc. Have at you with another, that's when? can you
tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast an-
swer'd him, well.

Ant. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in I
hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luc. Let him knocke till it ake.

Ant. You'll crie for this minion, if I beate the doore
downe.

Luc. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with un-
ruly boyes.

Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come
before.

Adr. Your wife sir knave? go get you from the dore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave wold
goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we
would faine have either.

Balth. In debating which was best, wee shall part
with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them
welcome hither.

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we can-
not get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments
were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand heere in the
cold.

It would make a man as mad as a Bucke to be so bought
and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile breake ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your
knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with you sir, and
words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he breake it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee
hinde.

E. Dro. Heer's too much, out upon thee, I pray thee let
me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers and fish have
no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: goe borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;

For

For a fish without a fin, ther's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help us in firra, we'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balsh. Have patience fir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisdom,
Her sober vertue, yeares and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknowne;
And doubt not fir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you,
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet ungalled estimation.
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hows'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine I will bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon my hostesse there, good fir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre fir hence.

Ant. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expenco.

Exeunt.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Julia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where, doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:
Let not my sister reade it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her reade it in thy looks at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evill word:
Alas poore women, make us not beleewe
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,

Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve:
We in your motion turne, and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet Mistris: what your name is else I
know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my earthy grosse conceit:
Smothered in errors, feeble, shaddow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deccit;
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note
To drowne me in thy sisters flood of teares:
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spred ore the silver waves thy golden haire;
And as a bed Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaine by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames, faire sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your
sight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Dnt. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts dearer heart,
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee leade my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft fir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

Enter Dromio, Siracusa.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so
fast?

S. Dro. Doe you know me fir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I
your man? Am I my selfe?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
thy selfe.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
my selfe.

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy
selfe?

Dro. Marrie fir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

Ant. What

Ant. What claime laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horie, and she would have me as a beast; not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a verie beasty creature layes claime to me.

Ant. What is she?

Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reverence: I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, and all greafe, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If she lives till doomesday, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shooe, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweates a man may goe over-shoos in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Neabs* flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her haire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carraets to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, I swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the markes of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of Steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Ant. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this towne to night, If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:

If everie one knowes us, and we know none, 'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life, So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*

Ant. There's none but witches do inhabite heere, And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, even my soule Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister Posselt with such a gentle soveraigne grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe: But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong, Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaides song.

Enter Angela with the Chains.

Ang. M. Antipholus.

Ant. I that's my name,

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine, I thought to have tane you at the *Perpetine*, The chaine unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall, And soone at supper time Ile visit you, And then receive my mony for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you sir receive the monie now, For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Dro. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell: But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine, That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine. I see a man heere needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts: Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay, If any ship put out, then strait away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I have not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by *Antipholus*, And in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine: at five a clocke I shall receive the money for the same: Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thanke yoo too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Off. That labour may you save: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, goe thou And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day :
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that trusts to you,
I promised your preface, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me :
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together : and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmost Raccat,
The fineness of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Ant. I am not furnisht'd with the present mony:
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receipt thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Ant. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have :
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine :
Both winde and tide stayes for the Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him here too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mer. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine:

Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no :
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? Why should I answer you?

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me sir in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite,

Off. I doe, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay that I never had :
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him, Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.

Off. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But firrah you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That stayes but till her Owner comes aboard,
Then sir she beares away. Our saughtage sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have brought
The Oyle, the *Balsammum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

Ant. How now! a Madman! Why thou peevish sheep
What ship of *Epidamium* stayes for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heed:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight :
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets; let her send it :
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowlabell* did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compass,
Thither I must, although against my will :
For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so,
Might'st thou perceive austereely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no :
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Of his hearts Meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denide you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did prayse my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Have patience I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where :
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making, worfe the minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of fuch a one?
No evill loft is wail'd, when it is goged.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I fay:
And yet would herein others eyes were worfe:
Farre from her nelt the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prayes for him, though my tongue doe curfe.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here, goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worfe then hell:
A divell in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with Steele:
A Feind, a fairie, pittileffe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worfe, a fellow all in buffe,
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermaids
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmet carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, he is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested, well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske?

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

That he unknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring?

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe! that did I never heare.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serjeant, a turnes
backe for very feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou
reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more then
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the mony, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Come sister, I am preft downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Siracusan.

An. S. There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And everie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparell'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou
meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but
that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the
calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that
came behinde you sir, like an evill angel, and bid you for-
sake your liberty.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like
a Base Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when
gentlemen are tired gives them a tob, and rests them:
he sir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and gives them
suites of durance: he that sets up his rest to doe more ex-
ploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. I sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings
any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that
thinkes a man alwayes going to bed, and saith, God give
you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since,
that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then
were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy*
Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver
you.

Ant. The fellow is distraet and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met; well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see sir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day?

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the divell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worfe, she is the divels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
thereof comes that the wenches say God dam me, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
ten, they appeare to men like angels of light; light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will
burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you doe, expect spoon-meate, or be-
speake a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spoone that must
eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-
Thou art, (as you are all) a forcereffe: (ping?)
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she more covetous, would have a chaine: Master bewife, and if you give it her, the divell will shak her Chaine, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine, I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride sayes the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exeunt.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad, Else would he never so demeane himselfe, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine, Both one and other he denies me now: The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance, Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doores against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife that being Lunaticke, He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce My Ring away. This course I fittest choose, For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Sailor.

Ant. Feare me not man, I will not breake away, He give thee ere I leave thee so much money To warrant thee as I am rested for. My wife is in a wayward moode to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie. How now fir? Have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why fir, I gave the Monie for the Rope:

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. He serve you fir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee high thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end fir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good fir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in advertisement.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreson fen'lesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were fen'lesse fir, that I might not feel your blowes.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Ass.

E. Dro. I am an Ass indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have served him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezian, and a School-master, called Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talke?

Beats Dro.

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirms no lesse:

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer, Establish him in his true sence againe, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery and how sharpe he lookes,

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your care.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man To yeeld possession to my holie praiers, And to thy state of darkenette hie thee straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace doring wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adri. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers? Did this companion with the fassion face Revell and feast it at my house to day, Whil't upon me the guiltie doores were shut, And I denied to enter in my house.

Adri. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home Where would you had remaind untill this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not she her selfe revile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe revild you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. Certis she did; the kitchin veltall scorn'd you:

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beare witnesse, That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adri. Is't good to smooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his veine, And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie,

Ant. Thou hast subordnd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

Adri. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you, By *Dromio* heere, who came in haft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might, But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets?

Adri. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse, That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is posselt, I know it by their pale and deadly lookes.

They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband loeke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle M. I receiv'd no gold:

But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And are confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me:
But with these nailes Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:

He strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What, wilt thou murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Masters let him goe: he is my prisoner, and you
shall not have him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I goe from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house, oh most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine wherefore dost thou mad
mee?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
master, cry the divell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly do they
talke.

Adr. Goe beare him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Maier Offic. Adri. Luci. Courizan.

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeake a chaine for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine,

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Siracusan with his Rapier drawne,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill us

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

Ant. Come to the Centaure, fetch our stuffe from
thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do
us no harme: you saw they spake us faire, give us gold:
me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes marriage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne
Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he did denie it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives here in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore (most monstrously) to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oathes, so to denie
This chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This chaine you had of me, can you denie it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too:

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswear it?

Mer. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liv'st
To walke where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyld.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recovery.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This weeke he hath bene heavy, fower, sad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wracke at Sea,
Buried some deare friend, hath not else his eye
Strai'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing,
Which of these forrowes is he subject too?

Adr. To none of these except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Ad. Why so I did.

Ab. I, but not rough enough.

Ad. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Ab. Haply in private.

Ad. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Ad. It was the copie of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At boord he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was wilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venome clamours of a jealous woman,
Poysons more deadly then a mad dogs tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy rayling,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou sai'st his meate was sawe'd with thy upbraidings,
Vnquiet meales makes ill digestion,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of Madnesse?
Thy sayest his sports were hindred by thy brawles:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But muddy and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse despaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himselfe rough, rude, and wildely.
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Ad. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Ad. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Ad. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no Atturney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I have us'd the approved meanes I have,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Ad. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth beleeve your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.

Ad. Come goe, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise untill my teares and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess. *Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant and Goldsmith.

Mer. By this I thinke the Dyall points at five:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the Melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and forry execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey here.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverent *Siracusan* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheded publicly for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Enter Adriana and Lucio.

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse,
bareheaded, with the Headf-man, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publicly,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Enter Adriana.

Adr. In fice most sacred Duke against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Ad. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
(At your impotent Letters) this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him,
That desp'rately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman, ali as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne Swords
Met us againe, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away: till raising of more aide,
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

I

Therefore

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my Warres,
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To doe him all the grace and good I could.
Goe some of you knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me :
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O Mistresse, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maides a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailles of pudled myre to quench the haire ;
My M^r. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Scissors nicks him like a foole :
And sure (unlesse you send some other present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjuror.

Ad. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report of us.

Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris : flie, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, feare nothing : guard with
Halberds.

Ad. Ayme, it is my husband : witnesse you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here,
And now hee's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, on grant me Iustice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe skarres to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me Iustice.

Mr. Far. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make mee
dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against that woman
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ; (there :
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury :
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me just.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
upon me.

Whilst she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault : say woman didst thou so ?

Ad. No, my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my Sister,
To day did dine together : so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Ne're may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworne,
In this the Mad man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advis'd what I say ;
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it : for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to goe fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day from him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pefant home
For certaine Duckets : he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To goe in person with me to my house.
By th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of wilde Confederates : Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine ;
A meere Anatomy, a Monntebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch ;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjuror :
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as t'were) out-facing me,
Cryes out, I was posselt. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
I gain'd my freedom ; and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus farre I witnesse with him :
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no ?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Marr,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you :
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I thinke you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey wals,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven :
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this ?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* Cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad he would not pleade so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir hee din'd with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Curr. He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.

E. Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere ?

Curr. As sure (my Leige) as I doe see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange : Goe call the Abbesse hi-
ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke made,

Exit.

Exit one to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speake a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the summe that may deliver me.

Duke. Speake freely *Syracusan* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name fir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman fir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.

Fath. I am sure both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selves we doe remember fir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches Patient*, are you fir?

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.

E, Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grieve hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voyce?

Ant. Neither.

Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou.

Dro. No trust me fir, nor I.

Fat. I am sure thou dost?

E, Dromio. I fir, but I am sure I doe not, and whatso-
ever a man denies, you are now bound to beleve him.

Fat. Not know my voyce! oh times extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little use to heare:
All these old witnessses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Syracusa* Boy,
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnessse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Syracusan*, twenty yeares
Have I been Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time he ne're saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Syracusan,
and Dromio Sir.*

Abbess. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who decipher's them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my old Master, who hath bound him
heere?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his liberty:
Speake old *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd *Emilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake unto the same *Emilia*.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning story right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And those two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wracke at sea,
These are the Parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fat. If I dreame not, thou art *Emilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatal rafte.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No fir, not I, I came from *Syracusa*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Towne by that most famous
Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vncl.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so doe I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman here
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaîne fir, which you had of
mee.

S. Ant. I thinke it be fir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaîne arrested me.

Gold. I thinke I did fir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money fir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see wee still did meet each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my Father bere.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good
cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To goe with us into the Abbey here,
And heare at large discours'd all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one dayes error,
Have suffered wrong. Goe, keepe us company.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
 Thirty three yeares have I bene gone in travell
 Of you my fornes, and till this present houre
 My heavy burthens are delivered :
 The Duke my husband, and my child ren both,
 And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
 Goe to a Gossips feast, and goe with me,
 After so long grieffe such Nativity.
Duke. With all my heart, lle Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
 two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Ma st. shall I fetch your stufte from shipboord?
E. An. Dromio, what stufte of mine hast thou imbar' d.
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host fir in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your Master *Dromio.*

Come, goe with us, we'll looke to that anon,
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit.*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your Masters house,
 That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner :
 She now shall be my sifter, not my wife.

E.D. Me thinkes you are my glasse, and not my bro-
 I see by you, I am a sweet fac'd youth, (ther :
 Will you walke in to see their Gossipping ?

S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my Elder.

E.Dro. That's a question, how shall I try it.

S.Dro. Wee'll draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
 leade thou first.

E.Dro. Nay then thus :

We came into the world like brother and brother :
 And now let's goe hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.






Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a Messenger.

Leonato.

earne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this : he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action ?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it selfe, when the atchiever brings home full numbers : I find heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feates of a Lyon, he hath indeed better bettred expectation, than you mult expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnckle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appeares much joy in him, even so much that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he breake out into teares ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kinde overflow of kindenesse : there are no faeces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at joy, then to joy at weeping ?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the Army of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece ?

Hero. My Cousin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bea. He set up his bills heere in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the Flight : and my Vncles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd and eaten in these warres ? But how many hath he kill'd ? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in those wars.

Mess. You had musty victuall, and hee hath holpe to eate it : hee's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Bea. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord ?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, stufte with all honourable vertues.

Bea. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stufte man : but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kinde of merry War betwixt Signior Benedicke and her : they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit betweene them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his five wits went haking off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one : so that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse. For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his Companion now ? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible ?

Bea. Very easly possible : he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next blocke.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the Devil ?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bea. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught then the Pestilence, and the taker runnes presently madde. God helpe the noble Claudio, if he have caught the Benedicke, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Doe good friend.

Leon. You'll ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balhazar, and John the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meete your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoyd cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine : but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. You imbrace your charge more willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leo. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leo. Signior *Benedicke*, no; for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedicke*, wee may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her selfe: be happy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, shee would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedicke*, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deare Lady *Disdaine*! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible *Disdaine* should die, while shee hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedicke*? Courtesie it selfe must convert to *Disdaine*, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is Courtesie a turne-coat, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else have bene troubled with a pernicious Sutor, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, then a man sweare he loves me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a Predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrat-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better then a beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedicke*; my deare friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prayes some occasion may detain us longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but prayes from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not bee forsworne, let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your Grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Claudio. *Benedicke*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Claudio. No, I prethee speake in sober judgement.

Ben. Why yfaith me thinkes shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, shee were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I doe not like her.

Claudio. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell mee truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you enquier after her?

Claudio. Can the world buy such a Jewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the slowting Iacke, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what Key shall a man take you to goe in the song?

Claudio. In mine eye, she is the sweetest Ladie that ever I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without Spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her Cousin, and she were not posselt with a fury, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of May doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Claudio. I would scarce truit my selfe, though I had sworne the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I never see a Batchellor of threescore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundayes: looke *Don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter Don Pedro, John the Bastard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatos*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constrain mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in love, With whom? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonatos* short daughter.

Claudio. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old Tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claudio. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claudio. That I love her, I feele:

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feele how shee should bee loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate Heretique in the despight of Beauty.

Claudio. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thanke her : that she brought me up, I likewise giue her most humble thanks : but that I will haue a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me : because I will not doe them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none : and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I dye, looke pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my lord, not with love : prove that ever I loose more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me up at the doore of a brothel-houise for the signe of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try : In time the savage Bull doth beare the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire : let them signifie under my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earth quake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatos*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of *Iuly*. Your loving friend, *Benedicke*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not ; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. *Exit.*

Clau. My Leige, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Lesson that may doe thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my lord ?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his onely heire. Dost thou affect her *Claudio* ?

Clau. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a fouldiers eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand, Than to drive liking to the name of love : But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts Have left their places vacant : in their roomes, Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how faire yong *Hero* is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words : If thou dost love faire *Hero*, cherish it, And I will breake with her : wait not to this end, That thou beganst to twist so fine a story ?

Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to love, That know loves griefe by his complexion ! But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme, I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broder then the The fairest grant is the necessity : *(Hood)*

Looke what will serue, is fit : tis once, thou lovest,

And I will fit thee with the remedy,

I know we shall haue revelling to night,

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,

And in her bosome Ile unclaspe my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong incounter of my amorous tale :

Then after, to her father will I breake,

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine,

In practise let us put it presently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son : hath he provided this musicke ?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Leo. Are they good ?

Old. As the event stampes them, but they haue a good cover : they shew well outward : the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thicke pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine : the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that he loved my neece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this ?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no : we will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe : but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true : goe you and tell her of it : cosins, you know what you haue to doe, O I cry you mercy friend, goe you with me and I will use your skill, good cosin haue a care this busie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad ?

Iohn. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Iohn. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne under *Saturne*) goest about to apply a mortall medicine, to a mortifying mischeife : I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans jests ; eate when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure : sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may doe it without controullment, you haue of late

late stood out against your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needfull that you frame the season for your owne harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denyed but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muffell, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it openly. Who comes heere? what newes *Borachio*.

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischeife on? What is he for a foole that betrothes himselfe to unquietnesse?

Bor. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chicke, how come you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and having obtained'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe every way; you are both sure, and will assist me?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my mind: shall we goe prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Leon. Was not Count *John* here at supper?

Brot. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an houre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way betweepe him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and sayes nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe Signior *Benedicke*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and halfe Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedicke*'s face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brot. In faith she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell; and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meete me like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, heere's no place for you maids, so deliver I up my Apes, and away to Saint *Peter*: for the heavens, he shewes me where the Batchellers sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Brot. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes faith, it is my cosens duty to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other curtsie, and say, father, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? no uncle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not wood in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantastickall) the wedding mannerly modest, (as a measure) full of stare and aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.

Leon.

Leonatus. Cofin you apprehend paffing fhrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye unckle, I can fee a Church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthazar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke foftly, and looke sweetly, and fay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and efpecially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may fay fo when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to fay fo?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute fhould be like the cafe.

Pedro. My vifor is *Poilemons* rooffe, within the houfe is love.

Hero. Why then your vifor fhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you fpeake Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne fake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I fay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my fight when the dance is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Vrfula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonyo*.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrfula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrfula. You could never doe him fo ill well, unleffe you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and downe, you are he, you are he.

Antho. At a word I am not.

Vrfula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me whotold you fo?

Bene. No, you fhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was difdainefull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that faid fo.

Bene. What's he?

I am fure you know him well enough.

Beat. Not I, beleve me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes jeafter, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in devising impoffible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, for hee both pleafeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am fure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you fay.

Beat. Doe, doe, hee'l but breake a comparifon or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ftrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing faved, for the foole will eate no fupper that night. We muft follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeunt.

Muficke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am he.

Iohn. Signior, you are very neere my brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you difswade him from her, fhe is no equall for his birth: you may doe the part of an honeft man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

Iohn. I heard him fwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he fwore he would marry her to night.

Iohn. Come, let us to the banquet. *Exit. maxet. Clau.*

Clau. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*,

But heare thefe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:

'Tis certaine fo, the Prince wooes for himfelfe:

Friendfhip is conftant in all other things,

Save in the Office and affaires of love:

Therefore all hearts in love ufe their owne tongues,

Let every eye negotiate for it felfe,

And truft no Agent: for beauty is a witch,

Againft whole charmes, faith melteth into blood:

This is an accident of houely prooffe,

Which I miftrufte not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Yea the fame.

Bene. Come, will you goe with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your owne bufineffe, Count. What fafhion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an *Vfurers* chaine? Or under your arme, like a *Lieutenants* fcarfe? You muft weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau. I wifh him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's fpoken like an honeft Drovier, fo they fell Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would have ferved you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho no I you ftrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'll beat the poft.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you.

Exit.

Bene. Alas poore hurt foule, now will he creepe into fedges: but that my Lady *Beatrice* fhould know me, and not know mee: the Princes foole! Ha? It may be I goe under that title, becaufe I am merry: you but fo I am apt to doe my felfe wrong: I am not fo reputed, it is the bafe (though bitter) difpofition of *Beatrice*, that put's the world into her perfon, and fo gives me out: well, Ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you fee him?

Bene.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholly as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worne himselfe, and the rod he might have bestowed on yop, who (as I take it) have stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that danst with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misfide me past the indurance of a blocke: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: she told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Iester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jest upon jest; with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: she speakes poynyards, and every word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgressed, she would have made *Hercules* have turnd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall find her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would conjure her, for certainly while she is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne upon purpose, because they would goe whither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio, and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest errand now to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prefter Johns* foot: fetch you a haire off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I love not, I cannot indure this Ladys tongue.

Exit.

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you have put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should doe me, my lord, lest I should proove the mother of fooles: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio. Not sad my lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claudio. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though I be sworne, if he bee so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claudio. Silence is the perfectest Herauld of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of care, my cosin tells him in his care that he is in my heart.

Claudio. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my lord, unlesse I might have another for working-dayes, your Grace is too costly to weare every day: but I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were borne in a merry houre.

Beat. No sure my lord, my mother cryed, but then there was a starre danst, and under that was I borne: cosins God give you joy.

Leona. Necce, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepest, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no meanes, she mockes all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

Leona. O lord, my lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themselves mad.

Prince. Count *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leona. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seven night, and a time too brieft too, to have all things answer mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dally by us, I will in the interim, undertake one of *Hercules* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leona. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Clau. And I my lord.

Prin. And you too gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my lord, to helpe my cofin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a noble straine, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will reach you how to humour your cofin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the onely love-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exeunt.*

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me,

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bor. I thinke I told your lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson of that lyes in you to temper; goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation doe you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What prooffe shall I make of that?

Bor. Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, find me a meete house, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves me, intend a kind of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cofen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleeeve this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelyhood, than to see me at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret, Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyalty, that jealousie shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

John. Grow this to what adveise it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bor. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already sir.

Exit.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe, I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaviours to love; will after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in love; and such a man is *Claudio*, I have knowne when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walkt ten mile a foot, to see a good armor, and now will he lye ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, and to the purpose (like an honest man and a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes: may I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but love may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich she shall be, that's certaine: wife, or Ile none; vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Clau. Yea my good lord: how still the evening is, As hush on purpose to grace harmony.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

Clau. O very well my lord: the musicke ended, We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prin. Come *Balthazar*, we'll heare that song againe.

Balth. O good my lord, taxe not so bad a voyce, To flatter musicke any more then once.

Prince.

Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me wooe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine ayre, now is his soule ravisht, is it
not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
To nothing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sorrows of woe,
Into hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no, faith, thou singst well enough for
a shift.

Bene. And he had beene a dog that should have howl'd
thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his
bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as leife have heard
the night-raven, come what plague could have come af-
ter it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthazar*? I pray
thee get us some excellent musick: for to morrow night
we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can my lord. *Exit Balthazar.*

Prince. Doe so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what
was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*
was in love with Signior *Benedicke*?

Claud. O I, stalker on, stalker on, the foule sits. I did ne-
ver thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderfull, that she
should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom she hath in
all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my lord, I cannot tell what to
thinke of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affe-
ction, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counter-
feit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she dis-
covers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Bait the hooke well, the fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my lord? she will fit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would
have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all
assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworne it had, my lord, especially
against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-
bearded fellow speakes it: knavery cannot sure hide him-
selfe in such reverence.

Claud. He hath tane th' infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath she made her affection knowne to *Bene-
dicke*?

Leonato. No, and sweares she never will, that's her tor-
ment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter sayes: shall
I, sayes she, that have so oft encountred him with scorne,
write to him that I love him?

Leo. This sayes shee now when she is beginning to
write to him, for shee'll be up twenty times a night, and
there will she sit in her smocke, till she have writ a sheet
of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember
a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, and was reading it ever,
she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betwene the sheete.

Claud. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halpence,
raild at her selfe, that she should be so immodest to write,
to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him,
sayes she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if he
writ to me, yea though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then downe upon her knees she falls, weepes,
sobs, beats her heart, teares her hayre, prayes, curies, O
sweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter sayes so, and the
extasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is
sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her
selfe, it is very true.

Prin. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some
other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it,
and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him,
she's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspicion,)
she is vertuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Prin. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and bloud combating in
so tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that bloud
hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause,
being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me,
I would have daft all other respects, and made her halfe
my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what
he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Cla. *Hero* thinks surely she will dye, for she sayes she
will dye, if he love her not, and she will dye ere shee
make her love knowne, and she will dye if he wooe her,
rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed
crossenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her
love,

loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Claudio. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Claudio. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarily keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And so will hee doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large icasts he will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we go see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue?

Claudio. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while. I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Claudio. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meereley a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, 'tis so, I cannot reprocue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her, I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remaines of witte broken on me, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should liue till I were married: here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thanks, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had beene painefull; I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea just so much as you may take upon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thanks, then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thanks: if I do not take pittie of her I am a villaine, if I do not love her I am a lew, I will go get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour, There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*, Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*, Whisper her care, and tell her I and *Ursula* Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst vs, And bid her steale into the pleached bower, Where Hony-suckles ripened by the sunne, Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites, Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her, To listen to our purpose, this is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant presently. *Exit.*

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come, As we do trace this alley up and downe, Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*, When I do name him, let it bethy part, To praise him more then euer Man did merit, My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke* Is sicke in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter, Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made, That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Urs. The pleasant 'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame, And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite: So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now, Is couched in the wood-bine coverture; Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her care lose nothing, Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it: No truely *Ursula*, she is too disdainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wiide, As Haggards of the rocke.

Ursula. But are you sure, That *Benedicke* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Vrsula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yeilded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eye,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shée is so selfe indeared.

Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise; how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill-headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes,
If silent, why a blocke moved with none.
So turnes she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Vrsu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a bitter death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrsu. Yet tell her of it; heare what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impositon liking.

Vrsu. O doe not do your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priske to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Vrsu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vrsu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why every day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Vrsu. Shée's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,

Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit*.

Beat. What fire is in mine cares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory lives behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Beleeve it better then reportingly. *Exit*.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouch-
safe me;

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat
and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with
Benedicke for his companie; for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So say I; methinkes you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in love.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud
in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants
money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach:

Prince. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worne.

Bene. Well, every one cannot maister a griefe, but hee
that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unlesse
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unlesse hee
have a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee
is no foole for fancy, as you would have it to appeare
he his.

Claudio. If he be not in love with some woman, there is
no beleeving old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings;
What should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claudio. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seene with
him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath alreadie
stufte tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks yonger than he did, by the losse
of a beard.

Prince. Nay a rubs himselfe with Cinuit, can you smell
him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
love.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
what they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept
into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prince.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrāt one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prin. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Bast. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, & ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareness of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bast. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorned, (for she hath bene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who! *Hero*?

Bast. Even shee, *Leonatos Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Clau. May this be so?

Prin. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have scene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turned?

Clau. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Bast. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when have scene the sequels.

Exeunt.

Enter Dogberry and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer saluation body and soule.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most defartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ot-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dog. Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch. 2. Both which Master Constable

Dog. You have: I knew it would bee your answer: well, for your favour sir, why give God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no neede of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch. 2. How if a will not stand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke; wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir,

Dog. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I thinke they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Verg. You have bin alwaies cal'd a mercifull mā partner.

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will never answer a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birlady that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knowes the Statutes, he may staie him, marry not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birlady I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maisters good night, and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maisters, we heare our charge, let us go sitt here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coile to night, adieu, be vigilant I beseech you. *Exant.*

Enter borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason maisters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don Iohn* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that any villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible any villanie should bee so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewest thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but feest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes up and downe like a gentle-man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some body?

Con. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is; how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-

bloods, betweene fourteene & fve & thirty, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoses* souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime lik god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shaven *Hercules* in the smircht worm-eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Herres* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maister planted, and placed, and possessed by my Maister *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the divell my Maister knew she was *Margaret*, and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right maister Constable, we have here recouered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke.

Con. Maisters, maisters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Con. Maisters, never speake, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Con. A commodity in question I warrant you, come weeke obey you. *Exant.*

Enter Hero, and Margarets, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my cosin *Beaurice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.

Mar. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin will say so.

Bero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tirc within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Milaines* gowne that they praise so.

Bero. O that exceeds they say,

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine quaint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bero. God

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heavier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marga. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heavier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good marrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye light alove with your heeles, then if your husband have itables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sailing by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their hearts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stufte cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stufte! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not scene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have some morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in love, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrsu. Madam, with draw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse me good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrsula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decernes you nearly.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Dog. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaieth honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thanke God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeste then I.

Con. Dog. Comparifons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes Officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Con. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the City, and though I be but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships preface, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Con. Dog. A good old man sir, he will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe us, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of horse, one must ride behind, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worship, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeed comprehended two aspitious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance.

(Exit.)

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

Dogh. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehome to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogh. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: heere.

heere's that shall driue some of them to a non-come, on-ly get the learned writer to set downe our excommuni-cation, and meet me at the Iaile.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bassard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leo. Come Frier *Francis*, be brife, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claudio. No.

Leo. To be married to her, Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Claudio. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leonato. I dare make his answer, None.

Claudio. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Benedicke. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Claudio. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave, Will you with free and vnconstrained soule Give me this maid your daughter?

Leonato. As freely sonne as God did give her me.

Claudio. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prince. Nothing, unless you render her againe.

Claudio. Sweet Prince, you learne me noble thankfulness: There *Leonato*, take her backe againe, Give not this rotten Orenge to your friend, Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid she blushes heere! O what authority and shew of truth Can cunning sinne cover it selfe withall! Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence, To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare All you that see her, that she were a maide, By these exterior shewes? But she is none: She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What do you meane, my Lord?

Claudio. Nor to be married, Not knit my soule to an approved wanton.

Leonato. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe, Have vanquish't the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity.

(her,

Claudio. I know what you would say: if I have knowne You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehead sinne: No *Leonato*, I never tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his sister, shewed Bashfull sincerity and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claudio. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it, You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe, As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne: But you are more intemperate in your blood, Than *Venus*, or those pampred animals, That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leonato. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prince. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that have gone about, To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leonato. Are these things spoken, or do I but dreame?

Bassard. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Benedicke. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Claudio. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our owne?

Leonato. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Claudio. Let me but move one question to your daughter, And by that fatherly and kindly power, That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leonato. I charge thee do so as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset,

What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Leo. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name With any iust reproach?

Claudio. Marry that can *Hero*,

Hero it selfe can blot out *Hero's* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight, Out at your window betwixt twelve and one? Now if you are a maid answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*, I am sorry you must heare: upon mine honor, My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night, Talke with a rusliar at her chamber window, Who hath indeed most like a liberrall villaine, Confest the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord, Not to be spoken of, There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady I am sorry for thy much misgovernement.

Claudio. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene. If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart? But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell Thou pure impiety, and impious purity, For thee Ie locke up all the gates of Love, And on my eie-lids shall Conjecture hang, To turne all beauty into thoughts of harne, And never shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now cousin, wherefore sink you down? *Bassard.* Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light, Smother her spirits up.

Benedicke. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,

Hero, why *Hero*, Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leo. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand, Death is the fairest cover for her shame That may be wisht for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now cosin *Hero*?

Fri. Have comfort Lady.

Leo. Dost thou looke up?

Fri. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leo. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reareward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugall Natures frame?
One too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was't thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke up a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smiered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might have said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derives it selfe from unknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is false
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foule tainted flesh.

Beat. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say.

Beat. O on my soule my cosin is belied.

Beat. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No truly: not, although vntill last night,
I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie, and *Claudio* would he lie
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I have onely bene silent so
long, and given way vnto this course of fortune, by no-
ting of the Lady, I have markt
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitnesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental teale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor diuinity,
If this sweet Lady lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not adde to her damnation
A sinne of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakednesse?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd,

At houres unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Prince.

Beat. Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be misst in this:
The practise of it lives in *John* the ballard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well heare of it.
Time hath not yet so oried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eate up my invention,
Nor Fortune made such havoeke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Fri. Pause awhile,

And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princess (left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.

Leo. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fri. Marry this well carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this traile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall heare she dyed upon his words,
Th' Idea of her life shall sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination.

And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourne,
If ever Love had interest in his Liver,
And wish he had not so accus'd her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Will fashion the event in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it fort not well, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and injuries:

Beat. Signior *Leonato*, let the Friar advise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and love
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*,

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and justly, as your soule
Should with your body.

Leo. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may leade me.

Fruer. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange fores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleewe your fair cofin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you, is
not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you, but
beleewe me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you love mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sawce that can be devised to it, I pro-
test I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy howre, I was a-
bout to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no love in
you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Infaith I will go.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villaine, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they
come to take hands, and then with publike accusation
uncovered slander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered,
she is vndone.

Bene. Bet?

Beat. Princes and Counties I surely a Princely testi-
mony, a goodly Count - Comfect, a sweet Gallant sure-
ly, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-
ted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are
onely turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as *Hercules*, that onely tels a lie, and swears it:
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a wo-
man with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Vse it for my love some other way then swea-
ring by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio*
hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him; I
will kisse your hand, and so leave you: by this hand *Clan-
dio* shall render me deere account: as you heare of me,
so thinke of me: go comfort your coosin, I must say she
is dead, and so farewell.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke
in gownes.*

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. O a stoole and cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-
amined, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name friend?

Bor. *Borachio*.

Kemp. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai-
sters, do you serve God: maisters, it is proved already
that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
selves?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will go about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, fore God they are both in a
tale: have you writ drowne that they are none?

Sext. Maister Constable, you go not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the esteest way, let the watch
come forth: maisters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes
brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is
flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bor. Maister Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke, I
promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry that he had received a thousand Du-
kates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrong-
fully.

Kemp.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Const. Yea by th' masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch. 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. Whas else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maisters then you can deny, Prince *John* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the griefe of this sodainly died: Maister Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Const. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Conley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but maisters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not y I am an asse: No thou villaine, y art full of piety as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowned, and every thing handsome about him: bring him away; O that I had been writ downe an asse!

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, And 'tis not wisdom thus to second griefe, Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile, Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse, As water in a sieve: give not me counsaile, Nor let no comfort els delight mine eare, But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine. Bring me a father that so lov'd his childe, Whose joy of her is over-whelmed like mine. And bid him speake of patience, Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine, And let it answere every straine for straine, As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such, In every lincament, branch, shape, and forme: If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone, Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke, With-candle-wasters: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience: But there is no such man, for brother, men Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe, Which they themselves not feelee, but tasting it, Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,

Would give preceptiall medicine to rage, Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred, Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words. No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:

But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie

To be so morall, when he shall endure

The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsaile,

My griefs cry lowder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,

For there was never yet Philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,

How ever they have writ the stile of gods,

And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Broth. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe,

Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,

My foule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,

And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We have some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! well, fare you well my Lord, Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with us, good old man.

Broth. If he could right himselfe with quarrelling, Some of us would ly low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou: Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I feare thee not.

Clau. Marry beshrew my hand, If it should give your age such cause of feare, Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leo. Tush, tush, man, never feere and jest at me,

I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,

As under priviledge of age to bragge,

What I have done being yong, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,

And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,

Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,

I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.

Thy slander hath gonethrough and through her heart;

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O in a tombe where never scandall slept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Clau. My villany?

Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

He prove it on his body if he dare,

Despight his nice fence, and his active practise,

His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

Clau. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child, If thou kilst me boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed, But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win

Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your selfe, God knows I lov'd my neete;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, lackes, milke-sops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Eroi. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Goe antiquely and show outward hidiousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony.*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,

Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is fory for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But was true, and very full of prooffe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No! come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord:

Prin. Welcome signior; you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had like to have had our two noses snap
off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou? had
wee fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for
them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to
seeke you both.

Clau. We have beene up and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine have it
beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doe'st thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Never any did so, though very many have beene
beside their wit, I will bid thee draw, as we do the min-
strels, draw to pleasure us.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou
sicke, or angry?

Clau. What! courage man: what though care kil'd a
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another sub-
ject.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was
broke crosse.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I think
he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I jest not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you have
kill'd a sweete Lady; and her death shall fall heavy on
you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good
cheare.

Prin. What, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calves
head and a Capon, the which if I do not carve most cu-
riously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the o-
ther day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine
little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great
grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: just said she, it hurts
no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said
she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues;
that I beleve said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on
munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:
there's a double touge; there's two tongues: thus did
shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular ver-
tues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
properest man in Italy.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee
car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee
did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly, the
old mans daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when hee
was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the savage Bulls hornes
on the sensible *Benedicke's* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Bene-
dicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leave you now to your gossip-like humor, you breake
jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thank-
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your many courtesies I thank
you, I must discontinue your company, your brother
the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you have among you,
kill'd a sweete and innocent Lady: for my Lord Lacke-
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,
for the love of *Beatrice*.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me see, plucke up my heart, and
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, shee
shall ne're weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and
you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Bo-
rachio* one,

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done:

Con. Martie

Const. Marrie fir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they have belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. First I aske thee what they have done, thirdly I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claus. Rightly reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Whom have you offended maisters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vnderstood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdomes could not discover, these shallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incensed me to slander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeate over to my shame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my maisters false accusation: and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Claus. I have drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me rich for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claus. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maisters, do not forget to specifie when time & place shall serve, that I am an Assie.

Con. 2. Here, here comes maister *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter *Leonato*.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may avoide him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you woul know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villaine, thou beliefst thy selfe, Here stand a paire of honourable men, A third is fled that had a hand in it: I thanke you Princes for my daughters death, Record it with your high and worthy deedes, 'Twas bravely done; if you bethinke you of it.

Claus. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe, Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not; But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I, And yet to satisfie this good old man,

I would bend vnder any heavy waight, That heele enjoyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you daughter live, That were impossible, but I praie you both, Possesse the people in *Messina* here, How innocent she died, and if your love Can labour aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her toomb, And sing it to her bones, sing it to night: To morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my sonne in law, Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copie of my childe that's dead, And she alone is heire to both of us, Give her the right you should have giv'n her cofin, And so dies my revenge.

Claus. O noble fir! Your overkindnesse doth wring teares from me, I do embrace your offer, and dispose For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming, To night I take my leave: this naughty man Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*, Who I beleewe was packt in all this wrong, Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my soule she was not, Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me, But alwaies hath bin just and vertuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moroever fir, which indeed is not under white and blacke, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee assie, I beseech you let it be remembered in his punishment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes mony in Gods name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankfull & reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worshippe, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may bee wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Bor. Farewell my Lords, wee looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Claus. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, wee'l talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter *Benedicke* and *Margaret*.

Ben. Pray thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then writte me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why; shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, wee have bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. The god of love that sits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singeing, but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imployer of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the even rode of a bianke verse, why they were never so truly turned over as my poore selfe in love: marry I cannot shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but badie an innocents rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babbling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot woode in festiual tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*:

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule winde is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do suffer love indeede, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twenty that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall live no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, and the Widow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worne (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witness is praise worthy, and now tell me how doth your cosin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Versula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath bin falsely accus'd, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Claudio. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the *Hero* that here lies:

Death in gnerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tombe,

Praising her when I am done.

Claudio. Now musick sound and sing your solemne hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight,

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tombe they go:

Midnight assist our moane, helpe vs to sigh and grone.

Heauily, heauily.

Graves yawne and yeelde your dead,

Till death be vntered,

Heavenly, heavenly.

(this right.

Lo. Now unto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow maisters, put your Torches out, The wolves have preied, and looke, the gentle day Before the wheelles of *Phæbus*, round about Dapples the drowfie East with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.

Claudio. Good morrow maisters, each his severall way.

Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weedes, And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed;

Then

Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Ursula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith entorc'd,
To call yong *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and yong Gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a Chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this houre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your Brothers daughter,
And give her to yong *Claudio*. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Ben. To binde me, or undoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your Neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Old. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Ben. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince, but what's your will?

Ben. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd,
I'th state of honourable marriage,
In which good Frier I shall desire your helpe.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio,
We here attend you, are you yet determin'd,
Today to marry with my brothers daughter?

Cla. He hold my minde were she an Ethiop.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storme, and ciowdiness.

Cla. I thinke he thinkes upon the savage bull:
Tush, feare not man, we'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all *Europa* shall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Iove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull *Iove* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe give you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

Cla. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Cla. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died, but I doe live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former Hero, Hero that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
He tell you largely of faire *Hero's* death:
Meane time let wonder seeme to mi tar,
And to the chappell let us presently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Ben. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Ben. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*,
have beene deceived, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you love me?

Ben. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cousin *Margaret* and *Ursula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did.

Ben. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Ben. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Colin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Cla. And he be sworne upon't that he loves her,
For heres a paper writen in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedicke*.

Ben. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our
hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take
thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I
yeeld upon great perswasion, and partly to save your life,
for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Ben. He tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-
crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou
thinke I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will
be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome
about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will
thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a-
gainst it: and therefore never flout at me, for I have said
against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclu-
sion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to have beaten
thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-
bruis'd, and love my cosin.

Cla. I had well hop'd I wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, &
I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make
thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be,
if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance
ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,
and our wives heeles.

Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterwards.

Ben. First, of my word, therefore play musicke. *Prince*,
thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no
staffe more reverend then one tipst with horn. *Enter Mes.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.

Ben. Thinke not on him till to morrow, he devise
thee brave punishments for him: strike up Pipers. *Dance.*

L

FINIS.



Loves Labour's lost.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Et Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death :
When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endevour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his Sythes keene edge,
And make us heires of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerors (for so you are)
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Army of the worlds desires ;
Our late Edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,*
Have sworne for three yeeres terme to live with me,
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule here.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names :
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein :
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to doe,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe them to.

Long. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast :
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates : and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumaine. My loving Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the grosse worlds baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much (deare Liege) I have already sworne,
That is, to live and study here three yeeres.
But there are other strict observances :
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode :
And but one meale on every day beside :
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day :

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past to passe away from these.

Biron. Let me say no my Liege, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your Court for three yeeres space.

Long. You swore to that *Biron*, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study, let me know ?

Ferd. Why that to know which else wee should not know. (sense.)

Bir. Things hid and bard (you meane) from common

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or study where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Study to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Study knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will ne're say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And traîne our intellects to vaine delight.

Bir. Why ? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine,
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painfully to pore upon a booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsly blinde the eye-sight of his looke :
Light seeking light, doth light beguile :
So ere you find where light in darknesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy looks :
Small have continuall plodders ever wonne,
Save base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed starre,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke, and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame :
And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. He weedes the Corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The Spring is neare when Greene Geese are a breeding.

Dum. How followest that ?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne Infants of the Spring.

Bir. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any cause to sing ?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Than with a Snow in Mayes new fangled shewes :
But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to study now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, sit you out : goe home *Biron* : adue.

Bir. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbarisme spoke more,

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I have swore,
And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.

Give me the Paper let me reade the same,
And to the strict't decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

Bir. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court.

Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Foure dayes agoe.

Bir. Let's see the penalty.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who devis'd this penalty ?

Lon. Marry that did I.

Bir. Sweet Lord, and why ?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalty,
A dangerous Law against gentility.

Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman with-
in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall endure such
publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly
devise.

Bir. This Article my Liege your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake :

A Maide of Grace and compleat Majesty,
About surrender up of *Aquitaine* :

To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes the admired Princeesse hither.

Fer. What say you Lords ?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot,
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should :

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as Townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree;
She must lie here on meere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeares space :

For every man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastered, but by speciall grace.

If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessity.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainer of eternall shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me :

But I beleeve although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oath.

But is there no quicke recreation granted ?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted

With a conceited Travailer of *Spaine*,

A man in all the world new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his braine :

One, whom the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony :

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as vmpire of their mutinie.

This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight ;

From tawny *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I,

But I protest I love to heare him lie,

And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

Bir. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire, new words, Fashions owne Knight.

Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Bir. This fellow, What would'st ?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
his Graces Tharborough : But I would see his owne per-
son in flesh and bloud.

Bir. This is he.

Con. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you :

There's villany abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clew. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching
mee.

Fer. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us pa-
tience.

Bir. To heare, or forbear hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both.

Bir. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to
clime in the merrinesse.

Clew. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Jaquessita*.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner ?

Clew. In manner and forme following sir all those three.
I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with
her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the
Parke : which put together, is in manner and forme
following. Now sir for the Manner ; Is the manner
of a man to speake to a Woman, for the Forme in some
forme.

Bir. For the following sir.

Clew. As it shall follow in my correction, and God
defend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention ?

Bir. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clew. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the
flesh.

Ferdinand.

Great Deputy, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soules earthes God, and bodies fostering Patrone:

Cof. Not a word of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cof. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clo. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clo. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is, besieged with sable coloured melancholly, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to the like: the time When? about the sixt houre, When Beasts most graze, Birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walke upon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where I where I meane I did encounter that obiect and most p. eposterous event that draweth from my snow white Ven the Ebon-coloured Inke, which beere thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest or seest. But to the place Where: It standeth North North-East and by East from the West corner of thy curious kvotted Garden; There did I see that low spited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy my th, (*Clo.* Me?) that unlettered small-knowing soule, (*Clo.* Me?) that shallow vassal (*Clo.* Still M.?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (*Clo.* O me) soried and comforted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and Continent Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more understanding a woman: him, i (as my ever esteemed dutie prickes me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by the sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swain, I keep her as a vessell of thy Lawes fury and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Bir. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Ferd. I the best for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. It was taken with none sir, I wastaken with a Damofell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clo. This was no Damofell neither sir, shee was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I deny her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serve my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Ferd. And Don Armado shall be your Keeper.

My Lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd ore,

And goe we Lords to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne. *Exeunt.*

Bir. Ile lay my head to any good mans H t,

These oathes and Lawes will prove an idle scorne.

Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true Girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperity, affliction may one day smile againe, and untill then sit downe sorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado a Braggart, and Moth his Page.

Brag. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholly?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare Impe.

Boy. No, no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholly, my tender *Iuvenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Brag. Why tough Signior? Why tough signior?

Boy. Why tender *Iuvenall*? Why tender *Iuvenall*?

Boy. I spoke it tender *Iuvenall*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy yong dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Brag. Thou pretty, because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.

Br. I have promis'd to study iij yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Brag. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deul-ase amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three. *Br.* True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice winke, and how easie it is to put yeares to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you

Brag. A

Brag. A most fine figure.

Boy. To Prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confesse I am in love: and as it is bate for a Souldier to love; so am I in love with a base Wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd curtesie. I thinke scorne to sigh, meethinkes I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love?

Boy. Hercules, Master.

Brag. Most sweet Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them bee men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson, Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong joynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my Rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampsons Love my deare Moth?

Boy. A woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what Complexion?

Boy. Of the Sea-water Greene fir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I have read fir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, me thinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so fir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetically.

Boy. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be knowne:
For blushing cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which native she doth owe:

A dangerous rime Master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet, some three Ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe love that Countrey Girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall Hinde *Costard*: shee deserves well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better Love then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit growes heavy in love.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light Wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no pennance, but he must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodg.

Maide. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maide. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maide. With that face?

Brag. I love thee.

Maide. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maide. Faire weather after you.

Come *Jaquenetta*, away.

Exeunt.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clow. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clow. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Con. Take away this Villaine, shut him up.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clow. Let me not be pent up sir, I will be fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if ever I doe see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is no evill Angel but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and hee had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced; and hee had a very good wit. Cupids But-shaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much oddes for a *Spaniards* Rapier: The first and second cause will not serve my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* hee regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yea, hee loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secunda.

*Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies,
and three Lords.*

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider whom the King your Father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*: the plea of no lesse weight
Than *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good *L. Boyet*, my beauty though but meane,
Needes not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of Chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doe noyfe abroad *Navarre* hath made a vow,
Till painefull study shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best moving faire Soliciter:
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On serious businesse, craving quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his Grace.
Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
Like humble vifag'd Sutors his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is so:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-
fellows with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

1 Lad. I knew him Madam at a marriage Feast,
Betweene *L. Perigot* and the beauteous heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*,
A man of soveraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
(If vertues glosse will staine with any soyle,)
Is a sharpe wit match'd with too blunt a will:
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wils,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liv'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. Lad. The yong *Damaine*, a well accomplish'd youth,

Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved:
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alencons* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.

Birone they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an houre talke withall:
His eye begets occasion for wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moving jest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits Expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged cares play Trewant at his Tales,
And yonger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his Competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Than seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longaville, Dumaine, and Birone:

Heere comes *Navarre*.

Nav. Faire Princessse, welcome to the Court of *Navar*.

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I
have not yet: the rooofe of this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to bee
mine.

Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'l be forsworne.

Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing else.

Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I heare your Grace hath sworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill becometh me.
Vouchsafe to reade the purpose of my comming,
And sodainely resolve me in my suite.

Nav. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Bir. I

Bir. I know you did,
Rosa. How needlesse was it then to aske the question?
Bir. You must not be so quicke.
Ro. 'Tis long of you that spur mee with such questions.
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.
Bir. What time a day?
Rosa. The houre that fooles should aske.
Bir. Now faire befall your maske.
Rosa. Faire fall the face it covers.
Bir. And fend you many lovers.
Rosa. Amen, so you be none.
Bir. Nay then will I be gone.
Fer. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,

The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
 Disburled by my father in his warres.
 But say that he, or we, as neither have
 Receiv'd that summe; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
 One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,
 Although not valued to the moneys worth.
 If then the King your father will restore
 But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in *Aquitaine*,
 And hold faire friendship with his Majesty:
 But that it seemes he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid,
 An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
 One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 To have his title live in *Aquitaine*.
 Which we much rather had depart withall,
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.
 Deare Princeesse, were not his requests so farre
 From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
 A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
 And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confesse receit
 Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Fer. I doe protest I never heard of it,
 And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
 Or yeeld up *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
 Of *Charles* his Father.

Fer. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
 Where that and other specialties are bound,
 To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

Fer. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
 All liberrall reason would I yeeld unto:
 Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As Honour, without breach of Honor may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
 You may not come faire Princeesse in my gates,
 But heere without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
 Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
 To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health and faire desires confort your grace.

Fer. Thy owne wish, wish I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
 I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the foule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke sayes I.

Bo. Will your prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No point, with my knife.

Boy. Now God save thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long living.

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Exit.

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what Lady is that famed?

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. Agallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well. *Exit.*

Enter Longaville.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Lon. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mothers, I have heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,

She is an heire of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Birone.

Bir. What's her name in the cap?

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Birone*, the merry mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

Lad. Ma. Two hot Sheepes mary;

And wherefore not Ships? (lips.)

Boy. No sheepe (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on your

La. You sheepe and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though severall they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but gentles agree.

This civill warre of wits were much better used

On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Boy. If my observation (which very feldome lyes

By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)

Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boy. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boy. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be,
All senses to that sence did make their repaire,
To seele onely looking on fairest of faire :
Me thought all his senses were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,
Who tending their owne worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
He give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake, but one loving kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is disposed.

Boy. But to speake that in words, which his eye hath
I onely have made a mouth of his eye, (disclos'd,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lye.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest
skillfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and leames news
of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boy. Doe you heare my mad wenches?

Lad. 1. No

Boy. What then, doe you see?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Braggart, and Boy.
Song.

Bra. Warble child, make passionate my sense of hea-
ring.

Boy. Concolinell. —

Brag. Sweet Ayer, goe tenderesse of yeares : take
this Key, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-
licitatly hither : I must imploy him in a letter to my
Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?

Brag. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to jigge off a tune
at the tongues end, canary to it with the feete, humour
it with turning up your eye : sigh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throate : if you swallowed love
with singing, love sometime through the nose, as if you
snuff up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse-
like ore the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on
your thinebelly doublet, (like a Rabbet on a spit) or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away :
these are complements, these are humours, these betray
nice wenches that would be betrayed without these, and
make them men of note : doe you note men that most are
affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobby-horse is forgot.

Brag. Cal'st thou my love Hobby-horse.

Boy. Mo Master, the Hobby-horse is but a Colt, and
your Love perhaps, a Hackny :

But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master : all those three I will
prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, up-
on the instant : by heart you love her, because you heart
cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your
heart is in love with her : and out of heart you love her,
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carry me a let-
ter.

Boy. A message well sympathiz'd, a Horse to be embas-
sador for an Ass.

Brag. Ha, ha, What sayest thou?

Boy. Marry sir, you must send the Ass upon the Horse,
for he is very slow gated : but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Bra. Thy meaning pretty ingenious, is not Lead a met-
tall heavy, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweet smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he :
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Exit.

Brag. A most acute Iuvenal, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholly, Valour gives thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page, and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a
shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle, no *Lenny* be-
gin.

Cl. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenny*, no salve, in the
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan : no *Lenny*, no
Lenny, or Salve sir, but a Plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy silly
thought, my spleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes
me to ridiculous smiling : O pardon me my starres, doth
the inconsiderate take *salve* for *Lenny*, and the world *Len-
voy* for a *salve*?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *Lenny* a
salve? (plaine,

Arm. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bene faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and doe you follow with
my *Lenny*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

A good *Lenny*, ending in the Goose : would you de-
sire more?

Cl. The Boy hath sold him a bargain, a Goose, that's
flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose :
Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Arma. Come hither, come hither :

How did this argument begin ?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *Lenvoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan :

Thus came your argument in :

Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arma. But tell me : How was there a *Costard* broken
in a shin ?

Pag. I will tell you fencibly.

Clow. Thou halt no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arma. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arma. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*, some Goose in this.

Arma. By my sweet soule, I meane, setting thee at liberty.
Enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert Immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arma. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this :
Beare this significant to the country Maide *Jaquenetta* :
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honors
is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.— *Exit.*

Pag. Like the sequell I.

Signeur *Costard* adew.

Exit.

Clow. My sweet ounce of mans flesh, my in-cony lew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings :
There-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle ? I.d.no, He give you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration : Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Birone.

Bir. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may
a man buy for a remuneration ?

Bir. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry sir, halfe penny farthing.

Bir. O, Why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Bir. O stay slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you have it done sir ?

Bir. O this after-noon.

Clow. Well, I will doe it sir : Fare you well.

Bir. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this after-noon,

Harke slave, it is but this :

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke;

And in her traine there is a gentle Lady :

When tongues speake sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her :

And to her white hand see thou doe commend

This seal'd up counsaile. There's thy guerdon : goe.

Clow. Guerdon, O sweet guerdon, better then remuneration,
a levenpence-farthing better : most sweet guerdon.
I will doe it sir in print : guerdon, remuneration.

Exit.

Bir. O ! and I forsooth in love,

I that have beene loves whip ?

A very Beadle to a humerous sigh : A Criticke;

Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblind waiward Boy,

This signior *Iunior* gyant dwärfe, don *Cupid*,

Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed soveraigne of sighes and groanes :

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents :

Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpeeces.

Sole Emperator and great generall

Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)

And I to be a Corporall of his field,

And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope ?

What ? I love ! I sue ! I seeke a wife,

A woman, that is like a Germane Clocke,

Still a repairing : ever out of frame,

And never going a right, being but a Watch :

But being watcht, that it may still goe right.

Nay, to be perjurde, which is worst of all :

And among three, to love the worst of all,

A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.

With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.

I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deed,

Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.

And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !

To pray for her, goe to : it is a plague

That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,

Of his almighty dreadfull little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and grone,

Some men must love my Lady, and some *lone*.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and
her Lords.*

Prin. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard;
Against the steepe unrising of the hill ?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Prin. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting mind :
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.

Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in ?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Prin. I thanke my beauty, I am faire that shoote;
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ? First praise me, then againe say no.
O shone liv'd pride. Not faire ? alacke for woe.

For. Yes

For. Yes Madam faire.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where faire is nor, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire payment for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I save my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pitty would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory growes guilty of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, to praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deere blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boy. Doe not curst wives hold that selfe-soveraignty
Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Prin. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clow. God dig-you-denall, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that have
no heads.

Clow. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clow. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistis, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will fir? What's your will?

Clow. I have a Letter from Monfieur Birone,
To one Lady Rosaline,

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of
Stand aside good bearer. (mine.)

Boyet, you can carve,
Breake up this Capon.

Boy. I am bound to serve.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is write to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will reade it, I sweare.

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art
lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious,
truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroi-
call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustre King
Copernicus set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
ger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni,
vidi, vici*: Which to Anatomize in the vulgar, O
base and obscure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, Saw, and o-
vercame: he came one; see; two; covercame three.
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame
he? the Begger. The conclusion is victory: On whose
side? the King: the captive is inricht: On whose side?
the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: On whose
side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for so stands the comparifon) thou the Beg-
ger, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command
thy love? I may. Shall I inforce thy love? I could.
Shall I entreate thy love? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
change for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe
me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
every part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his prey:
Submissive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feather is he that indited this
Letter? What vaine? What Wethercocke? Did you
ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that inakes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beauty.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarry.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on indeed.

Mari. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boy. But shee her selfe is hit lower:
Have I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was
a woman when Queene *Guinover* of *Britaine* was a little
wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot :
And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marvellous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke : a marke sayes my Lady.

Let the marke have a pricke in't, to meate at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeed a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike you hand is in.

Clo. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the Pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talke greafely, your lips grow foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing : good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my foule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe.
O my troth most sweete jests, most incony vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado ath to side, O a most dainty man.
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heavens, it is a most pathetical nit.
Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt.

Showte within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant, and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the care of *Celo* the sky: the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly Master *Holofernes*, the epythites are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I assure yee, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*, O thou monster ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke?

Nath. Sir he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, he is onely an animall, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in us more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers mind, Many can brooke the weather, that love not the wind.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Disfissima* Goodman *Dull*, *Disfissima* Goodman *Dull*.

Dull. What is *disfissima*?

Nath. A tittle to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was no more. (score.

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the *Moone* is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeesse kild.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeesse kill'd a Pricket:

Nath. *Perge*, good Master *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praysfull Princeesse pearst and pricke
a pretty pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a booting.
If Sore bee sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fifty sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shall

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and the Clowne.

Iaque. God give you good morrow Master *Parson*.

Nath. Master *Parson*, *quasi Person*? And if one should be perft, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry Master Schoolemaster, he that is likest to a hogthead.

Nath. Of perfting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Iaque. Good Master *Parson* be so good as roade me this Letter, it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Fauste precor gelida, quando, pecus omne sub umbra, ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*, *Venetchi, venachia, qui non te videri, non te placet*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut resolla misa*. Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What! my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a stasse, a stanza, a verse, *Lege domine*.

If Love make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.

Study his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures live, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice, Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye *loves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong, That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Pedro. You find not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous floures of fancy? the jerkes of invention imitary is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaque. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beaustious Lady, *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the party written to the person written unto.

Your *Ladiship* in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and heare he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweet, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duety, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* goe with me; Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girl.

Exit.

Hol. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine father saith——

Ped. Sir tell not me of the father, I doe feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Peda. I doe dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Child or Pupill, undertake your *bien venuto*, where I will prove those Verses to bee very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetry, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Society.

Nath. And thanke you to: for society (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe invite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Birone with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Biro. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They have pitch a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheepe, it kills me, I a sheepe: Well proved againe a my side. I will not love, if I doe, hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallicholy: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholly. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grone.

He stands aside.

The King entreth.

Kim. Ay me!

Bir. Shot by heaven: proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap: in faith secrets.

King. So sweet a kisse the golden Sunne gives not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose, As thy eye beames when their fresh Rayes have smot The night of dew that on my cheeks downe flowes. Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine give light: Thou shin'st in every reare that I doe weepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee, So rideit thou triumphing in my woe. Doe but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will shew:

But

But doe not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaville. The King steps aside.

What! Longaville! and reading: listen care.

Bir. Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Bir. Why he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing papers.

Long. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have bin perjur'd so? (know,

Bir. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I feare these stubborn lines lacke power to move.

O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my love,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Bir. O! Rimes are guards on wanton Cupids hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Perswade my heart to this false perjury?

Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A Woman! forswore, but I will prove,

Thou bring a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is,

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Bir. This is the liver veine, which makes flesh a deity.

A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this? (company?) Stay.

Bir. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demy God, here sit I in the sky,

And wretched foolcs secrets heedfully ore-eye.

More Sackes to the myll! O heavens I have my wish,

Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine *Kate*.

Bir. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bir. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber cored.

Bir. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Bir. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Bir. I as some dayes, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

King. And mine too good Lord.

Bir. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she

Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.

Bir. A Fever in your blood! why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumaine reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:

Love, whose Month is every May,

Spied a blossome passing faire,

Flaying in the wanton ayre:

Through the Velvet, leaves the wind,

All unscene, can passage find.

That the Lover sick to death,

Wish'd himselfe the heavens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth unmette,

Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.

Doe not call it sinne in me,

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom Love would sweare,

Iuno but an Ethiop were,

And deny himselfe for Love,

Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plaine,

That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine,

O would the *King*, *Birone*, and *Longaville*,

Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:

For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Long. *Dumaine*, thy Love is farre from charity,

That in Loves griefe desir'st society:

You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,

To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not love *Maria*? *Longaville*,

Did never Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart

His loving bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I had beene closely shrowded in this bush,

And markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion;

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one! O *Love*, the other cries!

Her haire was Gold, Cristall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake faith and troth,

And *Love* for your Love would infringe an oath.

What will *Birone* say when that he shall heare

A faith infringed, which such a zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.

Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove

These wormes for loving, that are most in love?

Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.

There is no certaine Princeesse that appeares.

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:

Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.

But are you not a sham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot?
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
 But I a Beame doe find in each of three.
 O what a Scene of fool'ry have I scene,
 Offighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King tranformed to a Gnat?
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Salomon* tuning a lygge?
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Cruticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*.
 And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy paine?
 And where my Liedges? all about the brest.
 A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest,
 Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?
Bir. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest. I that hold it sinne
 To breake the vow I am engaged in:
 I am betrayed by keeping company
 With men, like men of ltrang inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
 Or grone for *Isabe*? or spend a minutes time,
 In pruning me, when shall you heare that I will praise a
 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
 a walte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Bir. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Clowne.

Jaqu. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
 The treason and you goe in peace together.

Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
 Our person misdoubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin. *Birone*, read it over. *Hercules the Letter.*
 Where hadst thou it.

Jaqu. Of *Costard*.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou teare it?
Bir. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not
 feare it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 heare it,

Dum. It is *Birones* writting, and heere is his name.

Bir. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne
 to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make
 up the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
 Are picke-purfs in Love, and we deserve to dye.
 O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true, we are foure: will these Turtles be
 gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away.

Clo. Walke aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay.

Bir. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace:
 As true we are as flesh and bloud can be.
 The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
 Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
 We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
 thine? *(Rosaline)*

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
 That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*.)
 At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
 Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient brest?
 What peremptory Eage-sighted eye
 Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her Majesty?

Kin. What zeale, what fury, hath inspir'd thee now?
 My Love (her Mistress) is a gracious Moone,
 She (an attending Starre) scarce scene a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biront*.
 O, but for my Love, day would turne to night,
 Of all complexions the cul'd soveraignty,
 Doe meet as at a faire in her faire checke,
 Where severall Worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
 Fye painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
 To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
 She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot.
 A withered Hermite, fivescore winters worne,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
 And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancy.
 O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebony,

Bir. Is Ebony like her? O word divine?
 A wife of such wood were felicity.

O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
 That I may sweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
 If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
 No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, blacke is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
 And beauties crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Divels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
 O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
 It mournes, that painting an vsurping haire
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect:
 And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
 Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
 For native blond is counted painting now:
 And therefore red that would avoyd dispraise,
 Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright

King. And *Aethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.

Dum. Darke needs no Candles now, for darke is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in raine,
 For feare their colours should be washt away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
 He find a fairer face not washt to day.

Bir. He prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Divell will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

Lon. Looke, here's thy love, my foot and her face set.

Bir. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Bir. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin. Then leave this chat, and good *Birone* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torne.

Dum. I marry there, some flattery for this evill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some trickes, some quillies, how to cheat the divell.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O 'tis more then neede.

Have at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat treason gainst the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomackes are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)

In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke?

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of studies excellence,

Without the beauty of a womans face;

From womens eyes this Doctrine I derive,

They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs;

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.

Why, universall plodding, poysons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long during action tyres

The sinnowy vigour of the travailer.

Now for not looking on a womans face,

You have in that forsworne the use of eyes:

And study too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any Author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:

Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,

Doe we not likewise see our learning there?

O we have made a Vow to study, Lords,

And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:

For when would you (my Leige) or you, or you?

In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,

Of beauties tutors have enrich'd you with:

Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:

And therefore finding barraine practizers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.

But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the braine:

But with the motion of all elements,

Courtes as swift as thought in every power,

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye:

A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.

A Lovers eare will heare the lowest sound.

When the suspicious head of theft is stopt,

Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,

Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

Loves tongue proves dainty *Bacchus*, grosse in taste,

For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?

Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.

Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and muscally,

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.

And when Love speaks, the voyce of all the gods,

Make heaven drowfie with the harmony.

Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,

Vntill his Inke were tempered with Loves sighes:

O then his lines would ravish savage eares;

And plant in Tyrants mild humility,

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.

They sparkle still the right *Pomethan* fire,

They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.

Else none at all in ought proves excellent.

Then fooles you were these women to forswear:

Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fooles.

For Wisedomes sake (a word that all men love)

Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men.

Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:

Or Womens sake, by whom we men are men,

Let us once loose our oathes to find our selves,

Or else we loose our selves, to keepe our oathes:

It is religion to be thus forsworne.

For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:

And who can sever love from Charity?

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them Lords.

Peil, mell, downe with them: but be first advis'd,

In confish that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,

Shall we resolve to wooe these girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let us devise,

Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Bir. First from the Parke let us conduct them thither,

Then homeward every man attach the hand

Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone

We will with some strange pastime solace them:

Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,

For Revels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,

Fore-runne faire Love, strewing her way with flowres.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,

That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,

And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:

Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworne,

If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dull.

Peda. *Satis quid sufficit.*

Cur. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
have beene sharpe and sententious: pleasant without scur-
rillity, witty without affectation, audacious without im-
pudency, learned without opinion, and strange without
heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a compa-
nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,
Don Adriano de Armastho.

Ped. *Novi hominum tanquam te,* His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptory: his tongue filed, his eye am-
bitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behavi-
our vaine, ridiculous, and thrastronicall. He is too picked,
too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-
grinate, as I may call it.

M 2

Curat.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Ped. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantick phantasies, such infociable and poynt devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speake dour fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, nor det: he clepeth a Calfe, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamy: *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Borne boon for boon prescians, a little search, 'twill serve.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides-ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most military sir, salutation.

Boy. They have bene at a great feast of Languages, and stole the scraps.

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettered?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horne added.

Page. Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the first if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it on.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediteraneum, a sweet tutch, a quicke veawe of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes't like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamy *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O and the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make me? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungel* for *vnguem*.

Brad. *Arif-man preambular*, we will be singled from the barbarous. Doe you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Peda. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, choise, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate and most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his Greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath scene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I doe implore secrecy, that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant; or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet selfe are good at such eruptions, and fodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants at the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princess: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabees*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or joynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the *Page Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantity enough for that Worthies thumbe, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that purpose.

Page. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Peda. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on

on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Princeesse, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairing's come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: looke you, what I
have from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to scale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rosa. You'll ne're be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died: had she beene light like you,
Of such a merry nimble stirring spirit,
She might a beene a Grandam ere she died.
And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Rosa. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light
word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rosa. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Looke what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.

Kat. So doe not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rosa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past care.

Prin. Well banded both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witness this.
Nay, I have Verses too, I thank *Birone*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand faires.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppy booke.

Ros. Ware pensils. How? let me not dye your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Prin. A Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kath. Madam, this Glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twaine?

Kath. Yes Madam: and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longaville*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Prin. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short?

Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girles to mocke our Lovers so.

Rosa. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Birone* ile torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and beg, and seeke,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with jests.
So pertaunt like would I o'refway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole: folly in Wisdome hatch'd,
Hath wisdomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The bloud of youth burnes not with such excesse,
As gravities revolt to wantonesse.

Mar. Folly in fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Prin. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madam, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muste your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flye hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to *S. Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say scout say.

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When loe to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Prefence majesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shall thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not evil:
I should have fear'd her, had she beene a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagge by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another with his finger, and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions, solemne teares.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They doe, they doe: and are apparell'd thus,
Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, or I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And every one his Love-feat will advance,
Vnto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know
By favours severall, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall *Birone* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
Woode contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent isto crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their severall counsels they unbosome shall,
To Loves mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayed to talke and greet.

Rosa. But shall we dance, if they desire us too't?

Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away her face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne're come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport overthrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

*Enter Black mooves with musicke, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All hail, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Bir. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Page. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever turn'd
their backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.

Bir. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Page. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out

Bir. True, out indeed.

Page. Out of your favours heavenly spirit vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Bir. Once to behold, rogue.

Page. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Bir. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter-beamed eyes.

Page. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectnesse? be gone you rogue.

Rosa. What would these strangers?

Know their minds *Boyes*.

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what thy would?

Boy. What would you with the Princes?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

Boy. She sayes you have it, and you may be gone.

Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boy. It to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Bir. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds doe.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy starres to shine,
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne,

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requestst but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me beg, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone,
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance: How come you thus e-
stranged?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa. The musicke playes, vouchsafe some motion to
it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onely to part friends.

Curtse sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prife your selves then: what buyes your company?

Rosa. Your absence onely.

Kin. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visor, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Bir. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Bir. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cog,
He play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou greiv'st my gall

Prin.

Prin. Gall, bitter.

Bir. Therefore meete.

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Faire Lady:

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord;
Take you that for your faire Lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason Lady why you aske.

Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your maske.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Mar. Vcalequoth the Dutch-man: is not Vcale a
Calf?

Long. A Calf faire Lady?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but to your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.

Will you give hornes chaff Lady? Doe not so.

Mar. Then dye a Calf before your hornes doe grow.

Long. One word in private with you ere I dye.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, invisable:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Above the sence of fence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things
Ref. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake
off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry beaten with pure scoffe.

Kin. Fare-well madde Wenches, you have simple
wits. *Exeunt.*

Prin. Twenty adicus my frozen Muscovits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breathes puffed
out.

Rosa. Wel-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Birone* was out of count'nance quite.

Ref. O! They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Birone* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.

Ka. Lord *Longaville* said I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualme perhaps.

Kat. Yes in good faith.

Prin. Goe sicknesse as thou art.

Ref. Well, better wits have worne plaine statute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my love sworne.

Prin. And quicke *Birone* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longaville* was for my service borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boy. Madam; and pretty mistresses give care,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

Prin. How blow? how blow? Speake to be under-
stood.

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture shewne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Prin. Avant perplexity: What shall we doe,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wooe?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:

Let us complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shewes, and Prologue vildely pen'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God save you. Wher's the Princeesse?

Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*

Bir. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it againe, when *Love* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.

And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such shew.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lifpe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.

This is the Ape of Forne, Monsieur the nice,
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whale his bone.
And consciences that will not dye in debt,
Pay him the duty of hony-tongued *Boyes*.

Kin. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armadoes* Page out of his part.

Enter Ladies.

Bir. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

Kin. All hille sweet Madam, and faire time of day.

Prin. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.

Kin. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then with me better, I will give you leave,

Kin. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:

The

The vertue of your eye must breake my oath.

Pr. You nickname vertue : vice you should have spoke :

For vertues office never breakes men troth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the unfullied Lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yeeld to be your houses guest :

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oathes, vow'd with integrity.

Kin. O you have liv'd in deuolation heere,

Vnscene, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,

We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,

A messe of Russians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Prin. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord :

My Lady (to the manner of the dayes)

In curtesie gives undeseruing praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Russian habit : Heere they stayed an heere,

And talk'd apace : and in that heere (my Lord)

They did not blesse us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles ; but this I thinke,

When they are thirsty, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Bir. This jest is dry to me. Faire gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wife things foolish, when we greeke

With eyes best seeing, heavens fiery eye :

By light we lose light : your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store,

Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ref. This proves you wife and rich : for in my eye—

Bir. I am a foole, and full of poverty.

Ref. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.

Ref. All the foole mine.

Bir. I cannot give you lesse.

Ref. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ref. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are discrid,

They'l mocke us now downeright.

Duk. Let us confesse, and turne it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnesse
faded?

Ref. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l swoone : why looke
you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus poure the starres downe plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Lady dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit :

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit waite.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue.

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,

Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection ;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

I doe forswear them, and I heere protest,

By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My love to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans,* I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a tricke

Of the old rage : beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leave it by degrees : soft, let us see,

Write *Lord haue mercy on us*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lyes :

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :

These Lords are visited, you are not free :

For the Lords tokens on you doe I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undoe us.

Ref. It is not so ; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Bir. Peace, for I will not have to doe with you,

Ref. Nor shall not, if I doe as I intend.

Bir. Speake for your selves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us sweet Madame, for our rude transgression,
some faire excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but even now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Prin. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

Kin. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject
her.

Kin. Vpon mine Honor no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear :

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

Kin. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Rosa. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World : adding there moreover,

That he would Wed me, or else dye my Lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him : the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth uphold his word.

Kin. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I never swore this Lady such an oath.

Ref. By heaven you did ; and to confirme it plaine,

you gave me this : But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princeesse I did give,

I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me fir, this Jewell did she weare,

And Lord *Biron* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?

Bir. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't : Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zany,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dicke

That smiles his cheek in yeares, and knowes the tricke

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd ;

Told

Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our perjury, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much upon this it is : and might not you
Forefall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Doe not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier ?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
And stand betweene her backe fir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our Page out : goe, you are allowd
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere upon me, doe you ? There's an eye
Wounds like a Leaden sword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this brave managery this care-
reere beene rutine.
Bir. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord fir, they would kno,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Bir. What, are there but three ?
Clo. No fir, but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Bir. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not so fir, under correction fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us fir, I can assure you fir, we know what
we know : I hope fir three times thrice fir.
Bir. Is not nine.
Clo. Under correction fir, wee know where-untill it
doth amount.
Bir. By love, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.
Clo. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your
living by reckning fir.
Bir. How much is it ?
Clo. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir
will shew where-untill it doth amount : for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore
man) *Pompon* the great fir.
Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies ?
Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey*
the great : for mine owne part, I know not the degree
of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Bir. Goe, bid them prepare. *Exit.*
Clo. We will turne it finely off fir, we will take some
care.

King. *Birone*, they will shame us :
Let them not approach.
Bir. We are shame-prooffe my Lord : and 'tis some
policy, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his
company.
Kin. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay my good Lord, let me ore rule you now ;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents :
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Bir. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.
Prin. Doth this man serve God ?
Bir. Why aske you ?
Prin. He speak's not like a man of God's making.
Brag. That's all one my faire sweet hony Monarch :
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastickall :
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they
say) to *Fortuna delaguar*. I wish you the peace of mind
most royall cupplement.
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies ;
He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Judas Machabens* : And if these foure Wor-
thies in their first shew thrine, these foure will change
habites, and present the other five.
Bir. There is five in the first shew.
Kin. You are deceived, tis not so.
Bir. The Pedant, the *Braggart*, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy.
A bare throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out five such, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ship is under saile, and here she comes amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I *Pompey* am.
Boy. You lye, you are not he.
Clo. I *Pompey* am.
Boy. With Libbards head on knee.
Bir. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee.
Clo. I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* surnam'd the big.
Do. The great.
Clo. It is great fir : *Pompey* surnam'd the great :
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat :
And travailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of
France.
If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.
Prin. Great thankes great *Pompey*.
Clo. Tis not so much worth : but I hope I was per-
fect. I made a little fault in great.
Bir. My hat to a halfe-peny, *Pompey* proves the best
Worthy.

Enter Curate, for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the worlds Com-
mander ;
By East, West, North, and South, I spread my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am *Alisander*.
Boy. Your nose saies no, you are not :
For it stands too right.
Bir. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smelling
Knight.
Prin. The Conqueror is dismayd :
Proceed good *Alexander*.
Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worlds Com-
mander.
Boy. Most true, 'tis right : you were so *Alisander*.
Bir. *Pompey* the great.
Clo. Your servant and Costard.
Bir. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.
Clo. O fir, you have overthrowne *Alisander* the con-
queror : you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for
this.

this : your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth' worthy. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you : a foolish mild man, an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a very good Bowler : but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their mind in some other sort.

Clo. Stand aside good Pompey.

Exit Clo.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Cannus*, And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus* : *Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority, *Ergo*, I come with this Apology. Keepe some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish.

Exit Boy.

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iscariot* sir.

Iudas I am yetlip'd *Machabens*,

Dum. *Iudas Machabens* clipt, is plaine *Iudas*.

Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Iudas*?

Ped. *Iudas* I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this.

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coyne, scarce seene.

Boy. The pummell of *Casars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Bir. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Bir. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. And thou wer't a Lion, we would doe so.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him goe :

And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the *Ass* to the *Iude* : give it him. *Iudas* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas poore *Machabens*, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Bir. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in *Armes*.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boy. No, he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty, gave *Hector* a gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Bir. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty, gave *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Ilion*;

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight : yea From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Lon. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longaville* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the reine : for it runnes against *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried : But I will forward with my device ;

Sweet Royalty bestow on me the Sence of hearing.

Birone Steps forth.

Prin. Speake brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This *Hector* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The party is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone ; she is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou ?

Clo. Faith unlesse you play the honest Trojan, the poore Wench is cast away : she's quicke, the child brags in her belly already : tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates ? Thou shalt dye.

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.

Bir. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey* : *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bir. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bir. I, if a have no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I doe challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man ; Ile slash, Ile doe it by the sword : I pray you let me borrow my *Armes* againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile doe it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower : Doe you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat : what

meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't?

Bra. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I goe woolward for penance.

Eoy. True, and it was injoyned him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworn he wore none, but a dishclout of *Laquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Merc. I am sorry Madam, for the newes I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father.

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Bir. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Bra. For mine owne part, I breathe free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

Kin. How fare's your Majesty?

Prin. Boyes prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madam not so, I doe beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords For all your faire endeavours and entreats: Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe, In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The liberall opposition of our spirits, If over-boldly we have borne our selves, In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse Was guilty of it.) Farewell worthy Lord: A heavy heart beares not an humble tongue. Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks, For my great suit, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremely formes All causes to the purpose of his speed: And often at his very loose decides That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling curtesie of Love: The holy suite which faine it would convince, Yet since loves argument was first on foote, Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it From what it purposed: since to waile friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome profitable, As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefes are double.

Bir. Honest plain words, best pierce the eares of griefe And by these badges understand the King, For your faire sakes have we neglected time, Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beauty Ladies Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors Even to the opposed end of our intents. And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous: As Love is full of unbecoming straines, All wanton as a child, skipping and vaine. Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye. Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roule, To every varied object in his glance: Which party-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities. Those heavenly eyes that looke into these faults, Suggested us to make: therefore Ladies Our love being yours, the error that Love makes Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false, By being once false, for ever to be true To those that make us both, faire Ladies you, And even that falshood in it selfe a sinne, Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love: Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love. And in our maiden counsaile rated them, At courtship, pleasant jest, and curtesie, As bumbast and as lining to the time: But more devout then these are our respects Have we not beene, and therefore met your loves In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Rosa. Wee did not coate them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the houre, Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time me thinkes too short, To make a world-without-end bargain in; No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much, Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this: If for my Love (as there is no such cause) You will doe ought, this shall you doe for me, Your oath I will not trust: but goe with speed To some forlorne and naked Hermitage, Remote from all the pleasures of the world: There stay, untill the twelve Celestiall Signes Have brought about their annuall reckoning. If this austere infociable life, Change not your offer made in heate of blood: If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weedes Nip not the gaudy blossomes of your Love, But that it beare this triall, and last love: Then at the expiration of the yeare, Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts, And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine, I will be thine: and till that instant shut My woefull selfe up in a mourning house, Raining the teares of lamentation, For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thou doe deny, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the others heart.

King. If this, or more then this, I would deny, To flatter up these powers of mine with rest, The sodaine hand of death close up mine eye. Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me my Love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your finnes are rack'd. You are attaint with fault and perjury: Therefore if you my favour meane to get, A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest, But seeke the weary beds of people sicke.

Dum. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honesty; With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,

Ile marke no words that smooth fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my Lady come :

Then if I have much love, Ile give you some.

Dum. Ile serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Long. What sayes *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelve-months end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile stay with patience : but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Bir. Studies my Lady? Mistris, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye :
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impole some service on me for my Love.

Rosa. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Birone*,
Before I saw you : and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes :
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won :
You shall this twelve-month terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse
With groaning wretches : and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wilde laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot move a soule in agonie.

Rosa. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fooles :
A jests prosperitie, lies in the care
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare groanes,
Will heare your idle scornes ; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you empty of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.

Bir. A twelve-month? Well : befall what will befall
Ile jest a twelve-month in an Hospitall.

Prim. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play :
Iacke hath not Gill : these Ladies courtesie
Might well have made our sport a Comedie.

King. Come sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.
Brag. Sweet Majesty vouchsafe me.

Prim. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthy Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kisse thy Royall finger, and take leave.
I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Inguenetta* to hold the

Plough for her sweet love three yeeres. But most esteem'd greatnesse, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will doe so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiemus*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring : the one maintained by the Owle,
The other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow brow :
And Lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten straws,
And merry Larkes are Ploughmens clockes :
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Doves,
And Maidens bleach their summer smokes :
The Cuckow then on every tree
Mockes married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Ickles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his nail ;
And Tom beares Logges into the Hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pail :
When blood is nipt, and wayes be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit so-who.
A merry note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all along the Wind doth blow,
And cossing drownes the Parsons Saw :
And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians Nose looks red and raw :
When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit so-who :
A merry note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The words of *Mercurie*,
Are harsh after the songs of *Apollo* ;
You that way ; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus Primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moon wanes? She lingers my de-
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager, (sires
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

Hip. Foure daies will quickly steep theselves in nights,
Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philoftrate*,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egens and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egens*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining love,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuledge of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia*? be advis'd faire Maid.
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a preface heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the livery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that maister to their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

N

Her.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up
Vnto his Lordship; to whose unwilhed yoke,
My soule consents not to give soveraignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moön
The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to you fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianes* Altar to protest
For aie, austeritv, and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius*:
Let me have *Hermias*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well posselt: my love is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made love to *Neders* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Lady) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man:

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof:
But being over-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I must imploy you in some businesse
Against our nuptials, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concernes your selves.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. *Hermia* for ought that ever I could reade,
Could ever heare by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosseltoo high to be enthal'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to chooise love by anothers eye.

Lys. Or if there were a simpathe in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The jawes of darknesse do devour it up:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever crost,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our triall patience;
Because it is a customary crosse,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meeete thee once with *Helena*,
To do observance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Trojan vnder saile was scene,
By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meeete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise love: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe unsay,

Demetrius loves you faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards care,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were favour so,
Your words I'd catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My care should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile give to be to you translated:
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skil.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moove.

Her. The more I hate the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,

Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lys. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phoebe* doth behold
Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Lovers flights doth still conceale)
I through *Athens* gates, haue we devis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell i weld:
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions;
Farewell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
From lovers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hel. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his quairities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity;
Love can transpoise to forme and dignity,
Lovelookes not with the eyes, but with the minde;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
Because in choise he often is beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermia* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was only mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt.
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night,
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snow the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Qu. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qu. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then reade the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Qu. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Maisters spread your selves.

Quince. Answer as I call you: *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottom* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A Lover that kills himselfe most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their cies: I will moove stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all iplit the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall breake the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* veine, a tyrants veine: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the bellows-mender,

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You must take *Thisbe* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisbe*, a wandring Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qu. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce, *Thisbe Thisbe*, ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbe* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisbe*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbes* mother?

Tom Snow, the tinker.

Snow. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You *Pyramus* father; my selfe, *Thisbes* father; *Snug* the loyner, you the Lyons part; and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of studie.

Qu. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too; I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Qu. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers sonne.

Bottom. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyra-*

mis is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maisters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paine, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale, through bush, through briar, Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander every where, swifter then *Moons* sphere; And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the The Cowslips tall, her pensioners be, (green. In their gold coats, spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairie favors, In those freckles, live their favors, I must go seeke some dew drops heere, And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon, Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For *Oberon* is pasing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King, She never had so sweet a changeling, And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde. But she (perforce) with-holds the loved boy, Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy. And now they never meete in grove, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they do square, that all their Elues for feare Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagere, Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne, And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merrie wanderer of the night:

I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,

When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foale,

And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,

In very likeness of a roasted crab:

And when she drinke, against her lips I bob,

And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.

The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,

Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,

And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,

A merrier houre was never walted there.

But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And heere my Mistris:

Would that we were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,

Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence. I have forsworne his bed and company.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton, am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day, Playing on pipes of *Corne*, and versing love To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon* Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love, To *Theseus* must be Wedded, and you come, To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,

Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?

Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?

Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night From *Peregina*, whom he ravished?

And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith

With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*?

Qu. These are the forgeries of jealousy,

And never since the middle Summers spring

Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or mead,

By paved fountaine, or by russhie brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,

But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea Contagious foggess: Which falling in the Land,

Hath every petty River made so proud,

That they have over-borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,

The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene *Corne*

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

The

The nine mens Morris is filld up with mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, wathes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoared-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry set. The spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the child of me.
His mother was a Votresse of my Order;
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath she gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to see the sailes conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall of that boy did dye,
And for her sake I do reare up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
Since I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Sphaeres,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Pu. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.

It fell upon a little western flower:

Before, milke-white: now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,

The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,

Will make or man or woman madly dote

Vpon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,

Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Pu. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Exit.

Ob. Having once this juyce,

Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:

The next thing when she waking lookes upon,

(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,

On meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape)

Shall pursue it, with the foule of love.

And ere I take this charme off from her sight,

(As I can take it with another hearbe)

Ile make her render up her Page to me.

But who comes heere? I am invisible,

And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?

The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.

Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;

And heere am I, and wood within this wood,

Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.

Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,

But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart

Is true as Steele. Leave you your power to draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?

Or rather do I not in plainest truth,

Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;

I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*,

The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.

Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leaue

(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,

(And yet a place of high respect with me)

Then to be vsed as you do your dogge?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,

For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,

To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe

Into the hands of one that loves you not,

To trust the opportunity of night,

And the ill counsell of a desert place,

With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that

It is not night when I doe see your face.

Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,

Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. He run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chafe;
The Dove purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardly purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleewe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchiefe in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt ſly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy love.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Pe. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite over-cannop'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſke roſes, and with Eglantine,
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammell'd ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.
And with the juyce of this lle ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a diſdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond on her, then ſhe upon her love;
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow.

Pe. Feare not my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queens of Fairies, with her traine.

Qu. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muſke roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elves coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

*You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomela with melody,*

*Sing in your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our lovely Lady nre,
So good night with Lullaby.*

*2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blaſke approach not neere:
Wormes nor Snayle do no offence.
Philomela with melody, &c.*

*1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well:
One aloofe, ſand Centinell.*

Shee ſleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true Love take:
Love and languish for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Liſ. Faire love, you faint with wandring in the woods
And to ſpeake troth, I have forgot our way:
Wee'll reſt us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes; and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deere
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I meane that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth,
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lyſander* riddles veer prettily:
Now much beſhrew my maſter, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied:
But gentle friend, for love and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friends:
Thy love ne're alter, till thy ſweet life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe give thee all his reſt.

Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Pucke.

They ſleepe.

Pe. Through the Forreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none;
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flowers force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athen* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,

On the danke and darty ground.
Pretty foule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running

Hel. Say, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will go.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, where so ere she lies:
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner waht then hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare:
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no mavaile, though *Demetrius*
Do as a monster, fly my prefence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery cync?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature here shews art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason sayes you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe untill their season:
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorner?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well: perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come *Lysander* neere:

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to a stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated: but the most of me,
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*

Her. Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me, do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie, what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent ate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, what remov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loves: I swound almost with feare.
No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Par, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient
place for our rehearfall. This Greene plot shall bee our
stage, this hanthorne brake our tyring house, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Cmedy of *Piramus* and
Thisby, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a
sword to kill himselfe: which the Ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeve we must leave the killing out, when all
is done.

Bottom. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus*
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom* the
Weaver; this will put them out of feare.

Qu. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be
written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be ascar'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Maisters, you ought to consider with your selves,
to bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde
foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke
to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell hee is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same effect:
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the joyner

Quince. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Snug. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Qu. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Pyramus*, and *Thisby* whisper.

Qu. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So neere the Cradle of the Faery Queene?

What a Play toward? Ile be an auditor:

An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Qu. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious favors sweete.

Qu. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours favors sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.

But harke, avoyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exit. Pir.

Pu. A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere plaid here.

This. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noife that he heard, and is to come againe.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most lovely Iew, As true as truest horse that yet would never tyre, Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answered to *Pyramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tyre.

This. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray maisters, flye maisters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Pu. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse Beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, Beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

Enter Pyramus with the Asses head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snug.

Sn. O *Bottome*, thou art chang'd; What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asses-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou art translated.

Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they Could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid. The Woodcocke, so blacke of hew, With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throate, with his note so true, The Wren and little quill.

Tita. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke, The plain-song Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke, And dares not answer, nay.

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?

Tita. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe, Mine eare is much enamored of thy note; On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee. So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes maiestresse, you should have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love keepe little company together, now-a-days. The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not mak them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne turne.

Tita. Out of this wood, do not desire to go, Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend upon my state, And I do love thee; therefore go with me, Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe; And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe; And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tita. Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And pluke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and do him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

Cob. Cobwed.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Maister *Cobwed*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peaf. *Pease* blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to maister *Peascod* your father. Good maister *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. *Mustard-seede*.

Bot. Good maister *Mustard-seede*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance; good Maister *Mustard-seede*.

Tita. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chaltiry.

Tye up my lovers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit.

Enter King of Fairies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in love,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Thebes* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Asses noll I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thissie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimmiick comes: when they him spie,
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffed-pated choughes, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellowes flie,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athen* calls.
Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
Iled them on in this distracted feare;
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straight way lov'd an Ass.

Ob. This fals out better then I could devise:
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenian* eyes,
With the love juyce, as I did bid thee do?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht too)
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being ore shoes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:

The Sunne was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? He beleeve as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Amipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast mured him,
So should a murthier looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave rutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
And Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung,

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;
And from thy hated prefence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce veine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heavineffe doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe.*

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love iuyce on some true loves sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Rob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy-sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of love, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
He charme his eyes against she doth appeare,

Rob. I go, I go, looke how I go,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe.

Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think y I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision never comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe, and vowes so borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O diuinish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her and me, (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Ans.*

Dem. O *Helena*, goddesse, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fann'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princess of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your meriment:
If you were civill, and knew curtesie,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must joyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so?
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*;
And now both Rivals, to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wife (sojourn'd,
And now to *Helena* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Iooke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why vnkindly didst thou leave me so? (to go)

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Love doth presse

Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Faile *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?

Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty footed time,
For parting us; O and is all forgot?

All schoole daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had bene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life, coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To joyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feele the injurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deaie your love (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (torsooth) affection,
But by your letting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to love vnlov'd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soone shall remedy.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
My love, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell,

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.

Hel. I love thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that saies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so; with-draw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiops*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou but; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Love?

Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*: I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word:

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life,

And never did desire to see thee more:

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of love; What, have you come by night,
And stolne my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our staturs, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your services.

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile go with thee cheeke by jowle.

Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistris; all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, go not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Exeunt.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proves my enterprize,
That I have pointed an *Athenians* eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
The starry Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bais role with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With leagne, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
For nights-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and foulds have buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the morning love have oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay;
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them
up and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead
them up and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is desu'd
That drawes a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. *Exit.*

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.

The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:

I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *Shifting places.*

That fallen am I in darke yeven way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day: *Iye downe.*

For if but once thou shew'st me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot.
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now go thy way: fainnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poore company detest,
And sleepe that sometime shuts up sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Never so wearie, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
Ile apply your eie, gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou rak'st

True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eie,

And

And the Country Proverbe knowne,
That every man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be showne.
Iacke shall have *ill*, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall have his *Mare* againe, and all shall be well.

They sleeps all the AB.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. Where's *Pease blossome*?

Peaf. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Where's Moun-
sieur *Cobweb*.

Cob. Ready.

Clow. Mounseieur *Cobweb*, good Mounseieur get your wea-
pons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-Bee
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounseieur bring mee
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounseieur; and good Mounseieur have a care the
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have you over-
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounseieur
Mustardseed?

Muf. Ready.

Clow. Give me your newfe, Mounseieur *Mustardseed*.
Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounseieur.

Muf. What's your will?

Clow. Nothing good Mounseieur, but to helpe Cavalero
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounseieur, for
me thinkes I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my haire doe but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
love?

Clow. I have a reasonable good care in musicke. Let us
have the tongues and the bones.

Musicke Tonges, Rurall Musicke,

Tita. Or say sweet Love, what thou desirest to eat.

Clow. Truly a pecke of Provender; I could munch
your good dry Oates. Me thinkes I have a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fel-
low.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease.
But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I have
an exposition of sleepe come upon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,

O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow, and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:

See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.

For meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favors for this hateful foole,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded,

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.

And that same dew which sometime on the buds,

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;

Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,

Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,

I then did aske of her, her changeling child,

Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent

To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

And now I have the Boy, I will undoe

This hateful imperfection of her eyes,

And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,

From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;

That he awaking when the other doe,

May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,

And thinke no more of this nights accidents,

But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Bethou as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dians bud, or Cupids flower,

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene:

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I scene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lyes your love.

Tita. How came these things to passe?

Oh, how mine eyes doe loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:

Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead

Then cammon sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musicke still.

Rob. When thou awak'st, with thine owne foolles eyes
peepe. (me)

Ob. Sound musicke; come my Queene, take hands with
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to morrow midnight, solemnly

Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,

And blesse it to all faire posterity.

There shall these paires of faithfull Lovers be

Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,

I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,

Trip we after the nights shade;

We the Globe can compasse soone,

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers lye still.

O

With

With these mortalls on the ground.

*Exeunt.
Winde Hornes.*

Enter Theseus, Eggeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, find out the Forrester,
For now our observation is perform'd ;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe ;
Dispatch I say, and find the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top,
And marke the musically confusion
Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
Seem'd all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musically a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke-kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollaw'd to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly* ;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here asleepe,
And this *Lyfander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's* *Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

Thes. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The right of May ; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake *Egeus* ; is not this the day
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is my Lord.

Thes. Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their
hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

Thes. Good morrow friends : Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyf. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from jealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity,

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is ;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord : you have enough ;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head :
They would have stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent ;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helena* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in fury hither followed them ;
Fairst *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)

Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon :
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food :
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Fairst Lovers, you are fortunately met ;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us to *Athens* ; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These things seeme small and undistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seemes double.

Hel. Some-thinks :
And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It seemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Doe not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyf. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake ; lets follow him, and
by the way let us recount our dreames.

Bottom wakes.

Exit Lovers.

Clb. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most fairst *Piramus*, Hey ho. *Peter Quince* ?
Flute the bellows-mender ? *Snout* the tinker ? *Starveling* ?
Gods my life ! stolne hence, and left me asleepe : I
have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Me-thought I
was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole,
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter*
Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called
Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bottome ; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-
adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thibby, Snout, and Starveling.

Qui. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house ? Is he come
home yet ?

Sna. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is trans-
ported.

Thib. If

This. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Qui. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Qui. Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very *Paramour*, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, *Paragon*. A *Paramour* is (God blesse us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

This. O sweet bully *Bottom*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Qui. *Bottom*, O most couragious day! O most happy houre!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qui. Let us heare, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let *Thibby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that plays the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most deare Actors, cate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for we are to utter sweet breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, goe away.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speake of

This. More strange then true. I never may beleieve These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One fees more divels then vaste hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke, Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things Vnknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And gives to ayre nothing, a locall habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some feare How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd to together, More witnesseth than fancies images, And growes to something of great constancy; But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh dayes of love Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to us, Waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

This. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have,

To weare away this long age of three houres: Betweene our after supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usuall manager of mirth?

What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?

Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theseus*.

This. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a brieve how many sports are rife: Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. We'll none of that. That have I told my love In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

Lys. The riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*, Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

This. That is an old device, and it was plaid When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deccast in beggery.

This. That is some Satire keene and criticall, Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brieve Scene of yong *Piramus*, And his love *Thibby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and brieve? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as brieve, as I have knowne a play;

But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,

There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.

And tragicall my noble Lord it is:

For *Piramus* therein doth kill himselfe.

Which when I saw rehearst, I must confesse, Made mine eyes water: but more merry teares,

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

This. What are they that doe play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have toyled their unbreathed memories

With this same play, against your nuptials

This. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ; Vnlesse you can find sport in their intents, Extremely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine, To doe you service.

Thef. I will heare that play. For never any thing, Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it. Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse or charged ; And duty in his service perishing.

Thef. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He sayes, they can doe nothing in this kind.

Thef. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing : Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake ; And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect Takes it in might, not merrit.

Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed To greete me with premeditated welcomes ; Where I have seene them shiver and looke pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares, And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweet, Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome : And in the modesty of fearefull duty, I reade as much, as from the ratling tongue Of fauzy and audacious eloquence. Love therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity, In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Ege. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Duk. Let him approach.

Flor. Trum.

Enter the Prologue.

Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will. That you should thinke, we come not to offend, But with good will. To shew our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Consider then, we come but in despight. We doe not come, as minding to content you, Our true intent is. All for your delight, We are not heere. That you should here repent you, The Actors are at hand ; and by their show, You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thef. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a child on the Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

Thef. His speech was like a tangled chaine : nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is the next ?

Tawnyer with a Trumpet before them,

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show, But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know ; This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine. This man with lyme and rough-cast, doth present Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder : And through walls chinke (poore soules) they are content To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder. This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne, Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know, By moone-shine did these Lovers thinke no scorne To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe :

This grizly beast (which *Lyon* hight by name) The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night, Did scarre away, or rather did affright : And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ; Which *Lyon* vile with bloody mouth did staine. Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall, And finds his gentle *Thisbies* Mantle, slaine ; Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade, He bravely broacht his boiling bloody breast, And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade, His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and *Lovers* swaine, At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thef. I wonder if the Lion be to speake,

Dem. No wonder, my Lord : one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-shine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall, That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall : And such a wall, as I would have you thinke, That had in it a crannied hole or chinke : Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* Did whisper often, very secretly. This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew, That I am that same *Wall* ; the truth is so. And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearefull Lovers are to whisper.

Thef. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thef. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, O night with hue so blacke, O night, which ever art, when day is not : O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke, I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot. And thou O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall, That standes betweene her fathers ground and mine, Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eyne. Thankes courteous wall. Love shield thee well for this. But what see I ? No *Thisby* doe I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse, Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me.

Thef. The wall me-thinkes being sensible, should curse againe.

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, Is *Thisbies* cue ; she is to enter, and I am to spy Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisby.

Pat as I told you ; yonder she comes.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones, For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me. My cherry lips have often kist thy stones ; Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyr. I heare a voyce ; now will I to the chinke, To spy and I can see my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby* ?

This. My love thou art, my Love I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace, And like *Lisander* am I trusty still.

This. And I like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

This. As *Shalafus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thib. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Nimies* tombe meete me straight way?

Thib. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so; And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe. *Exit Clow.*

Duk. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dur. This is the silliest stufte that ere I heard.

Duk. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

Dur. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duk. If we imagine no worse of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here comes two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon, and Moone shine.

Lyon. You Ladyes, you (whose gentle hearts do feare The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore) May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere, When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare. Then know that I, one *Sung* the loyner am A Lion fell, nor else no Lions damme: For if I should as Lion come in strife Into this place, 'twere pitty of my life.

Du. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lif. This Lion is a very Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valor: for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

De. He should have worne the hornes on his head.

Du. He is no crescent, and his honours are invisible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it else the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Dur. I am weary of this Moone; would he would change.

Du. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lif. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thib.*

Enter Thib.

Thib. This is old *Nimies* tombe: where is my love?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thib.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thib.*

Dur. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Well mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lif. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pir. Sweet Moone, I thanke thee for thy sunny beames, I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright: For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streames, I trust to taste of truest *Thib.* fight.

But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight, What dreadfull dole is heere?

Eyes doe you see! How can it be!

O dainty Ducke: O Deere!

Thy mantle good; what staine with blood!

Approch you Furies fell:

O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend, Would goe neere to make a man looke sad.

Dur. Beshrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vild hath heere desflour'd my deere:

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Piramus*:

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;

Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

Now, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No dye, but an ace for him: for he is but one.

Lif. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Ass.

Dur. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Thib. comes backe, and finds her Lover.

Enter Thib.

Duk. She will find him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dur. Me thinkes she should not use a long one for such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be brieve.

Dem. A Moch will turne the ballance, which *Piramus*, which *Thib.* is the better. (eyes.)

Lif. She hath spyed him already, with those sweet

Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

Thib. Asleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?

O *Piramus* arise:

Speake, speake: Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tombe Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:

His eyes were Greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you have shore

With sheeres, his thred of filke.

Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:

Come blade; my brest imbrue:

And farewell friends, thus *Thisby* ends ;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Demo. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske dance, betweene two of our company ?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy : and so it is truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomaske ; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne,

As much as we this night have over-watched.

This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly Revels ; and new iollity.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone :
Whilest the heavy ploughman shores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whilest the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a throwd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke ; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house,
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behind the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowfie fier,
Every Elfe and Fairy spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Dirty after me, sing and dance it trippinglye.

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now until the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.

To the best Bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blesse be :

And the issue there create,

Ever shall be fortunate :

So shall all the couples three,

Ever true in loving be :

And the bloss of *Natures* hand,

Shall not in their issue stand,

Never mole, barelip, nor scarre,

Nor marke prodigious, such as are

Despised in *Naturis*,

Shall upon their children be.

With this field dew consecrate,

Every Fairy take his gate,

And each severall chamber blesse,

Through this Pallace with sweet peace,

Ever shall in safety rest,

And the owner of it blest.

Trip away, make no stay ;

Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred here,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yee lding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we have unearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long :
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends,

FINIS.



The Merchant of Venice.

Actus Primus.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio.

IN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of
me,

That I have much adoe to know my selfe.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe over-peere the petty Trailliquers
That curtise to them, doe them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Beleeve me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know were sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a wind too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kille her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad:

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fic, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither! then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Fareyouwell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

(when?)

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.

Lord. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*
We two will leave you, but at dinner time

I pray you have in mind where we must meete,

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter: let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heat coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies

By

By being peevish? I tell thee what *Antonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a willfull stillnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Antonio*, I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost damme those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles :
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this malancholly baite
For this foole Gudgeon, this opinion :
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo;
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongne dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bas. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deale of nothing; more
then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines
of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke
all day ere you find them, and when you have them they
are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tell me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bas. Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance :
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheifecare
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*
I owe the most in mony, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bas. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proofe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,

And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe to me more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speake.

Bas. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues: sometimes from her eyes,
I did receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallued
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the foure windes blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Cholchos* strand;
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I mony, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a wea-
ry of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with
too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no small
happinesse therefore to be feared in the meane, superflui-
ty comes sooner by white haire, but competency lives
longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to doe were as easie as to know what were good
to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens
cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Divine that fol-
lowes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twenty
what were good to be done, then be one of the twenty
to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may devise
lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a cold
decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore
the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this rea-
son is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the
word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor
refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter
curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard *Ner-
issa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men
at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lot-
tery that he hath devised in these three chests of Gold,
Silver, and Lead, whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses

chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love; but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely tutors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description levell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Then is there the County Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose: he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he growes old, being so full of unmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounfier Le Bonne?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is sinne to be a mocker, but he! why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Tarrell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madnesse, I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the yong Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and sweare that I have a poore penny-worth in the *English*: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and sworne he would pay him againe when he was able. I thinke the *Frenchman* became his surety, and scald under for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germane*, the Duke of *Saxonyes* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make snift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the divell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady the having any of these

Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, unlesse you may be wonne by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana*: unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his very absence: and I wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marquesse of *Mountforrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him will, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a divell, I had rather he should thrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*, firra goe before; whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I fir, for three months.

Shy. For three mouths, well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths, And *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. No, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be landsrats, and water rats, water theeves, and land theeves, I meane *Pyrats*; and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducates, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Exe.

Jew. I will be assured I may : and that I may bee assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*—

Bas. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the divell into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following : but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes here ?

Enter Antonio.

Bas. This is signior *Antonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.

I hate him for he is a Christian :

But more, for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis, and brings downe

The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*,

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes

Even there were Merchants most doe congregate

On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,

Which he calls interest : Curled be my Trybe

If I forgive him.

Bas. Shylocke, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gulse of my memory

I cannot instantly raise up the grosse

Of full three thousand ducats : what of that ?

Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe

Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months

Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good signior,

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giving of excesse,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

He breake a custome : is he yet posselt

How much he would ?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond : and let me see, but heare you,

Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow

Vpon advantage.

Ant. I doe never use it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe,

This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was

(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)

The third possessor, I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say

Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,

When *Laban* and himselfe were compriz'd

That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied

Should fall as *Jacob*'s hier, the Ewes being rancke,

In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was

Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilfull shepherd pil'd me certaine wands,

And in the dooing of the deed of kind,

He stucke them up before the fulsome Ewes,

Who then conceaving, did in eaning time

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob*'s.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir that *Jacob* serv'd for,

A thing not in his power to bring to passe,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this insert to make interest good ?

Or is your Gold and Silver Ewes and Rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breeds as fast,

But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,

The divell can cite Scripture for his purpose,

An evill soule producing holy witnesse,

Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round summe.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft

In the Ryalto you have rated me

About my monyes and my usances :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.

You call me misbeleever, cut-throate dog,

And spet upon my Iewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appears you need my helpe :

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,

Shylocke, we would have moneyes, you say so :

You that did voide your heume upon my beard,

And foote me as you spurne a stranger curie

Over your threshold, moneyes is your suite.

What should I say to you ? Should I not say,

Hath a dog money ? is it possible

A curie should lend three thousand ducats ? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key

With bared breath, and whispring humblenesse,

Say this : Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,

Your spurn'd me such a day ; another time

You cald me dog : and for these curtesies

He lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,

To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friend, for when did friendship take

A breed of barraine mettall of his friend ?

But lend it rather to thine enemye,

Who if he breake, thou maist with better face

Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,

I would be friends with you, and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stained me with,

Supplie your present wants, and take no doite

Of usance for my monyes, and youle not heare me,

This is kind I offer.

Bas. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I showe,

Goe with me to a Notary, seale me there

Your single bond, and in a merry sport

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite

Be nominated for an equall pound

Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, He seale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bas. You

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
He rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the vauw of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates. I say
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale unto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straite:
See to my house left in the fearefull guard
Of an unthrifty knave: and presently
Ile be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hye thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kind.

Bass. I like not faire tearmes and, a villaines mind.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no difmay,
My Shippes come home a month before the day.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Morochius a savvy Moore all white, and three or
four followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerrissa, and their traine.
Flo. Cornets.*

Mor. Mistlike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liverie of the burnisht funne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maidens eyes:
Besides, the lottry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitar

That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*,
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke:
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for prey
To win the Lady. But alas the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And dye with grieving.

Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefor be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curst'd it among men.

Cornets.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Cl. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to runne
from this Jew my Master: the fiend is at mine elbow,
and tempts me, saying to me, *lobbe, Launcelet lobbe*, good
Launcelet, or good *lobbe*, or good *Launcelet lobbe*, use
your legs, take the start, runne away: my conscience sayes
no; take heed honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *lobbe*,
or as afore-said honest *Launcelet lobbe*, doe not runne,
scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most couragi-
ous fiend bids me packe, *fi* sayes the fiend, away sayes
the fiend, for the heavens roule up a brave minde sayes
the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about
the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to me: my ho-
nest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or ra-
ther an honest womans sonne, for indeed my father did
someting smacke, something grow too; he had a kind of
taste; wel, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge
sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience, conscience
say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well,
to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Jew
my Master, who (God blesse the marke) is a kind of di-
vell; and to runne away from the Jew I should be ruled by
the fiend, who saving your reverence is the divell him-
selfe: certainly the Jew is the very divell incarnation,
and in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard
conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Jew;
the fiend gives the more friendly counsaile: I will runne
fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will
runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Master yong-man, you I pray you, which is the
way to Master Iewes?

Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten father, who
being more then sand-blind, high gravell blind, knowes
me not, I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I pray you which is
the way to Maister Iewes.

Laun. Turne upon your right hand at the next tur-
ning

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning, turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the *lewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Lann. Talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Master sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

Lann. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

Lann. But I pray you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your mastership.

Lann. *Ergo* Master *Launcelet*, talke not of master *Launcelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, in indeed deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Lann. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a hovell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell me, is my boy God reit his soule alive or dead.

Lann. Doe you not know me Father,

Gob. Alacke sir I am fand blind, I know you not.

Lann. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne child. Well, old man, I wil tell you news of your sonne, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will not.

Gob. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lann. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lann. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed, Ile be sworne if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile.

Lann. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now?

Lann. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Master's a very Iew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries, if I serve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O

rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I serve the Iew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bassa. You may doe so, but let it be so hastid that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lann. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lann. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Lann. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the Iew, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he (saying your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Lann. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suite is.

Lann. In very briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lann. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Shylocke* thy Master spoke with me this day, And hath perfer'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Iewes service, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverbe is very well parted betweene my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; goe Father with thy sonne, Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire My lodging out, give him a Livery More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have ne're a tongue in my head: well: if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fiftene wives is nothing, a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee gon.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Exit Leonardo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Lann.

Leon. Yonder fir he walkes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.

Baf. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suite to you.

Baf. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not denie me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Baf. Why then you must: but heare thee Gratiano, Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults; But where they are not knowne, why there they show Something too liberall, pray thee take paine To allay with some cold drops of modestie Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaviour I be misconstr'd in the place I go to, And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, heare me, If do not put on a sober habite, Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen: Vse all the observance of civility Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Baf. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me By what we do to night.

Baf. No that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldest suite of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment: but fare you well, I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ief. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merry diuell Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And Lancelot, soone at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest, Give him this Letter, do it secretly, And so farewell: I would not have my Father See mee talke with thee.

Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adue, these foolish drops do somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue.

Exit.

Ief. Farewell good Lancelot. Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Solanio

Lo. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time, Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spok'tis yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vnderooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres To furnish us; friend Lancelot what's the newes?

Enter Lancelot with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall seeme to signifie.

Lo. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand, And whither then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Love-newes in faith.

Lo. By your leave fir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lo. Marry fir to bid my old Maister the Iew to sup to night with my new Maister the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iessica

I will not faile her, speake it privately:

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night?

I am provided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne.

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sal. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good wee do so.

Exit.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iessica?

Lo. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers house, What gold and jewels she is furnisht with, What Pages suite she hath in readinesse: If ere the Iew her Father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughters sake; And never dare misfortune crosse her foote. Vnlesse she do it vnder this excuse, That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew: Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest, Faire Iessica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio; What Iessica, thou shalt not gurmardize As thou hast done with me: what Iessica? And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out. Why Iessica I say.

Clo. Why Iessica.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call,

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Ief. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Iessica, There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go? I am not bid for love, they flatter me, But yet he go in hate, to feede upon The prodigall Christian. Iessica my girle, Looke to my house, I am right loath to go, There is some ill a bruing towards my rest, For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you fir go, my yong Maister Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Clo. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

last,

P

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ashwen/day was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Lock up my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publicke streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clow. I will go before sir. ●
Mistris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Ief. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaille-slow in profit, but sleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* go in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,

A proverbe never stale in thrifty minde.

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*
Desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is mervaille he out-dwells his houre,
For lovers ever run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye
To steale loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith unforfaited.

Gra. That ever holds, who riseth from a feast?
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His tedious measures with the unbated fire,
That he did pace them fir st: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hug'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Loren. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,
Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives
Ile watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwells my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Iessica alone.

Ief. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Love.

Ief. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Ief. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blinde, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ief. What, must I hold a Candle to my shame?
They in themselves goodfooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery Love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Ief. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*.

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'T is nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard,
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be under faile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter portia with Morocco, and both their traines.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves,
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Pa. The

How shall I know if do choofe the right.

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choofe that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will furvey the infcriptions, backe againe:
What fayes this leaden casket?

Who choofeth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of faire advantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drossie,
He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who choofeth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves, pause there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,

If thou bee'st rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so faire as to the Lady:
And yet to be afear'd of my deserving,

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve, why that's the Lady.

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then these, in love I do deserve.

What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who choofeth me shall gaine what many men desire:

Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come

To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vaste wildes

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre

To stop the fortune spirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three containes her heavenly picture.

Is't like that Lead containes her? twere damnation

To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse

To rib her searecloath in the obscure grave:

Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd

Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;

O sinfull thought, never so rich a Iem

Was set in worse then gold! They have in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in gold, but that's inculpt upon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliver me the key;

Here do I choofe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there

Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,

Within whose empty eye there is a written scroule;

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded timber do wormes infold:
Had you bene as wise as bold,
Tong in limbo, in judgement old,
Your answer had not bene in scold
Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,*

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:

Portia adew, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loofers part.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choofe me so.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Enter Sal'arino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;

And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Jew* with outcries rail'd the Duke,
Who went with him to searce *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnderfaile;
But there the Duke was given to understand

That in a Gondilo were seene together

Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.

Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke

They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dogge *Jew* did utter in the streets;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,

Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!

Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,

And jewels, two rich and precious stones,

Stolne by my daughter: justice, finde the girle,

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,

Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats,

Sol. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day

Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscaried

A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:

I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,

And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,

Yet do not suddainely, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,

I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,

Bassanio told him he would make some speede

Of his returne: he answered, do not so,

Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time,

And for the *Jewes* bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of love:

Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such faire ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there;

And even there his eye being big with teares,

Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,

And with affection wondrous fencible

He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sal. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,

I pray thee let vs go and finde him out

And quicken his embraced heavinesse

With some delight, or other.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerriissa and a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

P a

The

The Prince of Arragon hath rane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoynd by oath to observe three things;
First, never to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chole; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, never in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choise,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What sayes the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserv'd dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnish't: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's heere, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The first seven times tried this,

*Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amas,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such have but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles alive I wis
Silver'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone for, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not scene
Solikely an Embassador of love.

A day in Aprill never came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord,

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. *Bassanio* Lord, love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it lives there unchecked, that *Antonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye
buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest wo-
man of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleieve she wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talke, that the good *Antonio*, the honest *Antio*. O that
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a ship.

Sal. I

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the divell crosse my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you; of my daughters flight

Sol. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the bird was fledg'd, & then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sol. That's certaine, if the divell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sol. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell us, doe you heare whether *Antonio* have had any losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalta, a begger that was vs'd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtisie, let him looke to his bond.

Sol. Why I am sure if he forsaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me halfe a million, laugh't at my losses, mockt at my gaires, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimentionions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is? if you pricke us, do we not bleede? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew what should his iustifiance be by Christian example? why revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Antonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sol. We have beene up and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnlesse the divell himselfe turne Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curfe never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her care: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coifin: no newes of them, why so? & I know not how much is spent in the search: why then losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill lucke stirring, but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, *Antonio* as I heard in *Genowa*,

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tu. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in *Genowa*.

Tu. Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a fitting, fourescore ducats.

Tu. There came divers of *Antonio's* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare he cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkis, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tub. But *Antonio* is certainly undone

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, go *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Sinagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong I lose your company; therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not lose you, and you know your selfe, Hate counsailes not in such a quality; But least you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, I would detain you here some month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworne; So will I never be, so may you misse me; But if you do, youle make me wisst a sinne, That I had beene forsworne: Bestrow your eyes, They have ore-lookt me and devided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe Mine owne I would say: but first mine, then yours, And so all yours; O these naughty times Put bars betweene the owners and their rights. And so though yours, not yours (prove it so) Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time, To ich it, and draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Baf. Let me choofe,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baffanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Baf. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amitie and life,

'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love,

Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doe speake any thing.

Baf. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Baf. Confesse and love

Had beene the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance:

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,

If you do love me, you will finde me out.

Nerrissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,

Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,

Then if he loofe he makes a Swan-like end,

Fading in musique. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame

And watric death-bed for him: he may win,

And what is musique then? Then musique is

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe

To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,

That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

With no lesse presence, but with much more love

Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme

The virgine tribute, paid by howling *Troy*

To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wives:

With bleared visages come forth to view

The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,

Live thou, I live with much much more dismay

I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here musicke.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong, bell,
All. Ding, dong, bell.*

Replie, replie.

Baf. So may the outward shewes be least themselves,
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the shew of evill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossnesse with faire ornament:
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayres of sand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*?
Who inward searcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those criped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head;
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautilous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Alidas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest than dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moves me more than eloquence,
And here choofe I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed jealousy.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy joy, scant this excessie,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

Baf. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie god
Hath come so neere creation? move these eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with finger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire
The Painter plaies the Spider and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
He thinks it should have power to steale both his
And leave it selfe vn furnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summary of my fortune.

*You that chouse not by the view,
Chance as faire, and chouse as true,
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kisse.*

Baf. A gentle scroule; Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive;
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applause and univerfall shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see my Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlesioned girle, vn schooll'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then in this
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, maister of my servants,
Queene ore my selfe: and even now, but now.
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it preface the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bas. Maddam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my veines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and scene our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord than you;
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heete vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love: provided that your fortune
Attchiv'd her mistresse.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*.

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall,

Bas. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shall ne're win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bas. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very friends and Countermen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have scene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And have reason for it, Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.

Bas. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*;
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *lasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassiano's* cheek,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bas. O sweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasant't words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Lady,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for indeede
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild; what not one hit!
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beside's, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He pyles the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Ies. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countrey-men,
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bas. The deereft friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italy.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bas. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through my *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, vso your pleasure, if your loue do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interpos'd twixt us twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio, and the Taylor.

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends out money gratis.
Taylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.

Jew. Ile have my bond, speake not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me justice: I do wonder
Thou naughty Taylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Jew. Ile have my bond, I will not heare thee speake;
Ile have my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull-ey'd foole;
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile have no speaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Jew.*

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,

Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
These griefes and losses have so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor:
Well Taylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a man of Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence.
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good;
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose soules do beare an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymaments, of manners and of spirit,
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
Being the bosome lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule,
From out the state of hellish cruelty.

This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,

The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now layes upon you.

Lor. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people do already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So fare you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you;

Ies. I wish your Ladieship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: fare you well *Iessica*. *Exeunt.*

Now *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the indeavor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Bellario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Traneēt, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; wait no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of us?

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minuting steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not do withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twenty of these pany lies Ile tell
That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelve moneth: I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Por. Fie, what a questions that,
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter?
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Fa-

ther are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise
you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so
now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of
good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is
but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is
but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marry you may partly hope that your father got
you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the
sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-
ther and mother, thus when I shun *Sassa* your father, I
fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both
waies.

Ies. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a
Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
ans enow before, e'ne as many as could well live one by
another: this making of Christians will raise the price of
Hogs; if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not
shortly have a rather on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere he
comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you
thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet* and
I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in
heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and hee saies you
are no good member of the common wealth, for in con-
verting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Pork.

Lor. I shall and were that better to the Commonwealth
than you can the getting up of the Negroes belly: the
Moore is with childe by you *Lancelet*.

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if she belesse then an honest woman, she is in-
deed more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How every foole can play upon the word, I think
the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and
discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats:
go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they have all stomachs?

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then
bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done too sir, onely cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the
meat; and we will come into dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd io, for the meat
sir, it shall be covered, for your comming in to dinner sir,
why let it be as humors and conceits shall governe.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Army of good words, and I do know
A many foolles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word
Desie the matter: how cheere'st thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

Now

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Ief. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven heere on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven?
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Ief. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

Ief. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how som ere thou speakest among other things,
I shall digest it?

Ief. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano*

Duke. What, is Antonio heere?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace?

Du. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke, the world thinkes, and I thinke so too
That thou but leadst this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty,
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loofe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and love,
Forgive a moyty of the principall,
Glancing an eie of pittie on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborne Turkes and Tarters never traind

To offices of tender curtesie,

We all expect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I have posselt your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choofe to have
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducates
To have it bairn'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are madde, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not;
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Antonio, that I follow thus
A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bas. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bas. Do all men kil the thing they do not love?

Jew. Hates an y man the thing he would not kill?

Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height,
Or even as well vse question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe: when you behold,
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke to soften that, than which what harder?
His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
But with all brieft and plaine conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six.

Jew. If every Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates
Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like you Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abject and in slavish part,
Because your bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why sweate they under burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is decreedly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,
Unless *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring us the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Baf. Good, cheere *Antonio*. What man, corage yet:
The law shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meeteft for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.

My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baf. Why doft thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy foale: but on thy foule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That foules of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh spirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell foule ſteet;
And whil't thou layest in thy unhallowed ſam,
Jafus'd it ſelfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Wolviſh, bloody, ſterv'd, and ravenous.

Iew. Till thou canst raile the ſcale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to ſpeale ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

*Y*our Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very ſicke: but in the inſtance that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation, was with me a yong Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in Controverſie, betwene the Iew and *Antonio* the Merchant: We turn'd o're many Bookes together: hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered with his owne learning, ſhe greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him as my

importunſty, to fill up your Graces request in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reverend eſtimation: for I never knewe ſo yong a body, with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracions acceptance; whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Du. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.

Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe.

Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Du. *Antonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed,
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Do you confeſſe the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maſteſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods
When mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. Therefore Iew,
Though Juſtice be thy plea, conſider this;
That in the courſe of Juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baf. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea; twice the ſumme, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my hearts;
If this will not ſuffice it muſt appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
Weſt once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
And curbe this cruell divell of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:

'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,

And

And many an error by the same example;
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel*.

O wife young Iudge, how do I honour thee,

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

Jew. Heere 'tis most reverend Doctor, heere it is.

Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy mony offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soule?
No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proccede to judgement: By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Jew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.

Jew. 'Tis very true: O wife and upright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the
flesh?

Jew. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleed to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Jew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say?

An. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd
Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Greeve not that I am false to this for you:
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is his custome. It is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance
Of such a misery, doth she cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of *Antonios* end:
Say how I lov'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be Iudge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love:
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bas. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this devill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house, (ter

Jew. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daugh-
t'r would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, und the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Iudge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth give thee heere no jot of blood,
The words expressely are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright Iudge,
Marke Jew, O learned Iudge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Iudge, marke Jew, a learned Iudge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bas. Heere is the mony.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Por. I therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a just pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the devision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale do turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Jew,
Now infidell I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meerly justice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it:
He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privy coffe of the State,
And the offenders life lyes in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too
Thou had contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
There fore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.
Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antonios*,
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may drive unto a fine.
Por. I for the state, not for *Antonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you doe take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Antonio*?
Gra. A halter *Gratia*, nothing else for Gods sake.
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quite the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
The other halfe in use, to render it
Vpon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dyes posselt
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.
Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.
Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In christning thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I beene judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duk. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.
Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serves you not:
Antonio greatifie this gentleman,
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my freind

Have by your wisedome beene this day acquitted
Of greivous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Iew
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.
Ant. And stand indebred over and above
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your gloves, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this?
Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this then on the vauw,
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That scuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.
Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Antonios* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grat.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flye toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My *L. Bassanio* upon more advice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.
Grat. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

He see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for ever.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give therings away to men;
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them too:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Treilus me thinks mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Ies. In such a night.
Did *Thisby* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnchrist Love did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies. And in such a night.
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And ne're a true one.

Loren. And in such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little throw)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Ies. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend. (friend?)

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But go we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola-

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, and M. *Lorenza*, sola,

Lor. Leave hollowing man, here. (sola.)

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tell him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his home full of good newes, my Master will be here ere
morning sweet love.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stephano* signifie pray you

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,

And bring your musique forth into the a . . .

How sweet the moone-light sleeps upon this banke,

Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of Musicke

Creepe in our eares; soft stilnes, and the night

Become the tutches of sweet harmony:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heaven

Is thicke inlayed with patterns of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdest

But in his motion like an Angell sings,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal soules,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:

Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,

With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,

And draw her home with musicke.

Iessi. I am never merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicks.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard

Or race of youthfull and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,

You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,

Their savage eyesturn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet

Did faine that *Orpheus* drew teares, stones, and floods.

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musicke for the time doth change his nature,

The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections darke as *Erebus*,

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:

How farre that little candle throwes his beames,

So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (dile?)

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can-

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,

A substitute shines brightly as a King

Vntill a King be by, and then his state

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke

Into the maine of waters: musike, harke. *Musicks.*

Ner. It is your musicke Madam of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,

Methinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam,

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke

When

When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.
Por. He knowes meas the blind man knowes the Cuc-
kow by the bad voyce?
Lor. Deere Lady welcōme home?
Por. We have beene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie rheir comming.
Por. Goe in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day:
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not belight,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so from me,
But God fort all : you are welcome home my Lord.
Bas. I thanke you Madam, give welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtisie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
Infaithe I gave it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you doe take it Love so much at heart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cuslers Poetry
Vpon a knife ; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the vawle :
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene respectiue and have kept it.
Gave it a Iudges Clarke : but well I know
The Clarke will ne're weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. If, if a Woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him sweare
Never to part with it, and heere he stands :
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of griefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.
Bas. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too : and then the Boy his Clarke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.
Bas. If I could adde a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it : but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. And even so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will ne're come in your bed
Vntill I see the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, till I againe see mine.
Bas. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring :
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale : wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony :
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeve,
He dye for't, but some Woman had the Ring?
Bas. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And begg'd the Ring ; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to goe displeas'd away :
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtisie,
My honor would not let in gratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you beene there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give thee worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
He not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a night from home. Watch me like Argus,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honor which is yet mine owne,
He have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well advis'd
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, he mar the yong Clarkes pen.

Ant. I am th'unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: give him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this ring.

Bas. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, read it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*.

There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but ey'n now return'd: I have not yet
Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you
Than you expect: unseale this letter soone,
There you shall find three of your Argosies
Are richly come to ourt our todainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bas. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that never means to doe it,
Vnlesse he live untill he be a man.

Bas. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safely come to Rhodes.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?

My Clarke hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and he give them him without a fee,
There doe I give to you and *Jessica*
From the rich Jew, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dyes possess'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us goe in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, he feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



As you like it.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poore thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keeps at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speake more properly) stayes me heere at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders decerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seemes to take from me: he lets me feede with his Hindes, barres me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orla. Goe apart *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heare?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What marre you then sir?

Orla. Marry sir, I am helping you to marre that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idleness.

Oli. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orla. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orla. I, better then him I am before, knowes me: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much

of my father in me; as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy.

(this.

Orla. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orla. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of sir *Rowland de Boyes*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that sayes such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had paid out thy tongue, for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe,

Adam. Sweet Master be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orla. I will not till I please: you shall heare me: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou doe? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, then becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physicke your ranckenesse, and yet give no thousand crownes neither: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Dem. Calls your worship.

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraffle heere to speake with me?

Dem. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraffling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounseur *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Char. There's no newes at the Court sir, but the old newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving

Lords

Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter be banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cousen so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that he would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke?

Charl. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given sir secretly to understand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his naturall brother: therefore use thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he doe not mightily grace himselfe on thee, he will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous devise, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as he is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile give him his payment: if ever he goe alone againe, Ile never wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship.

Oli. Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble devise, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Celia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: unlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lov'st mee not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor none is like to have; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire? for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honour I will, and when I breake that oath, let me turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and devise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Love?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill favouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from *Fortunes* office to *Natures*: *Fortune* reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of *Nature*.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when *Nature* hath made a faire creature, may she not by *Fortune* fall into the fire? though nature hath given us wit to flout at *Fortune*, hath not *Fortune* sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not *Fortunes* worke neither, but *Natures*, who perceiving our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone: for alwayes the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whither wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father,

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clow. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you

Ros.

Ref. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now unmuzzle you wisedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knavery (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworne: no more was this knight swearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Ferdricke* your Father loves.

Ref. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation, one of these dayes.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speake wisely, what Wisemen doe foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles have was silenced, the little foolery that wife men have makes a great shew; Here comes Moun-
sieur Le Ben.

Enter Le Ben.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more marketable.

Boon-jour Mounfier le Ben, what the newes?

Le Ben. Faire Princeesse,

You have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Ben. What colour Madam? How shall I answer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke,

Ref. Thou loofest thy old smell.

Le Ben. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wraffling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ref. Yet tell us the manner of the Wraffling.

Le Ben. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Ben. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Ben. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ref. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne unto all men by these presents.

Le Ben. The eldest of the three, wraffled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraffler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him; So he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lye, the poore old man their Farher, making such pittifull dole over them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Ref. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Mounfieur, that the Ladies have lost?

Le Ben. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ref. But is there any else long to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wraffling Cofin?

Le Ben. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for wraffling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants.

Duk. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated, His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ref. Is yonder the man?

Le Ben. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he lookes successfully.

Du. How now daughter, and Cofin:

Are you crept hither to see the wraffling?

Ref. I my Lidge, so please you give us leave.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such oddes in the man: In pittie of the challengers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not be entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither good Mounfieur *Le Ben.*

Duk. Doe so: Ile not be by.

Le Ben. Mounfieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ref. Yong man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraffler?

Orl. No faire Princeesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but as others doe, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you have seene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your judgement, the feare of your adventure would counsell you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne safety, and give over this attempt.

Ref. Doe yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suite to the Duke, that the wraffling might not goe forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guilty to deny so faire and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wishes goe with me to my triall; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall doe my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ref. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ref. Fare you well : pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lye with his mother earth ?

Orla. Ready fir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily perswaded him from a first.

Orla. You meane to mocke me after : you should not have mockt me before : but come your wayes.

Ref. Now *Hercules*, be thy speede yong man,

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrestle.

Ref. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should downe.

Shout.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orla. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles* ?

Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him away :

What is thy name yong man ?

Orla. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boyes.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene sonne to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy : Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house : But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Exit. Duk.

Cel. Were I my Father (*Coze*) would I doe this ?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowlands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Rowland as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers mind, Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne, I should have given him teares unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle *Cosen*, Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him : My Fathers rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart : Sir, you have well deserv'd, If you doe keepe your promises in love, But justly as you have exceeded all in promise, Your Mistris shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman, Weare this for me : one out of suites with fortune That could give more, but that her hand lackes meane. Shall we goe *Coze* ?

Cel. I : fare you well faire Gentleman,

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you ? My better parts Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands up Is but a quintine, a meere livelesse blocke.

Ref. He calls us backe : my pride fell with my fortunes Ile aske him what he would : Did you call Sir ? Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrowne More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe *Coze* ?

Ref. Have with you : fare you well.

Exit.

Or. What passion hangs these waights upon my tongue ? I cannot speake to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Ben.

O poore Orlando ! thou art overthrowne Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Ben. Good sir, I doe in friendship counsaile you To leave this place ; Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love ; Yet such is now the Dukes condition, That he misconsters all that you have done : The Duke is humorous, what he is indeed More suites you to conceive, then I to speake of.

Orla. I thanke you sir ; and pray you tell me this, Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, That heere was at the Wrestling ?

Le Ben. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners, But yet indeed the taller is his daughter, The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, And heere detain'd by her usurping Vncle To keepe his daughter company, whose loves Are dearer then the naturall bond of Sisters : But I can tell you, that of late this Duke Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece, Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for vertues, And pittie her, for her good fathers sake ; And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady Will sodainely breake forth : Sir, fare you well, Hereafter in a better world then this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well. Thus must I from the smoake into the smother, From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother, But heavenly *Rosaline*.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Celia, and Rosaline.

Cel. Why *Cosin*, why *Rosaline* : *Cupid* have mercy, Not a word ?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two *Cosens* laid up, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father ?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childe's Father : Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, *Cosen*, throwne upon thee in holiday foolery, if we walke not in the trodden paths, our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrestler then my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you : you will try in time

in

in despite of a fall : but turning these jests out of service, let us take in good earnest : Is it possible on such a fo-daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowlands your eldest sonne ?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Sonne dearly ? By this kind of chafe, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No faith, hate him nor for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and doe you love him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Vnckle !

Duk. You Cosen,
Within these ten dayes if that thou beest found
So neere our publike Court as twenty miles,
Thoudiest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me :
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vnckle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duke. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe ;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor ;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends ?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnesse tooke his Dukedome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him ;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor :
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Sovereigne heare me speake.

Duk. I Celia, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay.
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like Junos Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duk. Shee is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her :
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seeme more vertu-
When she is gone : then open not thy lips, (ous
Firme, and irrevocable is my doome,
Which I have past upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duk. You are a foole : you Neice provide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you dye.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore Rosaline, whither wilt thou goe ?
Wilt thou change iather ? I will give thee mine :
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull ; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? Rosaline lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred ? shall we part sweet girl ?
No, let my Father seeke another heire :
Therefore devise with me how we may flye
Whither to goe, and what to beare with us,
And doe not seeke to take your charge upon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leave me out :
For by this heaven (now at our sorrowes pale ;))
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we goe ?

Cel. To seeke my Vnckle in the Forrest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maides as we are) to travell for farre ?
Beauty provoketh theeves sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kind of vंबर smutch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtellax upon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a swashing and a marshall outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

Ros. Ile have no worse a name then Loves owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Ganimed,
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court :
Would he not be a comfort to our travails ?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to wooe him ; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuite that will be made
After my flight : now goe we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior : Amiens, and two or three Lords
like Forresters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brother in exile :
Hath not old custome made this life more sweet

Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penalty of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Even till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vices of adversity
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Weares yet a precious lewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Duk. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill us venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled foolles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieves at that,
And in that kind sweares you doe more usurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behind him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roope peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters ayne had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heav'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pittous chafe; and thus the hairy foole,
Much marked of the melancholly *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Duk. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus misery doth part
The Fluxe of company: anon a careless Heard
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never staves to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazy Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling places.

Duk. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Duk. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. Lor. Ile bring you to him strait.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duk, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lord. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their Mistis.

2. Lord. My Lord, the roynish Clowne, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:

Hesperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrasler
That did but lately foile the synowy *Charles*,
And she beleeves where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him find him: doe this sodainely;
And let not search and inquisition quaille,
To bring againe these foolish runaways.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland? why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why doe people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that beares it?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappy youth,
Come not with these doores: within this rooffe
The enemy of all your graces lives
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

He will have other meanes to cut you off ;
I overheard him : and his practises :
This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Orl. Why whither *Adam* would'st thou have me goe?

Ada. No matter whither, for you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me goe and beg my
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce (foode,
A theevish living on the common roade ?
This I must doe, or know not what to doe :
Yet this I will not doe, doe how I can,
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudy brother.

Ada. But doe not so : I have five hundred Crownes,
The thrifty hire I saved under you father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbes lye lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age : here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with unbalshfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakenesse and debility,
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly ; let me goe with you,
He doe the service of a younger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweate for duty, not for meede :
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And having that doe choake their service up,
Even with the having, it is not so with thee :
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeeld,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandry,
But come thy wayes, wee'll goe along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
Wee'll light upon some settled low content.

Ada. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyalty,
From seventy yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventene yeeres, many their fortunes seek
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to dye well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Rosalind for Ganimed, Celis for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart, to disgrace my mans
apparell, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort

the weaker vessell, as doubtlet and hose ought to show it
selfe coragious to petty-coate ; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I can goe no fur-
ther.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you : yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you,
for I thinke you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must
be content.

Enter Corin, and Silvius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone* : looke you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I doe love her.

Cor. I partly guesse : for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ere like to mine,
As sure I thinke did never man love so :
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then never love so hartly,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee runne into,
Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not fate as I doe now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

Exeunt.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard ! searching of their wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine : I remember when I was in love, I
broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for
comming a nights to *Lane Smile*, and I remember the kif-
sing of her batlet, and the Cowes dugs that her pretty
chopt hands had milk'd ; and I remember the wooing
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping
teares, weare these for my sake : we that are true Lovers,
runne into strange capers ; but as all is mortall in nature,
so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne're be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my shins against it.

Ros. *Love, Love*, this Shepheards passion,
Is much upon my fashions.

Clo. And mine, but it growes 'someting' stale with
me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will give us any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla ; you Clowne.

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who cal's?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros.

Ref. Peace I say; good even to you friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ref. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with travaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And doe not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voyce most welcome shall you be.

Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-while.

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cl. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Goe with me, if you like upon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right fodainely.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, and others.

Song.

*Under the greene wood tree,
who loves to lye with me,
And turne his merry Note,
unto the sweet Birds thr one:
Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher:
Heere shall he see no enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

Iaq. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iaques

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,

I can sucke melancholly out of a song.

As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voyce is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Iaq. I doe not desire you to please me,
I doe desire you to sing:

Come, more, another stanza: Call you'em stanza's?

Amy. What you will Monsieur Iaques.

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owne me nothing. Will you sing.

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Iaq. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they call complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I have given him a peny, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come sing, and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, Ile end the song. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke will drinke under this tree; he hath beene all this day to looke you.

Iaq. And I have beene all this day to avoyd him:

He is too disputeable for my company:

I thinke of as many matters as he, but I give Heaven thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.

*Who doth ambition shunne,
and loves to live i'th Swaine;
Seeking the food he eateth,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher,
Heere shall he see, &c.*

Iaq. Ile give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Aym. And ile sing it.

Iaq. Thus it goes.

If it doe come to passe, that any man turne Ass:
*Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Aym. What's that Ducdame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke invocation, to call fooles into a circle. Ile goe sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

Aym. And Ile goe seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can goe no further:
O I dye for food. Heere lye I downe,
And measure out my grave. Farwell kind master.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee!
Live a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this uncouth Forrest yeeld any thing savage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I will heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I will give thee leave to dye: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.
Well said, thou look'st cheereley,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake ayre. Come, I will beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not dye
For lacke of a dinner,
If there live any thing in this Desert.
Cheereley good Adam.

*Exeunt.
Scena*

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like out-laws.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Muscally,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

1. Lord. He saves my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must wooe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Jaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do live by food, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley toole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Jaq. O wortheie foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but young, and faire,
They have the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my onely suite,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles have:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
He, that a foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of the foole.

Invest me in my motley: Give me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast ben a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th' imbossed foies, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the generall world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private partie:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the Cittie woman beares
The cost of Princes on unworthie shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his braverie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclain'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Jaq. Why I have eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessitie be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress?
Or else a rule despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thornie point
Of bare distress, that hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth civilitie: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourtire: But forbear, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Jaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you have?
Your gentleness shall force, more then your force
Move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcome to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had beene savage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne commandment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancolly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes:
If ever beene where bells have knoll'd to Church:
If ever sate at any good mans feast:
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bush, and hide my Sword.

R

Duke

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have seene better dayes,
And have with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take upon command, what helpe we have
That to your wanting may be ministred,

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And give it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a wearie steppe.
Limpt in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake evils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Du. Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappie:
This wide and vniverfall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plaies many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurseries armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oathes, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hofe well sav'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voyce,
Turning againe toward childish treble pypes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen,
and let him feed.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Give us some musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winds,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most friendship, is saying; most Loving, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly,*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefits forget:*

*Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as friend remembred not.*

Heigh ho, sing &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truely limin'd, and living in your face,
Be truely welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov'd your Father: the rescuer of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy Master is:
Support him by the arme: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not see an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or living
Within this tweluemcneth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well, push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witness of my love,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare above
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts lie charracter,
That every eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witness every where
Run, run *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *Exit.*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life *Mr. Touchstone?*
Cl.

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants mony, meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clow. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher: Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clow. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clow. Truly thou art damn'd; like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clow. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrey is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clow. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clow. Why doe not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clow. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you have us kisse Tarre? The Countiers hands are perfum'd with Civet.

Clow. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wife and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clow. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, envie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good, content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, and my Lambes sucke.

Clow. That is another simple firne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee't not damn'd for this, the divell himselfe will have no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

Cor. Heere comes young M. Ganimed, my new Mistress Brother.

Enter Rosalinde.

Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,
no Jewell is like Rosalinde,
His worth being maim'd on the wnde,
through all th' World beares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face be kept in minde,
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clow. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Our Foole.

Clow. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde.
Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be kinde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loves prick, & Rosalinde.

This is the very false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clow. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you be halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clow. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sifter reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is unpeopled? Noe:
Tongues Ile hang on every tree,
that shall civill sayings see.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.
Some of violat'd vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend,
But upon the fairest bowes,
or at every sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that roade, to know
The quintessence of every sprite,
heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven Nature chang'd,
that one body should be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently disill'd

*Helens cheeks, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Majestie :
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of many parts,
by Heavenly Synode was devis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches dearest pris'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slave.*

Ref. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious hemilie of Love have you wearied your parishioners withall, and never cride, have your parishioners withall, and never cri'de, have patience good people.

Cel. How now ! backe friends: Shepheard go off a little: go with him firrah.

Clo. Come shepheard, let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses ?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare the Verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ref. I was seaven of the nine dayes out of wonder, before you came : for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree ; I was never so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this ?

Ref. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore, about his neck : change you colour ?

Ref. I pre'thee who ?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete ; but Mountaines may be remoov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, till me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complection, dost thou thinke though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discoverie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace : I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle : either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat ? Or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankfull ; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tript up the *Wrastlers* heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the divell take mocking : speak : sadde brow, and true maid :

Cel. I'faith (*Coz*) tis he,

Ref. *Orlando* ?

Cel. *Orlando*.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou saw'st him ? What sayde he ? How look'd he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he heere ? Did he aske for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? And when shalt thou see him againe ? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first : 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell ? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he *Wraisted* ?

Cel. It is as easie to count *Atomies* as to resolve the propositions of a Lover : but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd *Acorne*.

Ref. It may well be call'd *Ioves tree*, when it droppes forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a sight ; it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee : it curvettes unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake : sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me ont. Soft, comes he not neere ?

Ref. 'Tis he, sinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your companie, but good faith I had as lief have beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I : but yet for fashion sake I thanke you too, for your societie.

Iaq. God bny you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loves name ? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of ?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are full of prety answers : have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wives, & cond the out of rings.

Orl. Not so : but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied you questions.

Iaq. You have a nimble wit ; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know no faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. He tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melanchollie.

Ref. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lackie, and under that habit play the knaue with him: do you heare For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (rester.

Ref. I pray you, what i't a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o'day: ther's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every houre would detect the lazie foote of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no meanes sir; Time travels in divers paces, with diverse persons: He tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

Orl. I prethee, whom doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven yeare.

Orl. Who ambles time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lackes Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gownt: for the one sleepe easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily, because he feelles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wastefull Learning; the other knowing no burthen of hevie tedious penurie. These time ambles withall.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee goe as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soone there:

Orl. Whom staies it still withall?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you pretty youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Connie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ref. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an old religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many Lecturs against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall,

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall evils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principall, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with carving *Rosalind* on their borkes; hangs Odes upon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsell, for he seemes to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Love-shak'd, I pray you tell me your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ref. A leane cheek, which you have not: a blew eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard, is a younger brothers revennew) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untide, and every thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as loving your selfe, than seeming the Lover of any other. (I Love.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeve

Ref. Me beleeve it? You may asloone make her that you Love beleeve it, which I warrant she is apter to do, than to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in love, as your rimes speake?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Love is meerely a madnesse, and I tell you, deserves as well a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in love too: yet I professe curing it by counsell.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastick, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I drave my Suter from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madnes, which was to forswear the full streame of the world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your Liver as cleare as a found sheeps heart, that there shal not be one spot of loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, yonth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would. but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my Coar, and wooe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tell mee where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Will you goe?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: Come sister will you goe?
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clow. Come apace good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

And. Your features, Lord warrant us: what features?

Clow. I am heere with thee, and thy Goates, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Iove in a thatch'd house.

Clow. When a mans verses cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, understanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetically.

And. I do not know what Poetically is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clow. No truly: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne.

And. Do you wish then that the Gods had made mee Poetically?

Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

And. Would you not have me honest?

Clow. No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

And. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clow. Truly, and to cast away honestie upon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an uncleane dish.

And. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

Clow. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; fluttishness may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I have beene with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple us.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

And. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clow. Amen. A man may if he weare of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even so poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are well met. Will you dispatch us heere under this tree, or shall we goe with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clow. I will not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must bee given, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceed: Ile give her.

Clow. Good even good M. what ye call: how doe you Sir, you are verie well met: godild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, even a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be cover'd.

Iaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clow. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falkon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Iaq. And will you (being a man of your breeding) bee married under a bush like a begger? Get you to Church, and have a good Priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but joyne you together, as they joyne Wainscot, then one of you will prove a shrunke pannel, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clow. I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with me.

And let me counsell thee.

Clow. Come sweete *Audrey*,

We must be married, or we must live in baudrey: Farewell good M. *Oliver*: Not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver* leave me not behind thee: But winde away, be gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantasticall knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celis.

Rof. Never talke to me, I will weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Rof. But have I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

Rof. His very haire

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses: Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

Rof. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Chessnut was ever the onely colour:

Rof. And his kissing is as full of sanctitie, As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of chaste lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of chastitie is in them.

Ros. But wy did he sweare he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do thinke him as concave as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him sweare downeright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of a Lover is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmers of false reckonings, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke we of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oathes, and breakes them bravely, quite trawers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that spurres his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you have oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of love, Whom you saw sitting by me on the Turfe, Praying the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Love, And the red glow of scorne and prowd disdain, Goe hence a little and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let us remove, The sight of Lovers feedeth those in love: Bring us to this sight, and you shall say Ile prove a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe* Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness; the common executioner Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you sterner be Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flie thee, for I would not injure thee: Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers. Now I do frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to swoound, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers: Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarre of it: Leane but upon a rush, The Cicatrice and capable impresseure Thy Palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be neere)

You met in some fresh cheek the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That Loves keene arrowes make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not, As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

Ros. And why I pray you? who might bee your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you

Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:

Must you be therefore proud and pittilesse?

Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?

I see no more in you then in the ordinarie

Of natures sale-work: 'ods my little life,

I thinke she meanes to tangle mine eyes too:

No faith proud mistresse, hope not after it,

'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of creame

That can entame my spirits to your worship:

You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,

You are a thousand times a properer man

Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you

That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:

'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,

And out of you she sees her selfe more proper

Then any of her lineaments can shew her:

But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees

And thanke heaven, fasting for a good mans love;

For I must tell you friendly in your care,

Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:

Cry the man mercie, love him, take his offer,

Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yeere together, I had rather heare you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees false in love with your foulness, & shee'll

Fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast

As she answers thee with frowning lookes, ile saunce

Her with bitter words: why looke you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,

For I am false then vowes made in wine:

Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:

Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sister : Shepherdesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flocke,

Exit.

Phe. Deed Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah : what sayst thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where ever sorrow is, reliefe would be :
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in love ,
By giving love your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love, is not that neighborly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousnesse :
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee love,
But since that thou canst talke of love so well,
Thy company, which earst was irksome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too :
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plentious crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harvest reapes: loofe now and then
A scattered smile, and that Ile live upon. *(while?)*

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoketo mee yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I a ske for him,
'Tis but a peevishe boy, yet hee talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare :
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion : and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it up :
He is not very tall, yet for his yeares hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little ripen, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke : 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him : but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not : and yet
I have more cause to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me ?
He said mine eyes were blacke and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembered, scorn'd at me :
I marvel why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one : omittance is no quittance :
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius* ?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it strait :

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Silvius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am so : I doe love it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhomi-
nable fellowes, and betray themselves to every moderne
censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which
is emulation : nor the Musicians, which is fantastickall;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud : nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politicke;
nor the Ladies, which is nice : nor the Lovers, which
is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com-
pounded of many simples, extracted from many objects,
and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my travells, in
which my often rumination, wraps me in a most humo-
rous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traveller : by my faith you have great reason
to be sad : I feare you have sold your owne Lands, to see
other mens; then to have seene much, and to have nothing,
is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather
have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make
me sad, and to travaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Orl. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verse. *Exit.*

Ros. Farewell Mounsier Traveller: looke you lispe,
and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your
own Countrie: be out of love with your nativity, & almost
chide God for making you that countenance you are;
or I will scarce thinke you have swam in a Gundello. Why
how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while? you
a lover? and you serve me such another trick, never
come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my
promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in love? he that will
divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a
part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love,
it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him eith' shoul-
der, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my
sight, I had as leife be woo'd of a Snaille.

Orl. Of a Snaille?

Ros. I, of a Saale : for though he comes slowly, hee
carries his house on his head; a better joynture I thinke
then you make a woman : besides, hee brings his destinie
with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: which such as you are faine to be be-
holding to your wives for: but he come armed in his for-
tune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker : and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Ros. Come, wooe me, wooe mee : for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent : What would you say to me now, and I were your very, verie *Rosalind*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke:

Orl. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse : verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warne us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could bee out, being before his beloved Mistris?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite.

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I doe.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney : the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not any man dyed in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a love cause : *Troilus* had his braine dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet hee did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bene for a hot Midlommer-night, for (good youth) hee went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was drown'd, and the foolish Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Sestos. But these are all lies, men have dyed from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kil me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, Fridayes and Saterdayes, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing : Come sifter, you shall bee the Priest, and marrie us : give me your hand *Orlando* : What doe you say sifter?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too : will you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runnes before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have posselt her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever : No, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they wooe, December when they wed : Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives : I will be more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey : I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, and I will doe that when you are dispos'd to bee merry : I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wife.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to doe this : the wiser, the waywarder : make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement : shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole : stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed,

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excuse that?

Ros. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there : you shall never take her without her answer, unlesse you take her without her tongue : O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalind* I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clocke I will be with thee againe.

Ros. I, goe your wayes, goe your wayes : I knew what you would prove, my freinds told me as much, and I thought no lesse : that flattering tongue of yours wonne mee : 'tis but one call away, and so come death : two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull : therefore beware my censurè, and keepe your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind* : so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : adieu.

Exit.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sexe in your love-prate :

prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathoms deepe I am in love: but it cannot be founded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse; that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him be judge, how deepe I am in love: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orland*: Ile goe finde a shaddow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would do well to set the Deares hornes upon his head, for a branch of victorie; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

*What shall he have that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the borne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clocke? And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you with pure love, & troubled braine.

Enter Silvius.

He hath tane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle *Phoebe*, bid me give you this: I knew not the contents, but as I guesse By the sterne brow, and waspish action Which she did use, as she was writing of it, It beares an angry tenure; pardon me, I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all: Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners, She calls me proud, & that she could not love me Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will, Her love is not the Hare that I did hunt, Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phoebe* did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremitie of love. I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That her old gloves were one, but twas her hands: She has a hufwifes hand, but that's no matter: I say she never did invent this letter, This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine Could not drop forth such giant rude invention, Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet: Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read. Art thou god, in Shepheard turn'd?

That a maidens heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus.

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Read. Why, thy godhead laid apart,

War'st thou with a womans heart?

Did you ever heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eye

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did love,

How then might your prayers move?

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knows this love in me:

And by him scale up thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my love denie,

And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard,

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserves no pittie: wilt thou love such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false strings upon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her: (for I see Love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her: That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

know)

Olv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you Where in the Purlies of this Forrest, stands.

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place, downe in the neighbor bottome
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, bring you to the place :
But at this houre the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres : the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister : But the woman low
And browner then her brother : are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Orl. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin ; are you he ?

Ref. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Orl. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food off sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell : he threw his eye aside,
And marke what object did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were mofs'd with age,
And high rop bald with drie antiquitie :
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his backe ; about his necke
A greene and guiled snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threates approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but sodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under whose bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with udders all drawne drie,
Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre ; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead :
This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother :

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnaturall
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was unnaturall.

Ref. But to *Orlando* : did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse ?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe and purpos'd so :
But kindnesse, nobler ever then revenge,
And Nature stronger then his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the Lyonnesse :
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ref. Was't you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I : but 'tis not I : I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by :

When from the first to last betwixt us two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
In briebe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love.
Who led me instantly unto his Cave ;
There stript himselfe, and heere upon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting upon *Rosalinde*.
Breefe, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this storie, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in his blood, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do looke on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it ; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recovers.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll leade you thither :

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth : you a man ?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I doe so, I confesse it :

Ah, firra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited ; beigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was passion of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I doe : but yfaith, I should have beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler : pray you draw homewards : good sir, goe with us.

Oli. That will I : for I must beare answer backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ref. I shall devise something : but I pray you commend my counterfeting to him : will you goe ?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Cl. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemen saying.

Cl. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-tux*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis : he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Cl. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Andrey*.

And. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee be couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Five and twenty Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wife?

Will. I sir, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying: The foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to cate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to cate, and lippes to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Col. Then learne this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drinke being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse* for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Col. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in Steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policy: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Andry*, trip *Andry*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And loving woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you persever to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with me, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I estate upon you, and heere live and die a Shepheard.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your wedding be to morrow: thither will I Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you, Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ref. God save you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ref. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeves me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ref. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ref. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrafonicall bragge, of, I came, saw, and overcame. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, have they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heaviness, by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in having what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inso much (I say) I know you are: neither doe I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleeve from you, to doe your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you please, that I can doe strange things: I have since I was three yeare old convert with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so neere the heart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ref. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ref. I care not if I have: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you: You are there followed by a faithfull shepheard, Looke vpon him, love him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty and obferbance, All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all obferbance: And so am I for *Thebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Or. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ref. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to love you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman, Ile meet: so fare you well: I have left you commands

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Or. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Cl. To morrow is the joyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Au. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cl. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y' faith, and both in a tune like two gipfies on a horse.

Song.

*It was a Lover, and his lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That a're the greene corne feild did passe,
In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crown'd with the prime.
In spring time, &c.*

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These pretty Countryfolks would ly.
In spring time, &c.*

*This Carrol they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.*

Cl. Truly youg Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very vntunable.

1. *Pa.* you are deceiv'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Cl. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celis.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleeeve *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Or. I sometimes do beleeeve, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our compact is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*, You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere? (hir.

Du. Sr. That would I, had I kingdomes to give with

Ref. And you say you will have her, when I bring hir?

Or. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Ref. You say, you'l marry me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I dy the houre after.

Ro. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ref. You say that you'l have *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

S

Ref.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
 Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
 You yours *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
 Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
 Or else refusing me, to wed this shepheard:
 Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'll marry her
 If she refuse me, and from hence I go
 To make these doubts all even. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du. Se. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
 Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Or. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
 But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
 And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies, by his vncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iag. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of very strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flattred a Lady, I have bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have vndone three Tailors, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Iag. And how was that tane up?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Iag. How seventh cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il favor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du. Sen. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious
Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Iag. But for the seventh cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seventh cause?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seven times removed: (beare your body more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome: and so to the lie circumstantiall, and the lie direct.

Iag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not give me the lie direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted.

Iag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lie.

Clo. O sir, we quarrell in print, by the booke: as you have bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fifth, the Counterchecke quarrellsome: the sixth, the Lye with circumstance: the seventh, the Lye direct: all these you may avoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may avoide that too, with an If. I knew when seven Iustices could not take up a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen, Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made eaven
 asone together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from Heaven brought her,
 Tea brought her hether.

That thou mightst joyne his hand with his,
 Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.

To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Or. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my love adieu.

Ros. Ile have no Father, if you be not he:

Ile have no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not she.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To joyne in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you, no crosse shall part;

You and you, are heart in heart;

You, to his love must accord,

Or have a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selves with questioning:

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great *Innos* crowne,

O blessed bond of boord and bed:

'Tis *Hymen* peoples every towne,

High wedlocke then be honored:

Honor, high honor and renowne

To *Hymen*, God of every Towne.

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
 Even daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Phe.

Pho. I will not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day,
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mighty power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let us do those ends
That heere were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happie number
That have endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with us,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignity,
And fall into our Rusticke Revelry:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' Measures fall.

Iag. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Iag. To him will I: out of these convertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learp'd:
You to your former Honor, I bequeath;
Your patience, and your vertue, well deserves it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
You to your land, and love, and great allies:
You to a long, and well-deserved bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths vi'tuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Iag*, stay.

Iag. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
He stay to know, at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed, we will begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'll end in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue:
but it is no more unbandsome, then to see the Lord the
Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush,
'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to
good wine they do use good bushes: & good plaies prove
the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case
am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can-
not insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am
not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not
become mee. My way is to conjure you, and He begin
with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love
you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please
you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare
to women (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you
hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play
may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many
of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that
lik'd me, and breaths that I desir'd: And I am sure,
as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid
me farewell. *Exeunt.*

FJNJS.

S 2





THE

Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostesse, Christopher Sly.

Begger.



Le pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stokes you rogue.

Beg. Yare a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucapallabris*, let the world slide: *Sessia*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by *S. Ieronimy*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answer him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles asleep.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curie is imbest, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how *Silver* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not lose the dogge for twenty pound.

Hun. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried upon it at the meekest losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eecho* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and looke unto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hun. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breathe?

Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine imagel Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What thinke you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. *Hun.* Beleeve me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

2. *H.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest: Carry him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete: Procure me *Mulicke* ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound: And if he chance to speake, be ready straight (And with a low submissive reverence) Say, what is it your Honor will command: Let one attend him with a silver Bason Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands. Some one be ready with a costly suite, And aske him what apparel he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe, And that his Lady mournes at his diseafe, Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames, For he is nothing but a mighty Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir, It wil be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

1. *Hun.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lor. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpettis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Travelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Servingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lor. Bid them come neere: Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Pla. We thanke your Honor.

Lor. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. *Pla.* So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lor. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well: I have forgot your name: but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sir. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (over-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You breake into some merry passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one,
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him dress'd in all suites like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeifance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He beare himselfe with honourable action
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such duty to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy have not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being clost convey'd)
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile give thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.

I know the boy will well usurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,
Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.*

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. *Ser.* Wilt please your Lordship drink a cup offack?

2. *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con-
serves?

3. *Ser.* What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor
Lordship: I ne're dranke facke in my life: and if you giue
me any Conserves, give me conserves of Beefe: ne're ask
me what raiment Ile weare, for I have no more doub-

les then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no
more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then
shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-
ver-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor.

Oh that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-
stopher Sly*, old Slies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a
Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.
Aske *Murrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee
know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the force for
sheere Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christen
dome. What I am not bestraught: here's—

3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourne.

2. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacy. (house
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreames:
Looke how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy becke.

Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick.*
And twenty caged Nightringales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we will bestrow the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harnesses studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as
As breathed Stags: I flecter then the Roe. (swift

2. *M.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedg's hid,
Which seeme to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee so, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As lively painted, as the deed was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight thal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanly the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Lady farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. *Man.* And till the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious fouds ore-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dreame? Or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smell sweet favours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:

Oh how we joy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speake of all that time?

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten our of doore,
And raile upon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *Ma.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen,

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marry I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam,

Beg. *Alice* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies.

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time seem's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, ser-vants leave me and her alone:
Madam undresse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, untill the Sun be set.

For your Physitians have expressly charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil
therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marry I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

ty, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufte.

Beg. What, household stufte?

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'l see't:

Come Madame wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall ne're be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nursery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbar dy*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arr'n'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Heere let us breath, and happily institute
A courie of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincenzio's co-ne of the *Bentivolij*,
Vincenzio's sonne, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Vertue and that part of Philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with faciety seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle maister mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophy.
Onely (good maister) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so devote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ovid*; be an out-cast quite abjur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you have,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie use, to quicken you,
The mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serves you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In brieve sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou advise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Maister some shew to welcome us to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine & Bianca,
Gremio a Pantallowne, Hortensio a Shuiter to Bianca.
Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katherine*,

Because

Because I know you well, and love you wel,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

Kat. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,

Unlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kat. I faith sir, you shall never neede to feare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole.

Hor. From all such divels, good Lord deliver us.

Gre. And mee too, good Lord.

Tra. Husht maister, heres some good pastime toward,
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Luc. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behaviour and sobriety.
Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said Maister, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne're thelesse my girle.

Kat. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why.

Bia. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my company,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Hearke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her up
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolv'd:
Go in *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaisters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberrall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing up,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*.

Kat. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha.

Gre. You may go to the divels dam: your guifts are
so good here's none will holde you: Their love is not
so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides:
Farewell: yet for the love I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
wherin the delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I Signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd
parle, know now upon aduice, it toucheth us both: that
we may yet againe have accesse to our faire Mistris, and

be happie rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one
thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a divell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a divell: Think'ft thou *Hortensio*, though
her father be very rich, any a man is so verie a foole to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience and
mine to endure her lewd alarums, why man there bee
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them,
would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this ondition; To be whipt at the hie crosse every
morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it
shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping
Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest
free for a husband, and then have too't afresh: Sweet
Bianca, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest,
gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best
horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would throughly
wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house
of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That love should of a fodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idleness,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I achieve not this young modest gyrl:
Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love touch'd you, nought remaines but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beaultie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great love to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister,
Began to scold, and raise up such a storme?
That mortall cares might hardly endure the din,

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to move;
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you love the Maide;
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a mide at home,
And therefore has he closely meud her up,

Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with sisters.

Luc. Ah *Tanio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not advis'd, he tooke some care
Together cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it *Tranio*.

Tra. Maister, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-maister,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countermen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or maister: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be maister, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and servants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Coulord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slave, 't'achieue that maide.
Whose sodaine fight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are
you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your cloathes,
or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis notime to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to save my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came ashore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was defried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I faith boy, to have the next wish af-
ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptista's* yongest daugh-
ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your maisters, I ad-
vise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in

all places else, your maister *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one 'mong these wooers: if thou aske me why,
Sufficieth my reasons are both good and waighy.

Exeunt. The Presenters above speakes.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lad. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a very excellent peece of worke, Madame
Lady: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. *Verona*, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approved friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Grum. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there any
man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Grum. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir?

Pet. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaves pate.

Grum. My Maister is growne quarrellsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith sirrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares.

Grum. Helpe mist'ris helpe, my maister is mad.

Pet. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all
at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray? Con-
tutti la core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla vostra casa ben venuto molto honorato signior mio
Petruchio.

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-
ly sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his maister so,
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A fencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the rascall knocke upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: spake you not
these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me
heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirra be gone, or take not I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heavy chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trusty pleasant servant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happy gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as scatters yongmen through the world,
To

To seeke their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is decaist,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio. Shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell;
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not with thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zuntippe*, or a worse:
She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affections edge in time. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Grn. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as
two and fifty horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so mo-
ny comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautilous.
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompany me thither.

Grn. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
tinkle scolding would do little good upon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaves, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
trickes. He tell you what sir, and she stand him but a li-
tle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
with it, that shee shall have no more eyes to see withall
then a Car: you know him not sir.

Hor. Tarry *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,

For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Jewell of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds hee from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearst,
That ever *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shal have accessse vnto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the Curst, have got a husband.

Grn. *Katherine* the curst,
A riddle for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-maister
Well scene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And vn suspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Grn. Heere's no knavery. See, to beguile the old folkes
how the yong folkes lay theirs head together. Mai-
ster, maister, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Gremio*, it is the rivall of my Love.
Petruchio stand by a while.

Grn. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.
Hearke you sir, Ile have them very fairely bound,
All bookes of Love, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberality

Ile mend it with a Largeesse. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very wel perfum'd,
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her?

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd;
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Grn. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Assie it is.

Pet. Peace sirra.

Hor. Grn. mum: God save you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promise to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaister for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I have lighted wel
On this yong man: For learning and behaviour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye:

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promise me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in duty
To faire *Bianca*, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shal prove.

Grn. And that his bags shal prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentle nan whom by chance I met

Vpon

Vpon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo ourst *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowrie please,
Gre. So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Maisters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?

Pet. Borne in *Verona*, old *Buzonios* sonne:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:

But if you have a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shall haue me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gre. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her,

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?

Have I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with windes,

Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?

And heavens Artillerie thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battell heard

Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That gives not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As will a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

Gre. For he feares none.

Gre. *Hortensio* hearken:

This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,

And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bio. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meame?

Tra. Even he *Biondello*.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No: if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'll know,
That she's the choise love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Maisters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more suture have, and me for one.
Fairst *Ledaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* have,
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke us all.
Lu. Sir give him head, I know hee'l prove a Iade.

Pet. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to aske you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptistas* daughter?

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.

Pet. Sir understand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all access of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you breake the ice, and do this seek,

Atchieve the elder: let the yonger free,

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say well, and well you do conceive,
And since you do profess to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slacke, in signe wherof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoone,
And quaffe carowfes to our Mistresse health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Benvenuto*.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bia. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your selfe,
To make a bondmaide and a slave of me,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy suters heere I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Beleeve me sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyest, Is't not *Hortensio*?

Bion. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shall have him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do envie me so?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while;

I prethee sister *Kate* untie my hands.

Ka. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her.*

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes :
Goply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a divellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kat. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd,

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? Bianca get thee in. Exit.

Kat. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will goe sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was never Gentleman thus greiv'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruccio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous?

Bap. I have a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*,

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior Gremio, give me leave.

I am a gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That bearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnessse
Of that report, which I so oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerina*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her.
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but what I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. *Petruccio* is my name, *Antonio*'s sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale *Petruccio*, I pray let us that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Baccaro*, you are mervay-
lous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine bee
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbours: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that have bene
More kindly beholding to you then any

Freely give unto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinks you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Citye here,
Do make thy selfe a suitor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolve unknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,
I heere bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes,
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray:

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vinsencio*.

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selves,

Pet. Signior Baptista, my businesse asketh haste,
And everie day I cannot come to wooe,
You know my father well, and in him me,
Left folie heire to al his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowrie shall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she survive me
In all my Lands and Leases whosoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreame gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy bee thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words.

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'll sooner prove a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient divellish spirit)

Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:

And with that word she stroke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Rascall, Fidler;

And twangling Iacke, with twenty such vild tearmes,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lusty Wench

I love her ten times more then ere I did,

Oh how I long to have some chat with her.

Ba. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,

She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes:

Signior *Petruchio*; will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

Exit. Maist Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her heere.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,

She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:

Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere

As morning Roses newly washt with dew:

Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility,

And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me packe, Ile give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:

If she deny to wed, Ile crave the day

When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.

But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kat. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me *Katerina*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,

And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,

Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-dainty *Kate*,

For dainties are all *Kates*; and therefore *Kate*

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

My selfe am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kat. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you
hether

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first

You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A joy'd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kat. No such lade sir as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kat. To light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my waight should be.

Pet. Should be, should: buzze.

Kat. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too
angry.

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kat. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare
his sting? In his taile.

Kat. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kat. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kat. That Ile trie. *She strikes him*

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kat. So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kat. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A comlesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kat. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven

Pet. Nay come *Kate*; come; you must not looke so
fowre.

Kat. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
fowre.

Kat. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kat. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kat. Well ay'm'd of such a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kat. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kat. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kat. I chafe you if I tatter. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I finde report a very liar,

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a scanke,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?

Oh slanderous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kat. Go foole, and wham thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Diana* become a Grove

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate,

O be thou *Diana*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wife?

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife: your dowry greced on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter *Baptista*, *Gremio*, *Traymo*.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild *Kat* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other household *Kates*:

Heere comes your father, never make deniall,
I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?)

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my

Pet. How but well sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shewed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her:

If she be curst, it is for pollicy,
For she's not troward, but modest as the Dove,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon sonday is the wedding day.

Kat. He see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.)

Gre. Harke *Petruchio*, she sayes she'll see thee hang'd

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then godnight our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd twixt us twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to beleve
How much she loves me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee wi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her love.

Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your hands,
God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra*. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu;
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit *Petruchio*, and *Katherine*.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so sodainely?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. I was a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling, thou canst not love so deare as I

Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both (trife,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Biancas* love.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *sirian* tapestry;
In luory cofers I have stufte my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linen, Turkey cushions bott with pearle,
Valiens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasie, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the paille,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I dye to morrow this is hers,
If whil't I live she will be onely mine.

Tra. That onely came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my Fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
He leave her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one

Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Offruitfull land, all which shall be her joynter.
What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in *Marsellis* roade:

What, have I choakt you with an Argosie?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasse
And twelve tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more,
And she can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out vied.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,

T

She

She is your owne, else you must pardon me :
If you should dye before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavill : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men dye as well as old ?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On sonday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married :

Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance :

If not, to Signior *Gremio* :

And so I take my leave, and thanke you both. *Exit.*

Gre. Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee not :

Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To give thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy,

An old Italian foxe is not so kind my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten :

'Tis in my head to doe my master good :

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,

And that's a wonder : fathers commonly

Do get their children : but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
Have you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall ?

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is

The patronesse of heavenly harmony :

Then give me leave to have prerogative,

And when in Musicke we have spent an houre,

Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Ass that never read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd :

Was it not to refresh the mind of man

After his studies, or his usuall paine ?

Then give me leave to reade Philosophy,

And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braves of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choyce :

I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,

Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,

But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,

And to cut off all strife : heere sit we downe,

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,

His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune ?

Luc. That will be never, tune your instrument,

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Heere Madam : *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tel-
lus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-
centio*, *hic est*, sonne unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tel-
lus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that
Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tranio*,
regia, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile
the old Pantaloun.

Hort. Madam, my instruments 'in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble jarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat si-
mois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia telus*, I trust you not,
hic steterat priami, take heed he heare us not, *regia* pre-
sume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base I have that jars.

Luc. How fiery and forward our *Pedant* is,
Now for my life that I have doth court my love,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet :
In time I may beleave, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax* call'd to from his grandfather.

Hort. I must bekeve my Master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Lusio* to you :
Good master take it not unkindly pray

That I have bene thus pleasant with you both.

Bian. You may goe walke, and give me leave a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath bene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamoth long agoe.

Hor. Yet reade the gamoth of *Hortensio*.

Bian. Gamoth I am, the ground of all accord :
Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion :

Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

(*fave*, that loves withall affection :

D solve, one Cliffe, two notes have I,

Elami, show pittie or I dye.

Call you this gamoth ? tut I like it not,

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice

To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leave your
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber up, (bookes,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I have no cause to stay.

Hort. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale :

Seize thee that List, if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and o-
thers, attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law :
What will be said, what mockery will it be ?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage ?
What sayes *Lucentio* to this shame of ours ?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes and proclaime the banes,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had never seene him though.
Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girl, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio's* com-
Bap. Is he come? (ming?)

Bio. Why no sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bio. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old newes?

Bio. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an
old jerkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire
of bootes that have bene candle-cases, one buckled, an-
other lac'd: an old rusty sword tane out of the Towne
Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleffe: with two
broken points: his horse hip'd with an old mothy sad-
dle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides posselt with the
glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the
Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls
sped with Spavins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure
of the Fives, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne
with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten,
neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-cheek Bitte, and a
headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to
keepe him from stumbling, hath bene often burst, and
now repaired with knots: one girth fixe times peec'd, and
a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for
her name, fairely set dowee in studs, and heere and there
peec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd
like the horse: with a linnen stocke on one leg, and a
kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and
blew list; an old hat, and the humor of forty fancies prickt
in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell,
and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odde humor prickts him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come now howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came (backe.)

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by *S. Iany*, I hold you a penny, a horse and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinks you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or unusuall prodigy?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided:
Fye, doffe this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemne festivall.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife:
And sent you hither so unlike your selfe?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to disgresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her.
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeve me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words.)

Pet. Good sooth even thus: therefore ha done with
To me she's married, not unto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a lovely kisse.

Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the event of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But sir, Love concerneth us to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before I imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vscentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with content.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:

'Twere good me-thinks to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Lisio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom comming home?

Gre. A bridegroome say you? tis a groomer indeed,
A grumbling groomer, and that the girle shall find.

Tra. Curstier then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a devill, a devill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a devill, a devill, the devils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Dove, a foole to him:

He tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,

I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,

And as he stoop'd againe to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them up quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose up againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore.

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him:

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if

He had bene aboard carowling to his Mates

After a storme; quast off the Muscadell,

And threw the fops all in the Sextons face:

Having no other reason, but that his beard

Grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske

Him fops as he was drinking: This done, he tooke

The Bride about the necke, and kist her lips

With such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting,

All the Church did eccho: and I seeing this,

Came thence for very shame, and after me,

I know the rout is comming; such a mad marriage

Never was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels
play. *Musicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thanke you for your
I know you thinke to dine with me to day, (paines,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore heere I meane to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,

You would intreat me rather goe then stay:

And honest company, I thanke you all,

That have beheld me give away my selfe

To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,

Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kate. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. *Gremio*, my horse.

Gre. I sir, they be ready; the Oates have eaten the
horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,

No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,

The dore is open sir, there lyes your way,

You may be jogging whiles your bootes are greene:

For me, He not be gone till I please my selfe,

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groomer,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner.

I see a woman may be made a foole

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,

Obeey the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, revell and domineere,

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang you selves:

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,

My horse, my ox, my asse, my any thing,

And heere she stands, touch her who ever dare,

He bring mine action on the proudest he,

That stops my way in Padua: *Gremio*

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeves,

Rescue thy Mistrisse if thou be a man:

Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,

He buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should dye with laugh-

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistrisse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bride-

For to supply the places at the table, (groomer wants

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Gremio.

Exeunt.

Gre. Fye, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, and

all foule wayes: was ever man so beaten? was ever man

so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to

make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them:

now were not I a little pot, and soone hot; my very lips

might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the rooffe of my

mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire

to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my

selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I

will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gre. A peece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist

slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no

greater

grater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my Master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Grn. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Grn. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Grn. Am I but three inches? Why thy horse is a foot and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feece; to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Grn. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy duty, and have thy duty, for my Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Grn. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Grn. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire within, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee what newes.

Grn. First know my horse istired, my master and mistress false out. *Cur.* How?

Grn. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Grn. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Grn. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feece a tale, not to heare a tale.

Grn. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listening: now I begin, Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Grn. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Grn. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that never prai'd before: how I cryed, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall dye in oblivion, and thou returne unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

Grn. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugersop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, lot them curtseie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horie-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Grn. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you must meet my maister to countenance my Mistress.

Grn. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Grn. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or five serving men.

Grn. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ios. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nath. How now old lad.

Grn. Welcome you: how how you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neate?

Nat. All things are ready, how neere is our master?

Grn. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—— Cockes passion, silence, I heare my Master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What no man at doore To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir: You logger-headed and unpollisht groomes: What? no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grn. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swaine, yon horson malt-horse drudge, Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke, And bring along the rascall knaves with thee?

Grn. *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made, And *Gabriels* pumpes were all unpink'th heele: There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat, And *Walters* dagger was not come from theathing: There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*, The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly, Yet as they are, they come to meete you.

Pet. Goe rascalls, goe and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.* Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*.

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter servants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweet *Kate* be merry. Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awry, Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. Be merry *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence, And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither: One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water? Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily: You horson villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave :
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you have a stomacke,
Will you give thankes, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I ?
What's this, Mutton ?

1. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate :
What dogges are these ? Where is the rascall Cooke ?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :
You heedlesse jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.
What, doe you grumble ? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh :
Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'l fast for company.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grn. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continen-
cy to her, and railes, and sweare, and rates, that she (poore
soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to
speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away,
away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing empty,
And till she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never lookes upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient :
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not :
As with the meate, some undeserved fault
Ile find about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile sling the pillow, there the bouldster,
This way the Coverlet, another way the sheetes :
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her still awake :
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor :
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio, and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend *Liso*, that mistress *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of histeaching.

Enter Bianca.

Lut. Now Mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolve me that ?

Lut. I reade, that I professe the Art to love.

Bian. And may you prove sir Master of your Art.

Lut. While you sweet deere prove Mistress of my
heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tell me I pray, you
that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*
Lov'd me in the World so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightfull Love, unconstant womankind,
I tell thee *Liso* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Liso*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to be,
But one that scornes to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion ;
Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lightnesse,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca*, and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Never to wooe her more, but doe forswear her
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like unfained oath:
Never to marry with her, though she would intreat,
Eye on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworne
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainefull Haggard,
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their Beauteous lookes
Shall win my love, and I take my leave,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Lovers blessed case :
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
And have forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you jest, but have you both forsworne
me ?

Tra. Mistress we have.

Lut. Then we are rid of *Liso*.

Tra. I faith he'll have a lusty Widdow now,
That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. I, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole : what is there such a place ?

Tra. I mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biandello.

Bian. Oh Master, master, I have watcht so long,
That I am dogge-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient Angell comming downe the hill,
Will serve the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biandello*.

Bian. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surly like a father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He make him glad to see me *Vincensio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincensio*.
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome.

Travaille you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,

But then up farther, and as farre as Rome,

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marry God forbid,

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke

For private quarrell 'twixt your Duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvaile, but that you are but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I have bills for mony by exchange

From Florence, and must heere deliver them.

Tra. Well sir, to doe you courtesie,

This will I doe, and this I will advise you.

First tell me, have you ever beene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa have I often beene,

Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincensio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,

This favor will I doe you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes

That you are like to Sir *Vincensio*.

His name and credite shall you undertake,

And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,

Looke that you take upon you as you should,

You understand me sir: so shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the City:

If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I doe, and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you understand,

My father is heere look'd for every day,

To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage

'Twixt me, and one *Baptista* daughter heere:

In all these circumstances he instruct you,

Goe with me sir to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherine, and Grumio.

Gr. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my fathers doore,

Vpon intreaty have a present almes,

If not, elsewhere they meete with charity:

But I, who never knew how to intreate,

Nor never needed that I should intreate,

Am starv'd for meate, giddy for lacke of sleepe:

With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,

And that which spights me more then all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love:

As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate

'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.

I prethee goe, and get me some repast:

I care not what, so it be holtsome foode.

Gr. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kat. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me have it.

Gr. I feare it is too phlegmaticke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broy'd?

Kat. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gr. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kat. A dish that I doe love to feede upon.

Gr. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kat. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

Gr. Nay then I will not, you shall have the Mustard

Or else you get no beece of *Grumio*.

Kat. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gr. Why then the Mustard without the beece.

Kat. Goe get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

Bouts him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meate,

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus upon my misery:

Goe get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my *Kate*, what sweeting all a mort?

Hor. Mistris, what cheere?

Kat. Faith as cold as can be.

Petr. Plucke up thy spirits, looke cheerefully upon me.

Heere Love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet *Kate*, this kindnesse merites thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not:

And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.

Heere take away this dish.

Kat. I pray you let it stand.

Petr. The poorest service is repaide with thanks,

And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kat. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:

Come Mistris *Kate*, he beare you company.

Petr. Eate it up all *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me:

Much good doe it unto thy gentle heart;

Kat. eate apace; and now my hony Love,

Will we returne unto thy Fathers house,

And revell it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, and double change of brau'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.

With hast thou din'd? The Tailor stales thy leasure,

The decke thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a trick, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kate. Ile have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you ate gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no child, no babe,
Your betters have indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pye,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let us see't,
Oh mercy God, what masking stuffe is heere?
What this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi cannon,
What, up and downe caru'd like an apple-Tart?
Heeres snip, and nip, and cut, and slash and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:

Why what a devils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. I see shees like to have neither cap nor growne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me over every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it: hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. Shee laves your Worship meanes to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous arrogance:
Thou lye'st, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my Master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grn. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuffe.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grn. Marry sir with needle and thred.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grn. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Grn. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave
not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto the,
I bid thy Master cut but the gowne, but I did not bid
him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tai. Why here is the note of the fashion to testifie.

Pet. Reade it.

Grn. The note lyes in's throte if he say I said so.

Tai. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Grn. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gowne, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-
tome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Grn. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunke sleeve

Grn. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villany.

Grn. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded
the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up againe, and
that Ile prove upon thee, though thy little finger be ar-
med in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where
thou should know it.

Grn. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give
me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he shall have no
oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Grn. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Goe take it up unto thy masters use.

Grn. Villaine, not for thy life: Take up my Mistresse
gowne for thy masters use.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grn. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for:
Take up my Mistris gowne to his masters use.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid:
Goe take it hence, be gon, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no unkindnesse of his hasty words:

Away I say, commend me to thy Master. *Exit Tai.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers,
Even in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:

For 'tis the minde that makes the body rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darke'st clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the lay more precious then the Larke,

Because his feathers are more beautifull?

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith:

To feast and sport us at thy fathers house,

Goe call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walke on foote.

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seven a clocke,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there:

Pet. It shall be seven ere I goe to horse:

Looke what I speake, or doe, or thinke to doe;

You

You are still crossing it, first let's alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clocke I say it is.
Hor. Why so: this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twenty yeeres agoe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but first here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were schoold.

Tra. Feare you not him: first *Biondello*,
Now doe your duty throughly I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptista*: set your countenance fir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: and Pedant booted
and bare headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: first by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighy cause
Of love betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I fir upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be assid and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have many servants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
Ann haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you sir
There doth my father ly: and there this night

Weele passe the businesse privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presently,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:

Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready
straight:

And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio Father is arrived in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio* wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart:

Exit.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,
We come, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*?

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon
you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behind
to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-
kens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the de-
ceiving Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the sup-
per.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your
command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a coun-
terfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum privile-
gio ad imprimendum solum*, to th' Church take the Priest,
Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
It this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an
afternoone as she went to the Garden for Parsetey to
stufte a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my
Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid
the Priest be ready to come against you come with your
appendix.

Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fa-
thers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone:

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight
now.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kat. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and thar's my selfe,

It

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Evermore croft and croft, nothing but croft.

Hor. Say as he sayes, or we shall never goe,

Kat. Forward I pray, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what your please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the Moone.

Kat. I know it is the Moone.

Pet. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sunne,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moone changes even as your mind:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy wayes, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
And not unluckily against the Bias: (run,
But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell me sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What starres doe spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.

Kat. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the Parents of so faire a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Alots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Pet. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That have beene so bedazled with the sunne,
That every thing I looke on seemeth Greene:
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Doe good old grandfire, and withall make known
Which way thou travellest, if along with us,
We shall be joyfull of thy company.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I have not scene.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arrivall be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travailors to breake a jest
Vpon the company you overtake?

Hor. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Pet. Come goe along and see the truth hereof.
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. *Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:
Have to my Widdow, and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is
out before.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flye *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee
at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*

Bion. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, and
then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio
with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir heeres the doore, this is *Lucentio* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you goe,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here?
And by all likelyhood some cheere is toward. *Knocke.*

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke
lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two
to make merry withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, he
shall need none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloved in
Padua: doe you heare sir, to leave frivolous circumstan-
ces, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is
come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with
him.

Ped. Thou liest, his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes, if I may beleieve her.

Pet. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-
very to take upon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleieve a meanes to
cofen some body in this City under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have scene them in the Church together, God
send'em good shipping: but who is heere? mine old Ma-
ster *Vincentio*: now we are undone and brought to no-
thing.

Vin. Come hither crack hempe.

Bion. I hope I may choole Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forget
me?

Bion. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for
I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou never
see thy Masters father, *Vincentio*?

Bion.

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marry sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeed? *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Peda. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controversie.

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my servant?

Vin. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortal Goddes: oh fine villaine, a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I play the good husband at home, my sonne and my servant spend all at the vniuersity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what concernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, pray what doe you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onely sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! oh he hath murdered his Master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carry this mad knave to the laile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he bee forth comming.

Vin. Carry me to the laile?

Gre. Stay officer, he shall not goe to prison.

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I say he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be conicatcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not sweare it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all done.

Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet sonne?

Bia. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*.

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine.

While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*?

That fac'd and braved me in this matter to?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bion. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca*'s love

Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Vnto the wished haven of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my selfe ensorft him to;

Then pardon him sweet Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would have sent me to the laile.

Bap. But do you heare sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reveng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kat. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Pet. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kat. What in the midst of the streete?

Pet. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kat. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Pet. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's away.

Kat. Nay, I will give thee a kisse, now pray thee Love stay.

Pet. Is not this well? come my sweet *Kate*.

Better once then never, for never too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and Widdow:
The Serving men with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils overblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfe same kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving Widdow:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to close our stomackes up
After our great good cheere: pray you sit downe,
For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* leaves his Widdow.

Hor. Then never trust me if I be affoord.

Pet. You are very fencible, and yet you misse my fence:

I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid.

Wid. He that is giddy thinkes the world turnes round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceives her tale.

Petr. Very well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddy thinkes the world turnes round.

I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A very meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her Widdow.

Pet. A hundred markes, my *Kate* doe put her downe.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer : ha to thee lad.

Drinke to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes ?

Gre. Beleeve me sir, they But together well:

Bian. Head, and but an hasty witty body,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you ?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun : Have at you for a better jest or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Pet. She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio*,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-bound,

Which runnes himsele, and catches for his Master,

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe :

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. A has a little gald me I confesse :

And as the left did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,

I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crownes.

Pet. Twenty crownes.

Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,

But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me:

Bio. I goe.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile have no halves : Ile beare it all my selfe,

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes ?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ? she's busie, and she cannot come : is that an answer ?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too :

Pray God sir your wife send you not a worfe.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit Biondello.

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then she must needs come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated : Now, where's my wife ?

Bion. She sayes you have some goodly left in hand,

She will not come : she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worfe and worfe, she will not come:

Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd :

Sirra *Gremio*, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me.

Exit.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam heere comes *Katerina*,

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me ?

Pet. Where's your sister, and *Hortensio*'s wife ?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parlor fire.

Pet. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,

Swindge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is : I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marry peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,

An awfull rule, and right supremacy :

And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio* ;

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde

Vnto their losses twenty thousand crownes,

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had never becne.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives

As prisoners to her womanly perswasion :

Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it underfoote.

Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly passe.

Bian. Fye what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too :

The wisdom of your duty faire *Bianca*,

Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katerine I charge thee tell these head-strong wo-

men, what duty they doe owe their Lords and hus-

bands.

Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have no telling

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy governour.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire buds,
And in no fence is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soveraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold
Whil'ft thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, fullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart is great, my reason haply more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Latines are but straws:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a weach: Come on, and kisse me
Kate.

Luc. Well go thy wayes old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Win. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, wee'll to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

Hort. Now go thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

FJNJS.

V



All's



ALL'S VVell, that Ends VVell:

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN delivering my sonne from mee, I burie a second husband.

Ref. And in going Madam, weepe ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his majesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it up where it wanted, rather then lacke it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceffe, but onely the losing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were living, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilfull enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortallitie.

Ref. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ref. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions she inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an uncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations goe with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse, she derives her honestie,

and atcheeves her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approches her heart, but the tirany of her sorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, goe too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to have——

Hel. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentations is the right of the dead, excessive griefe the enemy to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemy to the griefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall.

Ref. Madam I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrams*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then use and keepe thy friend Under thy owne lifes key. Be cheekt for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy hand. Farewell my Lord, 'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven bleffe him: Farewell *Bertram*, *Exit.*

Ref. The best wishes thrt can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Hel. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams*. I am undone, there is no living, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I should love a bright particular starre, And thinke to wed it, he is so above me In his bright radience and collaterall light,

Must

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hinde that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for love. 'I was pretty, though a plague
To see him every houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eye, his curls
In our hearts table: heart too capable
Of every line and tricke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who come here?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward,
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertue's steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folie.

I. Save you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you mediatting on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have some staine of souldier in you: I et
me aske you a question. Man is enimie to virginitie, how
may we barrocado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But heaſailes, and our virginitie though valiant,
in the defence yet is weake: unfold us some warlike re-
sistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginity from Vnderminers,
and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Vir-
gins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quick-
lier be blowne up: marry in blowing him downe againe,
with the breach yourselvemade, you lose your City. It
is not politicke, in the common-wealth of Nature, to
preserve virginitie. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall en-
crease, and there was never virgin got, till virginitie was
first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Vir-
gins. Virginitie; by being once lost, may be ten times
found: by being ever kept it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a
companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a
Virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't, 'tis against the rule of
Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to ac-
cuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedie-
ence. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie
murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out
of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against
Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheese,
consumes it selfe to the very paying, and so dyes with
feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is
pecuious, proud, ydle, made of selfe-love, which is the
most inhabited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you
cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten
yeares it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase,
and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away
with't.

Hel. How might one doe sir, to loose it to her owne
liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it
likes. 'Tis a comoditie will lose the glosse with lying:
The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis
vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like
an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly
futed, but unfuteable, just like the brooch and the tooth-
pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your
Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheek: and your
virginitie, your old virginitie, is like one of our French
wither'd peares, it looks ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a
wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a
wither'd peare, Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginitie yet:

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a soveraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitresse, and a Deare:
His humblest ambition, proud humility:
His farring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:
His faith, his sweet disaster: will a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossip. Now shall he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one yfaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which never
Returnes us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parrolles,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little Helles farewell, if I can remember thee, I
will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsier Parolles, you were borne under a charita-
ble starre.

Par. Under Mars I.

Hel. I especially thinke, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you under, that you must
needes be borne under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much back ward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When feare proposes the saf:tye, and the valour
But the composition that your valour and feare makes in
you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare
well.

Parol. I am so full of businesse, I cannot answer
thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so
thou wilt be capable of the Courtiers counsell, and un-
derstand what advice shall thrust upon thee, else thou
dye'st in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes
thee away, farewell: When thou hast leisure, say thy
praisers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell.

Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated skye
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyne like, likes; and kisse like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever stroue
To shew her merit, that did misse her love?
(The Kings disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me.

Exit.

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th'cares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported sir.

Kim. Nay tis most credible, we heere receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our Cofin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For speedy aide: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To have us make deniall.

1. Lo. G. His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

Kim. He hath answ'rd our answer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may serve
A nursery to our Gentry, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lo. G. It 'tis the Count *Rosillion* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in halt.
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesties.

Kim. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldier ship: he did looke farre
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore us out of act: It much repaires me:
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our yong Lords; but they may jest
Till their owne scorne returne to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levitie in honours:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were;
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humiility,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him: he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausive words
He scatter'd not in cares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:
(Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,)
I quickly were dissolved from my hive
To give some Labourers roome.

L. 2. E. You'r loved Sir,

They that least lend it you shall lacke you first.

Kim. I fill a place I know't, how long ist Count
Since the Phyitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kim. If he were living, I would try him yet,
Lend me an arme: the rest have worne me out
With severall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Majesty.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Con. I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-
woman.

St. Maddam the care I have had to even your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeavours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the cleannesse of our deservings, when of our selves
we publish them.

Con. What doe's this knave heere? Get you gone sirra:
the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleve,
'tis my shewnesse that I do not: For I know you lacke
not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to
make such knaveries yours.

Cl. 'Tis not unknowne to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.

Con. Well sir.

Cl. No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I have your Ladiships good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and I will doe as we may.

Con. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good wil in this case.

Con. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbells* case and mine owne: service is no heritage, and I thinke I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a my bodie: for they say bearnes are blessings.

Con. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore body Madam requires it, I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needes goe that the divell drives.

Con. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Con. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives sake.

Con. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that cares my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne the crop: if I bee his Cuckold, hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend: it men could bee contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and olde *Poyam* the Papist, how somere their hartes are feuer'd in Religion, their heades are both one, they may joule hornes together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Con. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destiny, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

Con. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speake.

Con. Sirra tell my gentewoman I would speake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* joy,
With that she sigh'd as she stood, *bis*
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be good,
among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good inten.

Con. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman borne but ore every blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Con. Youle be gone sir knave, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at a womans command, and yet nō hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forth, the businesse is for *Hellen* to come hither.

Exit.

Con. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentewoman intirely.

Con. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to me, and she her selfe without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as much love as she findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then shee demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke she wisht me, alone she was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares, shee thought, I dare vow for her, they toucht not any stranger sence, her matter was, she loved your Sonne; Fortune she sayd was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might onely, where qualities were levell, Quene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it.

Con. You have discharg'd this honestie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the baillance, that I could never beleeeve nor misdoubt: pray you leave mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old, Con. Even so it was with me when I was young: If ever we are natures these are ours, this thorne Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong Our blood to us, this to our blood is borne, It is the show, and seale of natures truth, Where loves strong passion is imprest in youth, By our remembrances of daies forgon, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none, Her eie is sicke on't, I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Con. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother.

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother That you start at it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene Adoption strives with nature, and choise breeds A native slip to us from forraine seedes: You ne're oppress me with a mothers groane, Yet I expresse to you a mothers care, (Gods mercie maiden) doe it curd thy blood To say I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

—— Why, that you art my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Old. Con. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honoured name :
No note upon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassall die :
He must not be my brother.

Ol. Con. Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,
So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Con. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse I now I see
The mistrie of your lovelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all fence 'ts grosse :
You love my sonne, invention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton to th'other, and thine eyes
See it is so grossly shovne in thy behaviors,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe :
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heaven shall worke in me for mine availe
To tell me truly.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Con. Do you lioue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Con. Love you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you love him Madam?

Con. Goe not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note : Come, come, disclose :
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your
Sonne :

My frinds were poore but honest, so's my love :
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me ; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I have him, till I doe deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be :
I know I love in vaine, strive against hope :
Yet in this captious, and intenable Sive.
I still poure in the waters of my love
And lacke not to loose still ; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deere Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love
For loving where you doe ; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of living,
Wish chastly, and love deere,ly, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and love, O then give pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to loose ;
That seekes not to finde that, search implies,
But riddle like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Con. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,
To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madame I had.

Con. Wherefore? tell true.

Hell. I will tell true, by grace it selfe I sweare :
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soveraigntie : and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More then they were in note : Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approv'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Con. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to thinke of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.

Con. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receive it? He and his phisitions
Are of a minde; he, that they cannot helpe him :
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have lef off
The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth' luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leave to succeffe, I'd venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
by such a day, and houre.

Con. Doo'st thou beleev'e't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Con. Why *Hellen* thou shalt have my leave and love,
Meanes and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile stay at home
And pray Gods blessing into thy attempt :
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this;
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

*Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for
the Florentine warre : Count Rosse, and
Parrollet. Flourish Cornets.*

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell :
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope fir,

After

After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to woore honour, but to wed it, when
The bravest question shrinkes: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you serue.

Bo. Our hartes receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me. (us.

1. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord that you will stay behind

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the sparke.

2. Lo. E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I have seene those warres.

Rossil. I am commanded here, and kept acoyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.

Rossil. I shall stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Mafonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. Lo. E. I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. Lo. G. Farewell Captaine.

2. Lo. E. Sweet Monier Parolles.

Par. Noble Heroes; my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Spinio his Cicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on
his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it:
say to him I live, and obserue his reports for me.

Lo. G. We shall noble Captaine.

Par. Mars doate on you for his novices, what will ye
doe?

Ros. Stay: the King.

Par. Vle a more spaciou ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you have restrain'd your selfe within the List of too
cold an adieu: be more expresse to them; for they weare
themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true
gate; eat, speake, and more under the influence of the
most receiv'd starre, and though the diuell leade the mea-
sure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more
dilated farewell.

Ros. And I will doe so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prooue most sinewie
sword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for me and for my tidings. ¶

King. Ile see thee stand up. (pardon,

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eate no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I have seene a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to araise King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convoy my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakenesse: wil you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*.

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou took't it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,

And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your wayes.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your wayes,

This is his Majestie, say your minde to him,
A traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Majestie seldome feares, I am *Cressida* Vncle,
That dare leave two together, fare you well. *Exit.*

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow us?

Hel. I my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receipts he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his old experience, th'onelie darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have so,
And hearing your high Majestie is toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my deere fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With a ll bound humbleness.

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie
To empericks, or to disservice so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past fence we deeme.

Hel. My

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot give thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull :
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I give,
As one neer death to those that wish him live :
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedie :
He that of greatest workes is finisher.
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement shew'd,
When Iudges have bin babes ; great flouds have flow'd
From simple fources : and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great 't beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises : and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee well kind maide,
Thy paines not us'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that square our guesse by shewes :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The helpe of heaven we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors give consent,
Of heaven, nor me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostrue, that proclaime
My selfe against the levill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure,

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hopt thou my cure ?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fire torcher his diurnall ring.
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe :
Or foure and twentie times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theevish minutes, how they passe :
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hell. Taxe of impudencie,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name
Seard otherwise, no worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

King. Me thinkes in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, wherein an organ weake :
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sence saves another way :
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :
Youth, beauty, wisdome, courage, all
That happinesse and prime, can happie call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate :
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die,

Hell. If I breake time, or flinch in propriety
Of what I spoke, unpittied let me die,

And well deseru'd : not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

King. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it even ?

King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hell. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand, the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
So make the choice of thine owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye :
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust :
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some helpe here ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speci-
all, when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court ?

Clown. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any man-
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court : he that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing,
has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap ; and indeed such
a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for
me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Clown. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn but-
tocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

Clown. As fit as ten groates is for the hand of an Attorney,
as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Toby*
rush for *Toms* forefinger, as a pancake for Shrovetuesday, a
Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold
to his home, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knave,
as the Nuns lip to the Friars mouth, nay as the pudding
to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitnesse for all
questions ?

Clown. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable,
it will fit any question.

Lady. It must bee an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it : heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no
harme to learne.

Lady. To bee young againe if we could : I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-
swer.

Lady.

La. I pray you fir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord fir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord fir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke fir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord fir; nay put me too'r, I warrant you.

La. You werelately whipt fir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord fir, spare not me.

La. Doe you cry O Lord fir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord fir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too'r.

Clo. I ne're had worfe lucke in my life in my O Lord fir: I see things may serue long, but not serve ever.

La. I play the noble hufwife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord fir, why there't serves wellagen.

La. And end fir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this, And urge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne, This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much employment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Hast you agen.

Exiunt.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that wee make trifles of terrours, enconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Raf. And so 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a——

Ol. Laf. Uncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Inst you say well: so would I have said.

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noveltie to the world.

Par. It is indeed if you will have it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's sit, I would have said, the very same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: for mee I speake in respect——

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorouse spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weake——

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to

be made, then onely the recou'ry of the king, as to be——

Ol. Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you said well: heere comes the King,

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman sayes: Ile like a maide the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before me all the Lords in Court, Sit my preferuer by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue The confirmation of my promis'd guift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Fairs Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing, Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I have to vse; thy franke election make, Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris; Fall when love please, marry to each but one.

Old Fal. I'de give bay curtall, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through mee, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thanke heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest That I protest, I simply am a maide: Please it your majestie. I have done already: The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper me, We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused; Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever, Wee'l neere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly, And to imperiall love, that God most high Do my sighes streame: Sir, will you heare my suite?

1. *Lo.* And graunt it.

Hel. Thankes fir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw A deauf-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour fir that flames in your faire eyes, Before I speake too threateningly replies: Love make your fortunes twentie times above Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great love grant, and so I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take, Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake: Blessing upon your vowes, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you ere wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none have

have her : sure they are bastards to the English, the French ne're got em.

La. You are to young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure my father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteene : I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live Into your guiding power : This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her shee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige ? I shall beseech your highnesse In such a busines, give me leave to use The helpe of mine owne eyes.

King. Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for me ?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd mee from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising ? I know her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge : A poore Physitians daughter my wife ? Disdaine Rather corrupt me ever.

King. Tis onely title thou disdaint in her, the which I can build up : strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat; pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction : yet stands off In differences of mightie. If she be All that is vertuous (save what thou dislik'st) A poore physitians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name : but doe not so : From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great addition I well's, and vertue none, It is a dropied honour, Good a lone, Is good without a name ? Vilenesse is so : The propertie by what it is, should go, Not by the title. She is young, wife, faire, In these, to Nature she's immediate heire : And these breed honour : that is honours scorne, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the fire : Honours best thrine, When rather from our acts we them derive Then our fore-goers : the meere words a slave Deboish'd on every tombe, on every grave : A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said ? If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou should'st strive to choos'e.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad : Let the rest go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud scornefull boy, unworthie this good gift, That do'st in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert : that canst not dreame, We poizing us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to have it grow. Checke thy contempt :

Obeys Our will, which travailes in thy good :

Beleeve not thy disdaine, but presently

Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and our power claimes.

Or I will through thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers and carelesse lapse

Of youth and ignorance : both my revenge and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,

Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit

My fancie to your eyes, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late

Was in my nobler thoughts, most base : is now

The praised of the King, who so ennobled,

Is as 'twere borne so.

King. Take her by the hand.

Aud tell her she is thine : to whom I promise

A counterpoize : If not in thy estate,

A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King

Smile upon the contract : whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieve,

And be perform'd to night : the solemne Feast

Shall more attend upon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,

Thy love's to me Religious : else, do's erre

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commencing of this wedding.

Laf. Doe you heare Monsieur ? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ? My Lord ? my master ?

Laf. I : Is it not a Language I speake ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloudie succeding. My Master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the count *Resilian* ?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

Laf. To what is counts man : Counts maister is of another stile.

Par. You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man : to which tilde age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a pretie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy travel, it might passe : yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from beleeving thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I lose thee againe, I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that th' ourt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquitie upon thee,

Laf. Doe not plunge thy selfe too farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lattice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I looke through the. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bare thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it isto be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportble vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authoritie. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have no more pittie of his age then I would have of — Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and Master's married, there's newes for you: you have a new Mistris.

Par. I most unfaindly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue above is my Master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The diuell it is; that's thy master. Why doeest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honour, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meethink'st thou art a generall offence, and every man should beate thee: I thinke thou wait created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure my Lord.

Laf. Go to sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranar, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcie with Lords and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ros. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rosill. Although before the solemne Priest I have sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me: Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honour in a boxe unseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie here at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curvet
Of *Maries* sicrie steed: to other Regions,
France is a stable, we that dwell in't lades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: Warre is no strife
To the darke house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this *Caprichio* hold in thee, art sure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advize me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noife in it. Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so, *Exit.*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Cl. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what do's she ayle, that she's not very well?

Cl. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One that she is not in heaven, whither God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayersto leade them on, and to keepe them on, have them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Cl. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Cl. You should have sayd sir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before me th'art a knave: this had beene truth sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a wittie foole, I have found thee.

Cl. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

Cl. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,

A verie ferrious businesse call's on him :
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave a'th king,
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee ?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come firrah.

Exit Par.

Exit.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord, and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke
for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you my Lord, he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and
transgressed against his valour, and my state that way is dan-
gerous, since I cannot find in my hart to repent : Heere
he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will pursue the
amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir who's his Tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, he sir's a good worke-
man, a very good Tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king ?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will she away to night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Given order for our horse, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is some thing at the latter end of
a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uses a knowne
truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should be once
heard, and thrice beaten. God save your Captaine.

Ber. Is there any unkindnesse betwene my Lord and
you Monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my
Lords displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurres and all : like him that leapes into the Custard, and
out of it you'll runne againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I tooke him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeve this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut : the soule
of this man is his clothes : Trust him not in matter of
heavie consequence : I have kept of them tame, and know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I have spoken better
of you, then you have or will deserve at my hand, but we
must do good against evill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting, onely he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must must not marvelle *Helena* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much unsetled : This drives me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then shewe's it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seeke to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres have faild
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe : my haste is very great. Farewell :
Hie home.

Hel. Pray sir your Pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine : and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much : nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,
Strangers and foes doe sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse,

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord :
Where are my other men ? Monsieur : farewell. *Exit.*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whil't I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme :
A way, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Adus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troupe of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard
The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part : blacke and fearfull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we mervaille much our Cofin France
Would in so just a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I have found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest.

Du. Be it his pleasure.

Fren. G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Du. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell.
To morrow to the field.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Cl. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Con. By what observance I pray you?

Cl. Why he will looke upon his boote, and sing: mend
the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke his
teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of mel-
ancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
to come.

Cl. I have no mind to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our
old Ling and our *Isbella's* Country, are nothing like
your old Ling & your *Isbella's* Court: the brains of my
Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What have we heere?

Cl. In that have you there.

Exit.

A Letter.

*I have sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the
King, and undone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her, and
sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne a-
way, know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough
in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate sonne,
Bertram.*

This is not well (rash and vnbridled boy,)
To flye the favours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. O Madam, yonder is heavy newes within between
two souldiers, and my yong Lady.

La. What is the matter.

Cl. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought
he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Cl. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too't; that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your
sonne was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

Fren. G. Do not say so.

La. Thinke upon patience, pray you Gentlemen;
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to serve the Duke of Flo-
rence,

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Passport.

*When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never shall
come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am
father to, then call me husband: but in such a (then) I write a
Never.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1. *G.* I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorry for
our paines.

Old La. I prethee Lady have a better cheere,
If thou engross'st, all the greefes are thine,
Thou rob'st me of a moiety: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier!

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleev't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither?

Fren. E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,
'Tis better.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldnes of his hand happily, which
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, until he have no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourly Mistris. Who was with him?

Fren. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
have sometime knowne.

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Lady, hee.

La. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Lady the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to have.

La. Yare welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
never winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate

you written to beare along.

Fren. G. We serve you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw neere?

Exit.

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France untill he has no wife:

Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then halt thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the event

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, move the still-piercing aire

That stings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.

Who ever charges on his forward brest,

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the ravine Lyon when he roar'd

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,

As oft it looses all. I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angels offic'd all: I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To consolats thine care. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is

A charge too heavy for my strength, but Wee'l strive to beare it for your worthy sake, To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Du. Then go thou forth, And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme As thy auspicious mistris.

Ber. This very day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file, Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove A lover of thy drumme, hater of love. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her: Might you not know she would do, as she has done, By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Iaquet Pilgrim, whither gone: Ambitious love hath so in me offended, That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon With fainting vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of warre, My dearest Maister your deare sonne may live, Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre, His name with zealous fervour sanctifie: His taken labours bid him me forgive: I his despitfull Iuno sent him forth, From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to live, Where death and danger dogs the beeles of warre. He is too good and faire for death, and me, Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?

Rynaldo, you did never lacke advice so much,

As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have bene ore-tane: and yet she writes

Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall

Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,

Vnlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to heare

And loves to grant, repreeve him from the wrath

Of greatest Iustice. Write, and write *Rynaldo*,

To this unworthy husband of his wife,

Let every word waigh heavy of her worth,

That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,

Though little he doe feele it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger,

When haply he shall heare that she is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that shee

Hearing so much, will speed her foote againe,

Led hither by pure love: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sence

To make distinction: provide this Messenger:

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weake,

Greefe would have teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt.*

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come, For if they do approach the Citty, We shall loose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French Count has done Most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, That he has taken their great'st Commander, And that with his owne hand he slew The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour, They are gone a contrary way: harke, You may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe, And suffice our selves with the report of it. Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle, The honor of a Maide is her name, And no Legacie is so rich As honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour How you have bene solicited by a Gentleman His Companion.

Maria

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parrolles* a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entisements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the misery is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twiggess that threatens them. I hope I neede not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Helan.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God save you pilgrim, whither are you bound?

Hel. To *S. Jaques la grand.*

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way?

A march afaire.

Wid. I marry ist. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarry holy Pilgrime:

But till the the troopes come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse

As ampie as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay upon your leisuere.

Wid. You came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countiman of yours

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. What somere his is

He's bravely taken heere. He stole from *France*

As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely, mere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Court,

Reports but courtesly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleewe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane

To have her name repeated, all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poore Lady,

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I right good creature, wherefoere she is,

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her

A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be, the amorous Count solicites her

In the unlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:

But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard

In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Army.

Ma. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome Gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knave

That leads him to these places: were I his Lady,

I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is he melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he s'hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he has spyed us.

Wid. Marry hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring

You, Where you shall host: Of injoynd penitents

There's foure or five, to great *S. Jaques* bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me, and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,

Worthy the note.

Beb. Wee'll take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him toot't: let him have his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordship finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect,

Cap. E. On my life my Lord a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceived in him?

Cap. E. Beleewe it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an houely promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particlar action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently undertake to do.

G. E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly surprize

prize him ; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enimie : wee will binde and hoodwinke him so , that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adversaries , when we bring him to our owne tents : bee but your Lordship present at his examination , if he do not for the promise of his life , and in the highest compulsion of base feare , offer to betray you , and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you , and that with the divine forfeite of his soule upon oath , never trust my judgement in any thing.

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter , let him fetch his drumme , he sayes he has a stratagem for't : when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't , and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted , if you give him not Iohn drummes entertainment , your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O for the love of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe , let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur ? This drumme sticks forely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't , let it go , 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme ! Ift but a drumme ? A drum so lost. There was excellent command , to charge in with our horse upon our owne wings , and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service : it was a disaster of warre that *Cesar* himselfe could not have prevented , if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well , wee cannot greatly condemne our successe : some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum , but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Ber. It might , but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered , but that the merit of service is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer , I would have that drumme or another , or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke : too't Monsieur : if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem ; can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter , bee magnanimous in the enterprize and go on , I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speede well in it , the Duke shall both speake of it , and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse , even to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will undertake it.

Ber. but you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening , and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's , encourage my selfe in my certainty , put my selfe into my mortall preparation : and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord , but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant ,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership ,
Will subscribe for thee : Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Exit.

Cap. E. No more then a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord , that so confidently seemes to

undertake this businesse , which he knowes is not to bee done , damnes himselfe to do , & dares better be damnd , then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as wee doe , certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans favour , and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoveries , but when you finde him out , you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you thinke hee will make no deede at all of this that so seriously hee dooes addresse himselfe unto?

Cap. E. None in the world , but returne with an invention , and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but wee have almost imboist him , you shall see his fall to night ; for indeede hee is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere wee case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew* ; when his disguise and he is parted , tell me what a sprat you shall finde him , which you shall see this very night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twigges ,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship , Ile leave you.

Ber. Now will I leade you to the house , and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say sh's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with hir but once , And found her wondrous cold , but I sent to her By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th winde Tokens and Letters , which she did send , And this is all I have done : She's a faire creature , Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hellen , and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee , I know not how I shall assure you further , But I shall loose the grounds I worke upon.

Wid. Though my estate be false , I was well borne , Nothing acquainted with these businesse , And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Mor would I wish you.

First give me trust , the Count he his my husband , And what to your sworne counsaile I have spoken , Is so from word to word : and then you cannot By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow , Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleeeve you ,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold ,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre ,
Which I will over-pay , and pay againe
When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter ,

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beauty ,
Resolves to carry her : let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it :
Now his important blood will naught deny ,
That shee'l demand : a ring the County weares ,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From sonne to sonne , some foure or five descents ,

Since

Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,
Defies this Ring; appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent: after this
To marry her, He adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yeelded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,
That time and place with this deceit so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Múfickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds us
To chide him from our eues, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night

Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other
souldiers in ambúsh.*

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge
corner; when you fall upon him, speake what terrible
Language you will: though you understand it not your
seives, no matter: for we must not seeme to understand
him, unlesse some one among us, whom we must produce
for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaive, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not
thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linie wolsty hast thou to speake to us
again?

1. *Sol.* E'n such as you speake to me.

Lo. E. He must thinke us some band of strangers, i'th
adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all
neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one
be a man of his owne fancy, not to know what we speake
one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight
our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and
good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme
very politicke. But couch hoa, heere he comes, to beguile
two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & sweare the
lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill
be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have
done? It must bee a very plausible invention that carries
it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces have of
late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue
is too foole-hardy, but my heart hath the feare of Mars

before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of
my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue
was guilty of.

Par. What the divell should move mee to undertake
the recovery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I
must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in ex-
ploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say,
came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not
give, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe ano-
ther of *Bajazets* Mule, if you prattle mee into these pe-
rils.

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be
that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve
the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo. E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in
stratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo. E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the
Citadell.

Lo. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be
beleev'd.

Pa. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would
sweare I recover'd it.

Lo. E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarm within.

Lo. E. *Throca movensuz, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Baskas thromuldo baskas.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskys* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
He discover that, which shall undo the Florentine.

Int. *Baskas vavvado,* I understand thee, and can speake
thy tongue: *Kerehybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seventeene ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mancha revansa dulce.

Lo. E. *Ofcearhidulohor volivoro.*

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwink't as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the secrets of our campe He shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, He speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Int. *Acardo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

Exit.

A fure Alarm within.

X 3

Lo. E.

L. E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (mused)

Sol. Captaine I will.

L. E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
Inferme on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L. E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.
Exit.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fentybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument:
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a that:

I prethee do not strive against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. I so you serve us

Till we serve you: But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thornes to pricke our selves,
And mocke us with our barenesse.

Ber. How have I sworne.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that make the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holy, that we sweare not by,
But take the high't to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Loves great attribute,
I lov'd you deerely, would you beleve my oathes,
When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to love
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but unfeald
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Love is holy,
And my integrity ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy selfe unto my sicke desires,
Who then recover's. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it beginnes, shall so perfever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th world,
In me to loofe.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loofe. Thus your owne proper wisdome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber
window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. *Ex.*

Di. For which, live long to thanke both heaven & me,
You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had sworne to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would unjustly winne. *Exit.*

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. I have deliv'ed it an houre since, there is som
thing in't that things his nature: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the everlasting
displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you
shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the grave of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath perverted a young Gentlewoman
heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, and this night
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath
given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe
made in the unchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our
selves, what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so he
that in this action contrives against his owne Nobility in
his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trum-
peters of our unlawfull intents? We shall not then have
his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his
houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly have
him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We wil not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time; what heare you of those Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an overture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will hee travaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his councill.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I be a great deale of his act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony she accomplisht: and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her griefe: in fine; made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her story true, even to the poynt of her death: her death is selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap. E. I am heartily sorry that hee'l bee gladd of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your maister?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ser. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, it's not after midnight?

Ser. I have to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths lenght a peece, by an abstract of successe: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereft; buried a wife, morn'd for her, writ to my Lady mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convoy, and betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

Ser. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, has deceiv'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's fate it's stockes all night poore gallant knave.

Ser. No matter, his heeles have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship already: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be under stood, he weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his letting it's stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ser. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I beleeeve you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parrolles with his Interpreter.

Ser. A plague upon him, muffeld; he can say nothing of me: hush.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portoartarossa*.

Int. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho*.

Cap. *Babilindo chisnurmarco*.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or sixe thousand, but very weake and unserviceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders very poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ser. What a past-saving slave is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase, that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeeve hee can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ser. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature hee delivers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poore.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty,

fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fifty each: Mine owne Company, *Chisopher*, *Dummond*, *Bemij*, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassocks, least they shake themselves to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions: and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* beitt'h Campe, a Frenchman: wh at his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertnesse in warres; or whet her he thinkes it were not possible with-wellwaighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of theintergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Butchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Inter. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowfie.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so upon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to me this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I have his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. *Diana*, the Countess afoote, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it up againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int. Let when he swears oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he swears, he never payes the score:

Halfewon is match well made, match and well make it,

He now payes after-debts, take it before,

And say a souldier (*Dian*) said shee this:

Adon are to melt with, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Count a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine care,
Parrolles.

Ber. He shall bee whipt through the Amy with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may live:

Int. Wee'll see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and ravishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubility, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's everie thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villany so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I need not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Carduec he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaille from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumaine*?

Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crowat'h same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in evill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey, marry in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, only to seeme to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition

sition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let mee see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends:

So looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for France.

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'de compell it of you, but fare you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Int. If you could finde out a Country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more, But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live: who knowes himselfe a braggart Let him feare this; for it will come to passe, That every braggart shall be found an Ass. Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* live Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive; There's place and meanes for every man alive. Ile after them.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety: for whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele. Time was I did him a desired office Deere almost as his life, which gratitude Through flinty Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, His grace it *Marsellis*, to which place We have convenient convoy: you must know I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband hies him home, where heaven ayding, And by the leave of my good Lord the King, Wee'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughters dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive

And helper to a husband. But O strange men, That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When sawcy trusting of the cosin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away, But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*, Under my poore instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer, When Briars shall have leaves as well as thornes, And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away, Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revivues us, All's well that ends well, still that fines the Crowne; What ere the course, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene alive at this houre, and your sonne heere at hom, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-rail'd humble Bee I speake of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh and cost mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

La. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may picke a thousand fallers ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Cl. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the faller, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knave, they are nose-hearbes.

Cl. I am no great *Nabuchadnezzar* sir, I have not much skill in grace.

La. Whether dost thou professe thy selfe, a knave or a foole?

Cl. A foole sir at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

La. Your distinction.

Cl. I would coufen the man of this wife, and do his service.

La. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Cl. And I would give his wife my bauble sir to do her service.

La. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Cl. At your service.

La. No, no, no.

Cl. Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

La. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Cl. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomy is more hotter in France then there.

La. What prince is that?

Cl. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkenesse alias the divell.

La. Hold thee, there's my purse, I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serve him still.

Clow.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the maister I speake of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to bee too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a weary of thee and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be well look'd to, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes upon em sir, they shall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authority hee remaines here, which he thinkes is a patten for his sawcinesse, and indeed he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was upon his returne home. I moved the King my maister to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minprity of them both, his Majesty out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe up the displeasure he hath conceived against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With very much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

La. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellis*, of as able body as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath feldome fail'd.

La. I rejoyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shal beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what Manners I might safely be admitted.

La. You neede but pleade your honourable priviledge.

La. Lady of that I have made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there be a scar under't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

La. A scarre nobly got:
Or a noble scarre, is a good liv'ry of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

La. Let us go see
Your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier.

Clo. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus,

*Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with
two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding positing day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it.
But since you have made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affaires,
Be bold you do to grow, in my requitall,
As nothing can unroote you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Asstranger.

This man may helpe me to his Majesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God save you sir!

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not false.
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his use.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so adverse, and meanes unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it:
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make us meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
provide. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good M. *Lavatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir mudded in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Col. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but stuttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee allow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I speake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further. *Pa.*

Par. Pray you deliver me this paper.

Cla. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to give to a Nobleman. Looke heere hee comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Cla. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mulcat, that ha's falne into the uncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, use the Carpe as you may, for hee lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her seife is a good Lady, & would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a Cardeme for you: Let the lustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word.

Laf. You begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Perelles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave, dost thou put upon mee at once both the office of God and the diel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knave, you shall eate, go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kim. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege, And I beseech your Majesty to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, Ore-bears it, and burnes on.

Kim. My honour'd Lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say, But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes: whose words all eares tooke captive, Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kim. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then oblivion, we do burie Th' incensing reliques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender; and informe him So 'tis our will he should

Gent. I shall my Liege.

Kim. What sayes he to your daughter, Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kim. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't

Kim. I am not a day of season, For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile In me at once: But to the brightest beames Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth, The time is faire againe.

Bar. My high repented blames Deere Sovereigne pardon to me.

Kim. All is whole, Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward topt For we are old, and on our quick't decrees Th' inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord?

Bar. Admiringly my Liege, at first I stucke my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, Which warpt the line of every other favour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne, Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object Thence it came. That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe, Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

Kim. Wel excus'd: That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: but love that comes too late, Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried To the great sender, turnes a sower offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults, Make triuiall price of serious things we have, Not knowing them, untill we know their grave. Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust, Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust: Our owne love waking, cries to see what's done, While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone. Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*, The maine consents are had, and heere we'll stay To see our widdowers second marriage day: Which better then the first, O deere heaven blesse, Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cease.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name Must be digested: give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

Kin. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her if her fortunes ever stooode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would relevee her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I have seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her lives rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood inag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the overture, she ceast
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. Plains himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in natures mylerie more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gave it to you selfe in bed,
Where you have never come: or sent it us
Vpon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honor,
And mak'st conjecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so.
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to belevee,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shal taxe my feares of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Sovereigne.

Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five removes come short,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse looks in her
With an importing visage, and shee told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was
dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Ref.
sitten a Widower, his vowe is forfeited to mee, and my
honors payed to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave,
and I follow him to his Countrey for Justice: Grant it me, O
King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and
a poore Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet,

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a feare, and toke
him for this. He none of him.

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee *Lafes*,
To bring forth this discoury, seeke these tutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Helen* (Lady)
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

Kin. I wonder sir, wives are such monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My suite, as I do understand, you know,

And therefore know how farre I may be pittied
Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

Kin. Come hither Count, do you know these Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie

You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vowe, and those are mine:
You give away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prove your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my Lord,
Aske him upon his oath, if he do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe:

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.

Doe not beleeeve him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.

Bona. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of fixe preceding Ancestors, that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to 'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Rings's a thousand proofes.

Kin. Me thought you said
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his name's *Parrolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

Kin. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ref. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ref. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in tancies course
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her insuit comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.

Ref. I have it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dia. Sir much like the same upon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ref. My Lord, I doe confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
(Which on your just proceeding, Ile keepe off)
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath beene an
honorable Gentlemen. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.

Kin. Come, come, to'th purpose: Did he love this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how!

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her sir, and lov'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a Knave and no Knave, what an equi-

vocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your 'Majesties com-
mand.

Laf. He's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughty O-
rator.

Dia. Doe you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes to please your Majesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loved her, for in-
deed he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou hast spoken all already, unlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy evidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easie glove my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I doe not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou tell me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. Ile never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By love if ever I knew man 'twas you.

Kin. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:

He knowes I am no Maid, and he'll sweare too't:

Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,

I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he never barn'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feelles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,

Y

'Tis

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heere's your letter : this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne ?

Ref. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine; and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother, doe I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon :
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee : Let thy curtisies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and he pay thy dower.
For I can guesſe, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keepst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Refoldv'dly more leasure shall expresse :
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

THe Kings a Begger, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Content : which we will pay,
Wish strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Exeunt omni.

FJNJS.



Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Give me excesse of it : that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall :

O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a banke of Violets ;
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea . Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But fallies into abatement, and low price,
Even in a minute ; so full of shap'es is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastickall.

Cur. Will you goe hunt my Lord ?

Du. What *Curio* ?

Cur. The Hart.

Du. Why so I doe, the Noblest that I have :
O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her ?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid doe returne this answer :
The Element it selfe, till seven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view :
But like a Cloytresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chambers round
With eye-offending brine : all this to season
A brothers dead love, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
These soveraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one selfe same king :
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor's.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria Lady.

Vio. And what should I doe in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd : What thinke you saylors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saved.

Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance.
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boate : I saw your brother
Most provident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Maile, that liv'd upon the sea :
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold :
Mine owne escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country ?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres travaile from this very place ?

Vio. Who governs heere ?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a moneth ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones doe, the lesse will prattle of)
That he did seeke the love of faire *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That did some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also did : for whose deere love
(They say) she had abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world

Y 2

Till

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kind of suite,
No not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Capitaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleve thou hast a mind that suites
With this thy faire and outward character.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on,

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to
life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier
a nights: youe Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you must confine your selfe within the
modest limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:
these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so be
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-
selves in their owne straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be her

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke? (wooe.

Ma. I be.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducats a yeere.

Ma. I, but he'll have but a yeare in all these ducats:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fye, that you'll say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-gam-
boys, and speakes three or foure languages word for
word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel-
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly
have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and subtrac-
tors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that adde moreover, he's drunke nightly
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drinke
in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not
drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a
parish top. What wenich? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here
comes Sir Andrew Ague face.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now Sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost,

And. What's that?

To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

An. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistris Mary, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
her, wooe her, assaile her.

An. By my troth I would not undertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Mar. Fareyouwell Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst never draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might never
draw sword agen; Faire Lady, doe you thinke you have
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by'th hand.

An. Matry but you shall have, and heeres my had.

Mar. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Meta-
phor?

Mar. It's dry sir.

An. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Ma. A dry jest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now
I let goe your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

Tob. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canary: when
did I see thee so put downe?

And. Never in your life I thinke, unlesse you see Ca-
nary put downe: me thinkes sometimes I have no more
wit then a Christian, or an ordinary mans ha's: but I
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleve that does harme
to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride
home to morrow sir Toby.

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight?

An. What is purquoy? Doe, or not doe? I would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing
dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the
Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that have mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my

An. But it becomes me well enough, dost not? (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: and I hope
to see a hufwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece will
not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of me:
the Count himselfe here hard by, wooes her.

To. She'll none o'th Count, she'll not match above her
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I have heard her
swear. Tut there's life in't man.

And.

And. He stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest mind i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawfes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walke should be a Tigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Revels?

To. What shall we doe else: were we not borne under *Taurus*?

And. *Taurus*? That sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is legges and thighes: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentino, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vis. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant sir, in his favours?

Val. No beleve me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vis. I thanke you: here comes the Count.

Duk. Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

Vis. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario*, Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the booke even of my secret soule. Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her, Be not deny'd access, stand at her doores, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vis. Sure my Noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds, Rather then make unprofitable returne.

Vis. Say I doe speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Duk. O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a Nuntio's of more grave aspect.

Vis. I thinke not so, my Lord:

Duk. Deere Lad, beleve it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres, That say thou art a man: *Diana* lip Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and found, And all is semblative a womans part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affaire: some foure or five attend him, All if you will: for I my selfe am best When least in company: prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vis. He doe my best

To wooe your Lady: yet a barre full strife, Where I wooe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady wil hang thee for thy absence.

Cl. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to feare.

Mar. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where that saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Cl. Where good mistris *Mary*?

Mar. In the warres, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Cl. Well, God give them wisdome that have it: and those that are fooles, let them ute their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Cl. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

Mar. Your are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt in good faith, very apt: well goe thy way, if sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* flesh, as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, your were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that thinke they have thee, do very oft prove fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what sayes *Pyriapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Cl. Doe you not heare fellowes, take away the Lady.

Ol. Goe too, y'are a dry foole: He no more of your besides you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults *Madona*, that drinke and good counsell will amend: for give the dry foole drinke, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himselfe, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the Roacher mend him; any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertue that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beautie's a flower; The Lady had take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not morley in my braine: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a foole.

Ol. Can you doe it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good *Madona*.

Ol. Make your prooffe.

Clo. I must catechize you for it *Madona*, Good my Mouse of vertue answer me.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your prooffe.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his foule is in hell, *Madona*.

Ol. I know his foule is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brothers foule, being in heaven. Take away the foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall doe, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decaies the wife, doth ever make the better foole.

Clo. God send you sir, a speedy Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworne that I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for twopence that you are no foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall: I saw him put downe the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: unlesse you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wifemen, that crow so at these set kind of foolles, no better then the foolles Zanies.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-love *Malvolio*, and taste with a dissemper'd appetite. To be generous, guilelesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he doe nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though he doe nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of foolles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Eye on him. Goe you *Malvolio*; if it be a suite from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it. *Exit Malvo.*

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, love cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-water*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cofin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cofin, Cofin, how have you come so carely by this Lethargy?

Tob. Letchery, I desie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the divell and he will, I care not: give me faith say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a mad man: One draught about heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Goe thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sit o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: he's drown'd: goe looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet *Madona*, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seemes to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Lady, he's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and he sayes he'll stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speake with you.

Ol. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing water, betwene boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speakes very shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vaille: come throw it ore my face, We'll once more heare *Orsino's* Embassie.

Enter Viola.

Vis. The honorable Lady of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vis. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty. I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let me so-staine no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister vface.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vis. I can say little more then I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that

I may proceede in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

Ol. If I doe not usurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you doe usurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestow, is, not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to study it, and tis Poëticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keepe it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gon: if you have reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you boyft sayle sir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady; tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you have some hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as a maiden-heard: to your eares, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone.

We will heare this divinity. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady.

Ol. A comfortable doctring, and much may be said of it. Where lyes your Text?

Vio. In *Oryfines* bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Ol. O, I have read it: it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Have you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and shew you the picture. Look you sir, such a one I was this present: list not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers scedules of my beauty. It shall be Inventoried and every particle and vtenfile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent red, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item one necke, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:

But if you were the divell, you are faire:

My Lord, and master loves you: O such love Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareill of beauty.

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares, With groanes that thunder love, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainelesse youth; In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; But yet I cannot love him: He might have tooke his answer long agoe.

Vio. If I did love you in my masters flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life: In your deniall, I would find no sence, I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate, And call upon my soule within the house, Write loyall Cantons of contemned love, And sing them lowd even in the dead of night: Hollaw your name to the reverberate hilles, And make the babbling Gossip of the ayre, Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pity me.

Ol. You might doe much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord: I cannot love him: let him send no more, Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe, To tell me how he takes it; Fare you well: I thanke you for your paines: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feede-poast, Lady; keepe your purse, My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence. Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love. And let your fervour like my Masters be, Plac'd in contempt: Farwell sayre cruelty.

Exit.

Ol. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a Gentleman. He be sworne thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit, Doe give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft, Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinkes I feele this youths perfections With an invisible, and subtle stealth To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your service.

Ol. Runne after that same peevish Messenger The Counts man: he left this Ring behind him, Would I, or not: tell him, He none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, He give him reasons for't: bye thee *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Ol. I doe I know not what, and feare to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:

Fate

Fate, shew thy force, our selves we doe not owe.
What is decreed, must be : and be this so.

Finis, Actus primi.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antonio, and Sebastian.

An. Will you stay no longer : nor will you not that I goe with you?

Seb. By your patience, no : my starres shine darkely over me ; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may beare my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir, my determinate voyage is meere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in : therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe : you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodrigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre : if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

An. Alas the day!

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautifull : but though I could not with such estimable wonder over-farre believe that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call faire : Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

An. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

An. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undoe what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me : I am bound to the Count *Orsino's* Court, farewell. *Exit.*

An. The gentlenesse of all the gods goe with thee :

I have many enemies in *Orsino's* Court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there :

But come what may, I doe adore thee so,

That danger shall seeme sport, and I will goe : *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at severall doors.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Olivia*?

Viola. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might have saved me my paines, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come againe in his affaires, unless it be to report your Lords taking of this : receive it so.

Viola. She tooke th: Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peevishly threw it to her : and her will is, it should be so return'd : If it be worth stooping for, there it lyes, in your eye : if not, be it his that finds it. *Exit.*

Viola. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?

Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her :

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That sure me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speake in starts distractedly.

She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger :

None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none?

I am the man, if it be so as tis,

Poore Lady, she were better love a dreame :

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes :

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we be :

How will this fadge? My master loves her deerely,

And I (poore monster) fond as much on him :

And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me :

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my maisters love ;

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Toby. Approach Sir *Andrew* : not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Dilculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd Canne, To be up after midnight, and to goe to bed then is early : so that to goe to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements?

An. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler ; let us therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I lay, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my hearts: Did you never see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapiani* passing the Equinoctiall of *Queenbus* : twas very good yfaith : I sent thee sixpence for

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity: for *Malvolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaidons are no bottle-ale houses.

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a tetrill of me too: if one knight give a-

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

To. A love song, a love song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistress mine where are you roming?

O stay and heare, your true loves coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further pretty sweeting.

Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Every wise mans some doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love, 'tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure.

Indelay there lies no plenty,

Then come kisse me sweet and sweetly:

Tonshs a stufte will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall we rowze the night-Owle in a Catch that will drawe three foules out of one Weaver? Shall we doe that?

And. And you love me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

And. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee Knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwallowing doe you keepe heere? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, never trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a Peg-a-ramfic, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I contanguinous? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so doe I too: he does it with a better grace, but I doe it more naturall.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the love o' God peace.

Enter Malvolio,

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Doe yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voyce? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catches. Snecke up.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman; she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your mildemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes doe shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him goe?

Clo. What and if you doe?

To. Shall I bid him goe, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steew. ard? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S. *Anns*, and Ginger shall be hot y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A slope of Wine *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Ladyes favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this uncivill rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

Exit.

Mar. Goe shake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drinke when a mans a hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night; Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Mounseur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I doe not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, doe not thinke I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can doe it.

To. Possesse us, possesse us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason; deere knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The div'll a Puritane that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Affe, that Cons State without booke, and utters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge find notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou doe?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a device.

An. I hav't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt d

To

that they come from my Neece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour,

An. And your horse now would make him an Ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you : I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall find the Letter : observe this construction of it : For this night to bed, and dreame on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

To. Good night *Penthesilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight : Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I doe not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile goe burne some Sacke, tis too late to goe to bed now : Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musicke; Now good morrow, friends Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night ; Me thought it did releeve my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here (to please your Lordship) that should sing it.

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Lady *Olivias* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke plays.*

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love In the sweet pangs of it, remember me ; For such as I am, all true Lovers are, Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the feare Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly, My life upon't, yong though thou art, thine eye Hath staide upon some favour that it loves : Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your favor.

Du. What kind of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeares my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him : So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart : For boy, however we doe praise our selves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirme, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne, Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Love be yonger then thy selfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent : For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre Being once displaid, doth fall that very houre.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so : To dye, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio, and Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night : Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine ; The Spinners and the Knitters in the Sun, And the free maids that weave their thred with bones, Doe use to chant it : it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Clow. Are you ready Sir?

Du. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

*Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laid,
Flye away, flye away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maid.*

*My shroud of white, stucke all with Em, O prepare
My part of death no one so true did share it. (u.)*

Not a flower, not a flower sweet

On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne :

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne :

A thousand thousand sighes to save, lay me O where

Sad true lover never find my grave, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clow. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Clow. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Du. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy mind isa very Opall. I would have men of such constancy put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*

Du. Let all the rest give place : Once more *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same soveraigne cruelty :

Tell her my love (more noble then the world)

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune :

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot love you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her :

You tell her so : Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liver, but the Gallar,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that love a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment like a worne i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a Greene and yellow melancholly,
She sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at griefe. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we prove
Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

Du. But did thy sister of her love my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I thinke'st the Theme,

To her in haste? give her this Jewell: say,
Thy love can give no place, bide no deny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man; you know he brought me out
of favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting here.

To. To anger him wee'd have the Beare againe, and
we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *An-*
drew?

An. And we doe not, it is pittie of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
Nettle of *India*?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Malvolio's*
comming downe this walke, he has bene yonder i'th
Sunne practising behaviour to his owne shadow this halfe
houre: observe him for the love of Mockery: for I know
this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Close
in the name of jesting, lyethou there: for heere comes
the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once
told me she did affect me, and I have heard her selfe come
thus neere, that should she fancy, it should be one of my
completion. Besides she uses me with a more exalted

respect, then any one else that followes her. What should
I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*,
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fye on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blowes him.

Mal. Having bene three moneths married to her,
sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Velvet gowne: having come from a day bed, where I
have left *Olivia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after
a demure travaile of regard: telling them I know my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
kinsman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
winde up my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell:
Toby approaches; eurties there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from us with cares,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controull.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes?
then?

Mal. Saying, Cofine *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast
me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech:

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenesse.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's me I warrant you:

Mal. One sir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many doe call me foole.

Mal. What employment have we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these be her
very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes she her
great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her C's, her V's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknowne belov'd, this, and my good Wishes:
Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the im-
pression her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to scale: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liver and all.

Mal.

Mal. Love knows I love, but who, Lips doe not move, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee *Malvolio*?

To. Marry hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lover's knife,
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O. A. I.* doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M.O. A. I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall capacity. There is no obstruction in this, and the end; What should that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M.O. A. I.*

To. O I, make up that, he is now at a cold seat.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Malvolio, M.* Why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curte is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. I, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. *M.O. A. I.* This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: *If this fall into thy hand, revolve.* In my Starres I am above thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeve greatnesse, and some have greatnesse thrust upon em. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy selfe into the trickes of singularity. Shee thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortunes fingers Farwell. Shee that would alter services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion discovers not more: This is open, I will be proud, I will reade politicke Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I doe now foole my selfe, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. Shee did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stocking, and crosse garter'd

even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Love, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, I will appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deare my sweet, I prethee. Love* I thanke thee, I will smile, I will doe every thing that thou wilt have me.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my neble gull-catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o' my necke?

An. Or o' mine either?

To. Shall I play my fredome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke upon him?

To. Like *Aqua-vita* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, marke his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as she is, that it cannot but turne him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent divell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Viola, and Clowne.

Vis. Save thee Friend and thy Musicke: dost thou live by the Tabor?

Cl. No sir, I live by the Church.

Vis. Art thou a Churchman?

Cl. No such matter sir, I doe live by the Church: for, I doe live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Vis. So thou maist say the King lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church,

Cl. You have said sir: To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vis. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Cl. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vis. Why man?

Cl. Why sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeed words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vis. Thy reason man?

Cl.

Clo. Troth fir, I can yeeld you none without words, and words are growne so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so fir, I doe care for something: but in my conscience fir, I doe not care for you: if that be to care for nothing fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed fir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole fir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the husbands the bigger, I am indeed not her foole, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery fir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sunne, it shines every where. I would be sorry fir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon mee, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *love* in his next commodity of haire, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within.

Clo. Would not a paire of these have bred fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* fir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you fir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great fir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within fir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might say Element, but the word is over-worne. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, And to doe that well, craves a kinde of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit: But Wife mens folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter fir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you fir.

And. *Dieu vous guard Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous, ausie vostre serviteure.*

And. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece fir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges fir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges doe better understand me fir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my legges.

To. I meane to goe fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but wee are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine Odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voyce Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand fir.

Vio. My duty Madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servants name, faire Princess.

Ol. My servant fir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complement: y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* (youth.)

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.

I bad you never speake againe of him;

But would you undertake another suite

I had rather heare you, to solicit that,

Then Musicke from the spheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My selfe, my servant, and I feare me you:

Vnder your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you thinke?

Have you not set mine Honor at the stake,

And baited it with all th'unmazed thoughts

That tyrannous heart can thinke? to one of your receiuing

Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,

Hides my poore heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for tis a vulgar prooffe

That very oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clacke strikes.

The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time.

Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you;

And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lyes your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

You'l nothing Madame to my lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkest of me?

Vio. That you doe thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murderous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then love that would seeme hid: Loves night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing.

I love thee so, that managre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide :
 Doe not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I wooe, thou therefore hast no cause :
 But rather reason thus, with reason fetter ;
 Love fought, is good : but given unfought, is better.

Uio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
 And that no woman has, nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu good Madam, never more,
 Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst move
 That heart which now abhorres, to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a jot longer :

Tob. Thy reason deere venom, give thy reason.

Fabian. You must needs yeeld your reason, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Marry I saw your Neece doe more favours to the
 Counts Serving-man, than ever she bestow'd upon me :
 I saw't i'th Orchard.

Tob. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that ?

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fabi. This was a great argument of love in her toward
 you.

And. S'light ; will you make an Ass of me ?

Fabi. I prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of
 judgement, and reason.

Tob. And they have beene grand Jury men, since before
Noah was a Saylor.

Fabi. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your fight,
 onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour
 to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver :
 you should then have accosted her, and with some excel-
 lent jests (fire-new from the mint) you should have bang'd
 the youth into dumbnesse : this was look'd for at your
 hand, and this was baulkt : the double guilt of this oppor-
 tunity you let time wash off, and you are now faild into
 the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
 like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, unless you doe re-
 deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
 policy.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
 policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

Tob. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of
 valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him
 hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it,
 and assure thy selfe, there is no love-Broker in the world,
 can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman,
 than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew.*

And. Will either of you beare me a chalenge to him ?

Tob. Go, write it in a martiall hand, be curst and briefe:
 it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of
 invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
 thou'lt him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-
 ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the

sheete were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in England,
 set 'em downe, goe about it. Let there be gall enough in
 thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no mat-
 ter : about it.

And. Where shall I find you ?

Tob. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo : Goe

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a deere Mamakin to you Sir *Toby.*

Tob. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
 strong, or so.

Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him ; but you'll
 not deliver't.

Tob. Never trust me then : and by all meanes stirre on
 the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes
 cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd
 and you find so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the
 foot of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth beares in his visage no
 great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Tob. Looke where the yongest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laugh your
 selves into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turn'd
 Heathen, a very Renegatho; for there is no christian
 that meanes to be saved by beleeving rightly, can ever
 belevee such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in
 yellow stockings.

Tob. And crosse garter'd ?

Mar. Most villanously : like a Pedant that keepes a
 Schoole i'th Church : I have dogg'd him like his murthe-
 rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop,
 to betray him : He does smile his face into more lynes,
 then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
 Indies : you have not seene such a thing as tis : I can hard-
 ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Lady will
 strike him : if she doe, he'll smile, and take't for a great
 favour.

Tob. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
 But since you make your pleasure of your paynes,
 I will no further chide you.

Anth. I could not stay behind you : my desire
 (More sharpe than filed Steele) did spur me forth,
 And not all love to see you (though so much)
 As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
 But jealousy, what might befall your travell,
 Being skilless in these parts : which to a stranger,
 Vnguided, and unfriended, often prove
 Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,
 The rather by these arguments of feare
 Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
 I can no other answer make, but thanks;
 But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You should find better dealing : what's to doe ?
Shall we goe see the reliques of this Towne ?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first goe see your Lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,
I pray you let us satishie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That doe renowne this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me :

I doe not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since beene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traittiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.

Seb. Doe not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold sir, here's my purse.
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodge : I will bespeake our dyer,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase : and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I doe remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him, he sayes he'll come :
How shall I feast him ? What bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud : Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civill,
And suites well for a servant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio* ?

Mar. He's comming Madam :
But in very strange manner. He is sure posselt Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave ?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile : your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Goe call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If sad and mercy madnesse equall be.

Ol. How now *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha.

Ol. Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad :
This does make some obstruction in the blood :
This crosse-gartering, but what of that ?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet it : Please one, and please all.

Ol. Why how dost thou man ?

What is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not blacke in my mind, though yellow in my
legges : It did come to his hands, and Commands shall
be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Roman
hand.

Ol. Wilt thou goe to bed *Malvolio* ?

Mal. To bed ? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee : Why dost thou smile so, and
kisse thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How doe you *Malvolio*.

Mal. At your request :

Yes Nightingales answer Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse
before my Lady ?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse : 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanest thou by that *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha ?

Mal. Some atcheeve greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou ?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Heaven restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings ?

Mal. And with'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd ?

Mal. Goe too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made ?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Ol. Why this is very Midsummer madnesse,

Enter Servants.

Ser. Madam, the yong Gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe : he attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. Ile come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Cofin *Toby*, let some of my people have a speciall care of
him, I would not have him miscarry for the halfe of my
Dowry.

Exit.

Mal. Oh, ho, doe you come neere me now : no worse
man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concutres directly
with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
appeare stubborn to him : for she incites me to that in
the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she : be opposite
with a Kinsman, furly with servants, let thy tongue
rang with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke
of singularity : and consequently sets downe the manner
how : as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in
the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lymde
her, but it is *love* doing, and *love* make me thankfull.
And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd
to : Fellow ? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but
Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no
dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle,
no incredulous or unsafe circumstance : What can be said ?
Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full
prospect of my hopes. Well *love*, not I, is the doer of
this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is he in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe posselt him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

Mal. Goe off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private: goe off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Goe to, goe to: peace, peace, we must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How doe you *Malvolio*? How ist with you? What man, desie the divell: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Doe you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the divell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loofe him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistress?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleness, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my bawcocke? how dost thou *Mal.* Sir. (chucke?)

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with sathan. Hang him foule Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Goe hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

To. Ist possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house well be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke roome and bound. My Neece is already in the belcife that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, till our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

And. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so lawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: doe but reade.

To. Give me.

Tout, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I doe call

thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

(*Law*)

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the *To.* Thou comst to the Lady *Olivia*, and in my sight she useth thee kindly: but thou tvest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good fence-lesse,

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

To. Fartheewell, and God have mercie upon one of our soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou v'st him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: Ile giv't him.

Mar. You may have verie fit occasion for't: hee is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir *Andrew*: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Bailly: so soone as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st sweare horribly: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then ever prooffe it selfe would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit.

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betwene his Lord and my Neice, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

F. Heere he comes with your Neice, give them way til he take leave, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while upon some horrid message for a Challenge. *Exeunt.*

Ol. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too vnchary on't: There's something in me that reproves my fault: But such a head-strong potent fault it is: That it but mockes reproofe.

Vis. With the same haviour that your passion beares, Goes on my Masters griefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I beseech you come againe to morrow. What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, That honour (sav'd) may upon asking give.

Vis. Nothing but this, your true love for my maister.

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vis. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: fare-thee-well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell. *Exit.*

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vis.

Vio. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake thee too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him; I know not: but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaiant is quicke, skillfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'll find it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a divell in private brail, foules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hobnob, is his word: giv't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation derives it selfe out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, unlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certaine, or forswear to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne, *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, doe you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to amortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to find him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeed sir, the most skillfull, bloody, and fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather goe with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby, and Andrew.

Tob. Why man he's a very divell, I have not seene such a frago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabber'd, and all: and he gives me the sticke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes your as surely, as your fecte hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bene Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

And. Plague on't, and I thought he had bene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seene him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and

He give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Tob. He make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of foules, marry He ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youths a divell.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, and lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedy sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend mee: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bout with you: he cannot by the Duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I doe assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword: if this yong Gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him desie you.

Tob. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet doe more: Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

Tob. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

Tob. He be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my word. He will beare you easily, and raines well.

1. Off. This is the man, doe thy Office.

2. Off. *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*.

Ant. You doe mistake me sir.

1. Off. No sir, no jot: I know your favour well: Though now you have no sea-cap on your head: Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy, I shall answer it:

What will you doe? now my necessity Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot doe for you, Then what befalls my selfe: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?

For the faire kindnesse you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my leane and low ability He lend you something: my having is not much, He make division of my present with you: Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now, If possible that my deserts to you: Can lacke perswasion? Doe not tempt my misery, Least that it make me so unfound a man As to upbraid you with those kindneses

That I have done for you?

Vio. I know of none.

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themſelves !

2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you goe.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the jawes of death, (heere,
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love ;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion:

1. *Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by : Away.

Ant. But oh, how wilde an idoll proves this god :
Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame,
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the mind :
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Vertue is beauty, but the beateous evill
Are empty trunckes, ore-flouriſh'd by the devill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him :
Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Exit.

Vio. Me thinks his words doe from ſuch paſſion flye
That he beleeves himſelfe, ſo doe not I :
Prove true imagination, oh prove true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian* : Well
whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes:

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian* : I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſſe : even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : Oh if it prove,

Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. *Exit.*

Tob. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leaving his friend
heere in neceſſity, and denying him : and for his coward-
ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt devout Coward, religious in
it.

Ant. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Doe, cuſſe him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword

Ant. And I doe not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Tob. I dare lay any mony, twill be nothing yet. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Sebastian, and Clowne.

Clow. Will you make me beleeve, that I am not ſent for
you ?

Seb. Goe to, goe to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clow. Well held out yfaith : No, I doe not know you,
nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
ſpeake with her : nor your name is not *Maſter Ceſario*,
nor this is not my noſe neither : Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou
know'ſt not me.

Clow. Vent my folly: He haſt heard that word of ſome
great man, and now applies it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly : I am affraid this great lubber the World will prove a
Cockney : I prethee now ungird thy ſtrangeneſſe, and tell
me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to her that
that art comming ?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe
paiment.

Clow. By my troth thou haſt an open hand : theſe Wiſe-
men that give fooles money, get themſelves a good re-
port, after fourteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, have I met you againe: there's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad ?

To. Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Clow. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be
in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

And. Nay let him alone, Ile goe another way to worke
with him : Ile have an action of Battery againſt him, if
there he any law in Illyria : though I ſtroke him firſt, yet
it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let goe thy hand.

Tob. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
ſouldier put up your yron: you are well fleſh'd : Come
on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt have an Ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

Tob. Madam.

Ol. Will it be ever thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manner's ne're were preach'd : out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario* :

Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy faire wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway
In this uncivill, and unjuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Goe with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe pranks
This Ruſſian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Maiſt ſmile at this : Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe :
Doe not deny, beſhrew his ſoule for me,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame ?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame :

Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteape,
If it be thuſto dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'd'ſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, and this beard,
make him beleeve thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it
quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whiſt.

Clow. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe
in't, and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in
ſuch

such a Gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to be thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man, and a good Housekeeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, and a great Schooller. The Competitors enter.

Enter Tobie.

To. Iove bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. *Bonus dies* ſir *Tobie*: for as the old Hermit of *Prage*, that never ſaw Pen and Inke, very wittily ſaid to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas*.

Clew. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The Knave counterfeits well: a good Knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſite *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolically ſiend, how vexed thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* doe not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the Divell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparant as Baricadoes, and the cleare ſtones toward the South North, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complain'ſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzell'd then the Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was never man thus abuſ'd, I am no more madde than you are, make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our Grandam, might happily inhabite a Bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the houſe of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

To. My molt exquisite ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gowne, he ſees thee not.

Tob. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word, how thou find'ſt him: I would wee were all rid of this knavery. If hee may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Neece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the upshot. Come by and by to my Champer.

Exit.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is unkinde, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo.

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She loves another. Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Foole, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and Pen, Inke, and Paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankfull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was never man ſo notoriously abuſ'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you bee no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have here propertied me: keepe mee in darkneſſe, ſend Miniſters to mee, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you ſay: the Miniſter is here.

Malvolio, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens reſtore: endeavour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good ſir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will ſir.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole helpe me to ſome light, and ſome Paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria,

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome Inke, Paper, and Light: and convey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will helpe you too't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or doe you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile ne're beleeve a madman till I ſee his I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke. (braines,

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the higheſt degree: I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,

Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your neede to ſuſtaine.

Who with Dagger of Lath, in his rage and his wrath, cryes ah ha, to the Divell:

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles Dad,

Adieu good man Divell.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne, This Pearle ſhe gave me, I doe ſee't, and ſee't, And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the Towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might doe me golden service,
For though my soule disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give backe affaires, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable-bearing
As I perceive she do's: there's something in't
That is deccivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now goe with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And underneath that consecrated rooffe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous, and too doubtfull soule
May live at Peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what doe you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and goe with you,
And having sworne truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, and heavens so shine,
That they may fairely note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

Fine Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'st me, let me see this Letter.

Clow. Good M. *Fabian* grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clow. Doe not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clow. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou my good
Fellow?

Clow. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Du. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clow. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

Clow. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an Ass of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Ass: so that by my
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clow. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to bee
one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clow. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you
could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counsell.

Clow. Put your Grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
dealer: there's another.

Clow. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good Play, and the olde
saying is, the third Payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
tripping measure, or the bels of *S. Bennet* sir, may put you
in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of me at this
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to
speake with her, and bring her along with you, it may a-
wake my bounty further.

Clow. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come agen.
I goe sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my de-
sire of having is the sinne of covetousnesse: but as you say
sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Heere comes the man sir, that did rescue me.

Du. That face of his I doe remember well,
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeard
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of Warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captain of,
For shallow draught and Bulke unprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honour on him: What's the matter?

Offi. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*
That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
When your yong Nephew *Tam* lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloody, and so decre
Hast made thine enemies?

Ani. *Orsino*: Noble sir,
Beples'd that I shake off these names you give mee:
Antonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's renemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull Boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto adde
My love without retention, or restraint,
All this in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twenty yeeres removed thing,
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vis. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three monthes before,
No interim, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe company.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heaven walkes
on earth:

But for thee fellow; fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme serviceable?

Cesario, you doe not keepe promise with me.

Vis. Madam.

Du. Gracious *Olivia*.

Ol. What doe you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vis. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine care

As howling after Musicke.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to perversenesse? you uncivill Lady
To whose ingrate, and unauuspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I doe? (him.)

Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shall become

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to doe it)

Like to the Egyptian Theefe, at point of death

Kill what I love: (a savage jealousie,

That sometime favours nobly) but heare me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly knowe the instrument

That scrowes me from my true place in your favour:

Live you the Marble-breasted Tyrant still.

But this your Minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I sweare, I tender decreely,

Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,

Where he sits crowned in his Masters spight.

Come Boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

Ile sacrifice the Lamb that I doe love,

To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

Vis. And I most jocond, apt, and willingly,

To doe you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vis. After him I love,

More then I love these eyes, more then my life,

More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.

If I doe feigne, you witnesses above

Punish my life, for tainting of my Love.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vir. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whither my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vis. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now

Reveales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know

Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutuall joyners of your hands,

Attested by the holy clove of lippes,

Strengthened by enterchangement of your Rings,

And all the Ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

I have travail'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet,

Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

Vis. My Lord, I doe protest.

Ol. O doe not sweare,

How little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, send one pre-
sently to sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has given Sir
Toby a bloody Coxcombe to: for the love of God your
helpe, I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this Sir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: wee tooke
him for a Coward, but he's the very Divell incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

And. Odd's lifelings here he is: you broke my head
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to doo't by sir
Toby.

Vis. Why doe you speake to me, I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause,

But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody Coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt
me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe,
Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if
he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickel'd you
other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't.
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon sot?

Cl. O he's drunke sir above an houre agoe: his eyes
were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue after a passy measures Pavin: I
hate a drunken Rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havocke
with them?

And. Ile helpe you Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-
gether:

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head; and a Coxcombe,
and a Knave: a thinn-fac'd Knave, a Gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman :
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I doe perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes
We made each other, but so late agoe.

Du. One face, one voyce, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Antonio*, O my deare *Antonio* !
How have the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Antonio* ?

Ant. How have you made division of your selfe,
An Apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Doe I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be a Deity in my nature
Of here, and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd :
Of charity, what kinne are you to me ?
What Countryman ? What name ? What Parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* : *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother to :
So went he suited to his watery tombe :
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the Wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goe even,
I should my teares let fall upon your cheekes,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My Father had a Moale upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And did that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeeres.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre :
Doe not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, doe co-here and jumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
He bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my Maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have beene mistooke :
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have beene contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood :
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That fevers day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my Maides garments : he upon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suite,
A Gentleman and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say, poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most exacting frenzie of mine owne,
From my remembrance, clearly banish his.
How does he sirrah ?

Cl. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the slaves
end as well as a man in his case may doe : has beere writ
a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning.
But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skills
not much when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and reade it.

Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
delivers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad ?

Cl. No Madam, I doe but reade madnesse : and your
Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
Vox.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I doe Madona : but to reade his right wits, is
to reade thus : therefore, perpend my Princeesse, and give
eare.

Ol. Reade it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it : Though you have put mee into
darkenesse, and given your drunken Cozen rule over me,
yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Lady-
ship. I have your owne Letter, that induced me to the
semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not, but to
doe my selfe much right, or you much shame : Thinke of
me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of,
and speake out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this ?

Cl. I Madame.

Du. This favours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd *Fabian*, bring him hither :
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer :
Your Master quits you : and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long :
Here is my hand, you shall from this time bee
Your Masters Mistris.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Madman ?

Ol. I my Lord, this same : How now *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I *Malvolio* ? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or say, 'tis not your seale, not your invention :
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
 And tell me in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour,
 Bad me come smiling and crosse-garter'd to to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
 Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people :
 And acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
 And made the most notorious gecke or gull,
 That ere invention plaid on ? Tell me why ?
Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
 Though I confesse, much like the Character :
 But out of question, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
 And now I doe berthinke me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such formes, which here were presuppos'd
 Vpon thee in the Letter : prethee be content,
 This practise hath most shrewdly past upon thee :
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
 Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam here me speake,
 And let no quarrell, nor no brawle to come,
 Taint the condition of this present houre,
 Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
 Set this device against *Malvolio* heere,
 Vpon some stubborne and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
 The Letter, at sir *Toby*'s great importance,
 In recompence whereof, he hath marryed her :
 How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
 May rather plucke on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
 That have on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foole how have they baffel'd thee ?

Cl. Why some are borne great, some atchieve great-
 nesse, and some have greatnesse throwne upon them. I
 was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's

all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but doe you
 remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal,
 and you smile not hee's gag'd : and thus the whirle-gigge
 of time, brings in his revenges

Mal. Ile be reveng'd on the whole packe of you.

Ol. He hath beene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :
 He hath not told us of the Captaine yet,
 When that is knowne, and golden time convents,
 A solemne Combination shall be made
 Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. *Cesar* come
 (For so you shall be while you are a man :)
 But when in other habites you are scene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt.

Clowne sings.

When that I was and a little rine Boy,
 with hey, ho, the winde and the raine ;
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 for the raine it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans estate
 with hey, ho, &c.
 Gainst knaves and theeves men shout their gait,
 for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wive,
 with hey, ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 for the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
 with hey, ho, &c.
 With Toppots still had drunken heads,
 for the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world begon,
 with hey, ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our Play is done,
 and wee'll strive to please you every day.

FINIS.



The VVinters Tale:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Eenter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

IF you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed—

Cam. 'Beleeche you—

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say — We will give you sleepy Drinckes, that your Sences (un-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praysie us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deale too deare, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Beleeve me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe over-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their encounters (though not Personall) have bene royally attorned with enter-change of Gift, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as over a Vast Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentle man of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to dye?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Eenter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watty-Starre hath bene

The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thankes, And yet we should, for perpetuities, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thankes a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seve'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so: There is no Tongue that moves; none, none it'h' Would So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Love) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both, Farewell (our brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: yea (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaim'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him goe; But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay, Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.

Yet of your royall presence, Ile adventure The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-heed) *Leontes*, I love thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind

A a

What

What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber Vowes : but I;
Though you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going : Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest : so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thankes. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread verely,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then Madame :

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse, Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks and yours, when you were Boyes :
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be boy eternail.

Hel. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were astwyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun
And bleat the one at th' other : what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for innocence : we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're beene higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty : the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Hel. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then beene borne to's : for
In those unfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot :
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Devils : yet goe on,
Th' offences we have made you doe, wee'le answer,
If you first sinn'd with us : and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with us.

Leo. Is he wonne yet?

Her. Hee'le stay, (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not :
Hermione (my dearest) thou never spok'st
To better purpose,

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me : cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting upon that.
Our prayes are our Wages, You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale :

My last good deed was to intreate his stay.

What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were *Grace*,
But once before I spok'd to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't : I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Months had sower'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand :
And clap thy selfe, my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis *Grace* indeed.
Why lo-you now; I have spok'd to th' purpose twice :
The one for ever earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th' other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me : my heart daunces,
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on : derives a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome;
And we'll become the Agent : 't may; I graunt :
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse : and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere : oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I my good Lord.

Leo. I'ficks :
Why that's my Bawcock : what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat ; not neat, cleanly Captaine :
And yet the Steere, the Heycer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neate. Still Virginaling
Vpon his palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, & the shootes that I have
To be full, like me : yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges ; Women say so,
(That will say any thing,) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blackes, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye : sweet Villaine.
Most dear'st, my Collop : Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not be so held,
Communicat'it with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's unrecall : thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-joyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond commission) and I finde it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seemes unsetled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction,
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeares, and saw my selfe unbreech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest frend,
Will you take egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)

Hee's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my fworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My parasite, my Souldier: Statef-man; all:
He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that should thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
How thou lou'st us, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rover, hee's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke us,
We are yours it'h' Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe to, goe to.

How she holds up the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thicke, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I (peake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinkes she ha's beene sluy'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physicke for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, Weast, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord,

Leo. Goe play (*Camillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo; this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions, made
His businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes intreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Parchance are to this businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most understand
Bohemia staves heere longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Staves here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistris.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Mistrisse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have beene
Deceiv'd in thy integritie, deceiv'd
In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which boxes honestie behind, restrayning
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for jeast.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Amongst the infinite doing of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly; if indultiously
I plai'd the foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance. 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities that honestie
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha? not you seene *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horfe, deserves a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
My Sovereigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? the Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would unseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseases'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lye'st *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evill,
Inclining to them both: were my wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glasse.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his necke (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should undoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't see
Plainely, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemie a laiting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeve this Cracke to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soveraignely being Honorable.)
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, founsetled,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preferue, is Sleepe: which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tails of Waspes)
Give scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and love as mine)

Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleeve you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when hee's remov'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st advise me,
Even so as I mine owne course have set downe:
He give no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. He do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seeme friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit.*

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me!
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will have
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villany it selfe forswert. I must
Forake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia* *Enter Polixenes.*

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
Me fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Hoyle most royall Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himselfe: even now I met him
With customary complement, when he
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknes
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.

I look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so : *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like expedient, which no lesse adorne
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle : I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well ?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st gesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be :
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo* ?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best :
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyld upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I wil whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twos, and threes, at severall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie : For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
By this discoverie lost.) Be not uncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Have uttered Truth : which if you seeke to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemned by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. Idoe beleve thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand.
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This ielousie
Is for a precious Creature : as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent : and, as he do's conceive,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever
Profes'd to him: why his Revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the urgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,
Antigonus, Lord.*

Her. Take the Boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

2. Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet blacke-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Hearke ye,

The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of Late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wifdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe : 'Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't, be?

Hel. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter :
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Hel. Let's have that (good Sir.)

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your sprights : you're powrefull at it.

A 3

Mam. There

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it,

Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare. *Enter L.*

Leon. Was he met there? his Trainee? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome; (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I have drunke, and seen the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pander:
There is a plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Tricke
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authoritie,
Which often hath no lesse prevail'd, then so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.

Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that she's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleve my saying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pittie she's not honest: Honorable;
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth use; Oh I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
She's an Adulteresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake.

Leo. You have mistooke (my Lady)

Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distiguishment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I have said
Shee's an Adulteresse, I have said with whom:
More; Shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall; that she's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st Titles; I, and privie
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her. Thsre's some ill planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heavens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris)
Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.

Leo. Goe doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. 'Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Ant. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice
Prove violence, in the which thre: great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I'th'eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig. If it prove

She's other wise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no further trust her:
For every ynoch of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces,

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selves:
You are abus'd, by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him : be she honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleven:
The second, and the third, nine : and sonnes five:
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine honor
He gell'd em all : foureteene they shall not see
To bring false generations : they are co-heires,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

Leo. Cease, no more :
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose : but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus : and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

Ant. If it be so,
We neede no grave to burie honestie;
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What? lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her Honor true, then your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you for this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogative
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this : which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth, like us : informe your selves
We neede no more of your advice : the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Ant. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent judgement tride it,
Without more overtur.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole : *Camilla's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to'th deed) doth push on this proceeding,
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most pitious to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Deon*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency : Now, from the Oracle
They will bring al, whose spirituall counsaile had,
Shall stop, or spurre me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfyde, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th' mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to speake in publike : for this businesse
Will raise us all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him :
Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)

To the contrary I have expresse commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do, to locke up honestie and honor from
Th' access of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray you now call her :
With-draw your selves.

Gao. And Madam,

I must be present at your Conference.

Paul. Well : be't so : prethee.

Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares one gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together : On her frights, and griefes
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the Queene receives
Much comfort in't : Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworne :
These dangerous, unsafe Lanes i'th' King, beshrew them,
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best. He take't upon me.
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more : pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to'th lowd'it. We doe not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe :
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour, and your goodnesse is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot misle
A thriving issue : there is no Lady living
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, He presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honor
Least she should be deny'd.

Paul.

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)

Ile use that tongue I have : If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

Ile to the Queene : please you come something neerer.

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not feare it (sir)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceffe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleeeve it.

Paul. Do not you feare : upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus : meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being : part o'th cause,
She, th' Adulteresse; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arme: out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine : plot-prooffe : but she,
I can hooke to me : say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there ?

Ser. My Lord.

Enter.

Leo. How do's the boy ?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night : 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceiving the dishonour of his Mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe :
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : goe,
See how he fares : Fic, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyle upon me : in himselfe too mighty,
Vntill a time may serue, For present vengeance
Take it on her : *Camillo*, and *Polixenus*
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should nor laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life ? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is ieaious.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam ; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do fighe
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true ;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. What noyse there, hoe ?

Paul. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How ?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can : in this
(Vnlesse he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me :

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege I come:

And I beseech you heare me: who professes
My selfe your loyall servant, your Phisitian,
Your most obedient Counsaile: yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Evilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me : on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first; Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis : Commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out :

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore :
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so :

I am asignorant in that, as you,
In so entic'ling me : and no lesse honest
Then you are mad : which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest.

Leo. Traitors ;

Will you not push her out ? Give her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : unroosted
By thy dame *Parides* heere. Take up the Bastard,
Take't up, I say : giue't to the Croane.

Paul. For ever

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I : nor any
But one that's heere : and that's himselfe: for he,

The

The sacred honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th' old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the print be litle, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trickes of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of hand, nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too; mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grosse Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Fear, you'll leave your selfe
Hardly one subje&.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy, and unnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. He ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. He not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell usage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-binding'd Fancy) something favors
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, He be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *love* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What neede these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou: Take it up straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good testimonie) or He seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st chine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-braines with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out, Goe take it to the fire,
For thou set'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:

These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can; my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, give us better credit:
We have alwayes truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteeme of us: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare services
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Leade on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have beene so tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To save this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To save this Brats life?

Antig. Anything (my Lord)
That my abilitie may undergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: at last thus much;
He pawne the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke and performe it: see'st thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and desart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without much mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune,
It came to us, I doe in Iustice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it up.

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Ravens
To be thy Nurfes. Wolves and Beares, they say,
(Casting their savagenesse aside) have done
Like offices of pittie. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require: and blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Poore Thing condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: He not reare

Another's Issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Highnesse, Folts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An houre since: *Claomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They have beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have

The truth of this appeare : Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Triall. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke upon my bidding.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cle. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I should terme them) and the reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.
How ceremonious, solemne, and un-earthly
It wasi'th' Offering?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'event o'th' Iourney
Prove as successfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: *Hermione* (as to her
Triall) Ladies: *Cleomines*, *Dion*.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Even puthes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall have due course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court.

Silence. Enter

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione*, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of
Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treason,
in committing Adultery with *Polixenes* King of *Bohemia*,

and conspiring with *Camillo* to take away the Life of our Sovereigne Lord the King, thy royall husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstance partly layd open, thou (*Hermione*) contravert to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst consaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine integritie
Being counted Falschood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres divine
Behold our humane Actiuns (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
Falsse Accusations blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Then historie can patterne, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come and heare. For life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncourant, I
Have strayn'd't appeare thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry sie upon my grave.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lov'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to have done, I thinke had beene in me
Both Disobedience, and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friends, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speake, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be diu'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir

Her. Sir,
you speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerne more then auails: for as
Thy Brat hath beene cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commodity,
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauror)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on every Post
Proclam'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre before
I have got strength of limit. Now (my Liege
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should feare to dye? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you
Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:

Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request *Enter Dion and Cleomines.*
is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of pittie, not Revenge.

Officer. You heere shall sweare upon the Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Beene both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare.

Leo. Breake up the Seales, and reade.

Officer. *Hermione is cast, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo*
atru Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praysd.

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the heavens themselves
Doe strike at my Injustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recover.
I have too much beleeu'd mine owne suspicion:
Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophanesse 'gainst thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New wooe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Iealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
My friend *Polixenes*: which had beene done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command: though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingiy Guest
Vnclasp'd my practise, quier his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the certaine hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glitters
Through my darke Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:

O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling? Bur-
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or new torture (ning,
Must I receive? whose very word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealousies,
Fancies too weake for boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices for it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much
Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To have him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, the Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Devill
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,
When I have said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Paul. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest.

Lord. Say no more,
How ere the businesse goes you have made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech

Paul. I am sorry for't,
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past griefe: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing,

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receive much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One grave shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Shippe-
beard, and Clowne.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Desarts of *Bohemia*.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: get a-board,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your bestest hast, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe upon't,

Antig. Go thou away,

Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart

To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Exit

Ant. Come, poore babe;

I have heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometime her head is on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessell of like sorrow

So fit'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach

My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes

Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,

Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out

Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,

There weepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*

I prethee call't: For this ungentle businesse

Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see

Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shruckles

She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect my selfe, and thought

This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,

Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,

I will be squar'd by this. I do beleve

Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that

Apollo would (this being indeed the issue

Of King *Polexenus*) it should heere be laide

(Either for life, or death) upon the earth

Of it's right Father. Blessome, speed thee well,

There lye, and there thy character: there these,

Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)

And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,

That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd

To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,

But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell,

The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to have

A lullabie too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamor?

Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,

barke.

I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Beare. Enter a Ship-*

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and
three and twentie, or that youth would sleepe out the rest:
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-
ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,
fighting, harke you now: would any but these boyde-
braines of nineteene, and two and twentie hunt this wea-
ther? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maj-
ster; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brou-
zing of luy. Good-lucke (and 't be the will) what have
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a very prettie
one) sure some Scape: Though I am not bookish, yet I
can

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behind-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore thing is here. Ile take it up for pitty, yet Ile tarry til my sonne come: he hallow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Hillos, loa.

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'lt thou, man?

Cl. I have seene two such sights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skye, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Cl. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most pittous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see'em, and not to see'em; Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a Corke into a hog-head. And then for the Land-service, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder bone, how he cride to me for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus* a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy; when was this boy?

Cl. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe dia'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had beene by, to have help'd the old man.

Cl. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee here boy. Now blesse thy selfe; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires child: looke thee heere, take up, take up (Boy) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within boy?

Cl. You're a mad old man; If the sinnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faicry Gold boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheepe goe: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Cl. Goe you the next way with your Findings. Ile go see if the Beare be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest diserne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Cl. Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll doe good deeds on't.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Tim. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error. Now take upon me (in the name of Time) To use my wings: Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide Ore sixteene yeeres, and leave the growth untride Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre To orethrow Law, and in one seife-borne houre To plant, and orewhelme Custom. Let me passe The same I am, ere ancient't Order was, Or what is now receiv'd. I witnesse to The times that brought them in, so shall I doe To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale The glistering of this present, as my Tale Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing, I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leaving Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so greiving That he shuts up himselfe, Imagine me (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be In faire *Bohemia*, and remember well, I mention here a sonne o' th' Kings, which *Florizell* I now name to you: and with speed so pace To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace Equall with wond'ring. What of her issues I list not prophesie: but let Times newes (daughter Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepheards And what to her adheres, which followes after, Is th' argument of Time: of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse, ere now: If never, yet that Time himselfe doth say, He wishes earenestly, you never may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fiftene yeeres since I saw my Countrey: though I have (for the most part) beene ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorowes I might be some allay (or I oreweene to thinke so) which is another spurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Businesse, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankefull to thee, shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatal Countrey *Sicilia*, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punishes me with the remembrance

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of

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene and Children, are even now to bee a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lesse unhappy, their issue not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne: but I have (mistakingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I have eyes under my service, which looke upon his removednesse: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not uneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thither. Prethee be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the yeere.
For the red blood raignes in the winters pale.*

*The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*

*The Larks, that tirra-Lyrachants,
With heigh, with heigh the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

*But shall I goe mourne for that (my deere)
The pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then doe most goe right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowger,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stockes avouch-it.*

My Trafficke is sheets: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolycus*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd Caparison, and my Revennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too-powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Let me see, every Leaven-weather toddes, every told yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Ant. If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Cl. I cannot do't without Compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me foure and twenty Note-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Balles; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horn-pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sunne.

Ant. Oh, that ever I was borne.

Cl. I'th' name of me.

Ant. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

Cl. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more raggs to lay on thee, rather then have these off.

Ant. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offends mee, more then the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Cl. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Ant. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Cl. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Ant. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Cl. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot service. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come lend me thy hand.

Ant. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Cl. Alas poore soule.

Ant. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Cl. How now? Canst stand?

Ant. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Cl. Doe'st lacke any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Ant. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Cl. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Ant. A fellow (Sir) that I have knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Cl.

Clo. His vices you would say : there's no vertue whipt out of the Court : they cherish it to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Ant. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath beene since an Ape-bearer, then a Proceffe-server (a Bayliffe) then he compass a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and living lyes ; and (having flowne over many knavish professions) he settled only in Rogue : some call him *Antoliscu*.

Clo. Out upon him : Prig, for my life Prig : he haunts Wakes, Fairres, and Bearc-baitings

Ant. Very true sir : he sir he : that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia* ; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd have runne.

Ant. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How doe you now ?

Ant. Sweet Sir, much better then I was : I can stand, and walke : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clo. Shail I bring thee on the way ?

Ant. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then farewell, I must goe to buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.*

Ant. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice : Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too : If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheepe, let me be unrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Jog-on, Jog-on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Antoliscu.

Flo. These your ununsall weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life : no Shepherdesse, but *Flora* Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a merry meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queene on't.

Per. Sir : my gracious Lord, To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me : (Oh pardon, that I name them :) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th Land, you have obscur'd With a Swaines wearing : and me (poore lowly Maide) Most goddesse-like prank'd up : But that our Feasts In every Messie, have folly ; and the Feeders Digest it with a Custome, I should blush To see you so attyr'd : sworne I thinke, To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I blasse the time When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse Thy fathers ground.

Per. Now love affoord you cause : To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not beene us'd to feare :) even now I tremble To thinke your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did : Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Vildely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold The Iternnesse of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity : the Goddess themselves (Humbling their Deities to love) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd : the Greene Neptune A Ram, and bleated : and the Fire-roab'd God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I seeme now : Their transformations, Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires Runne not before mine honor : nor my Lusts Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but deere sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'power of the King : One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deere *Perdita*,

With these fogg'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th Feast : Or Ile be thine (my Faire) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are comming : Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two have sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

Enter All.

Flo. See, your Guests approach, Adresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye (daughter) when my old wife liv'd : upon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Servant : Welcom'd all : serv'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her turne : now heere At upper end o'th Table ; now, i'th middle : On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it She would to each one sip. You are retyred, As if you were a feasted one : and not The Hostesse of the meeting : Pray you bid These unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make us better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe That which you are, Mistris o'th Feast. Come on, And bid us welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome :

It is my Fathers will, I should take on me The Hostesseship o'th day, your're welcome sir Give me those Flowres there (*Dorcas*.) Reverend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe Seeming, and favour all the Winter long : Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

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Pol.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you :) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Doe you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane : so over that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes : you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke;
And make conceive a barke of safer kind
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature : change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gilly-vors,
And doe not call them bastards.

Per. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them :
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well : and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you :
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,
And with him rises, weeping : These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.

Per. Our alas :
You'd be so leane, that blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my first
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day : and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing : O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dises* Waggon : Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty : Violets (dian,
But sweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roles,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength (a Malady
Most incident to Maids :) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall : Lillies of all kinds,
(The flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Per. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on :
Not like a Coarse : or if : not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowers,
Me thinks I play as I have seene them doe
In Whitson-Pastorals : Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition :

Flo. What you doe,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (sweet)
I'd have you doe it ever : When you sing,
I'd have you buy, and sell so : so give Almes,
Pray so : and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you doe dance, I wish you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever doe
Nothing but that : move still, still so :
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Doe plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd
With wisdome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I thinke you have
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita* :) so Turtles paire
That never meane to part.

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em,

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that ever
Ran on the greene-sord : Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't : Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clo. Come on : strike up.

Dos. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris : marry Garlicke to
mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time,

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike up.

Heere a Dance of Shepheards and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding ; but I have it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleve it :
He lookes like sooth : he sayes he loves my daughter,
I thinke so too ; for never gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as he'll stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes : and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent : if yong *Doricles*
Doe light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O Master : if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would never dance againe after : a Tabor and
Pipe : no, the Bag-pipe could not move you : he sings
severall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money : he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens cares grew to
his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in :
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe : or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes : No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues : he has the prettiest Love songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings : Iump-her, and thump-her ; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a foule gap into the Matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoope, doe me no harme good man* : put's him off, flights him, with *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Beleeve me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Warres :

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-bow, Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse : Inckles, Caddysies, Cambricks, Lawnes : why he sings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesses : you would thinke a Smocke were a she-Angell, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd thinke (Sister)

Per. I good brother, or goe about to thinke.

Enter Antoliscus singing.

*Lawne as white as driven Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloves as sweet as Damasky Roses,
Maskes for faces, and for noses :
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber.
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber :
Golden Quaiſes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to give their deers :
Pins, and poking-sticks of Steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele :*

*Come buy of me, come : come buy, come buy.
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry : Come buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time ? When you are going to bed ? Or kill-hole ? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispring : clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done ; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

Ant. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Ant. I hope so sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast heere ? Ballads ?

Mop. Pray now buy some : I love a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Ant. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vfurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at a burthen, and how she long'd to cate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you ?

Ant. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

Ant. Here's the Midwives name to't : one Mistris *Tale-Porter*, and five or six honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad ?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : and let's first see mee Ballads : We'll buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on wensday the fourscore of Aprill, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maides : it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her : The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Ant. Five Iustices hands at it : and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too ; another.

Ant. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man : there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it : 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it : if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Ant. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation : Have at it with you :

Song Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whether ?

Mop. O whether ?

Dor. Whether ?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too . Let me goe thether :

Mop. Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,

Dor. If to either thou dost ill,

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither ?

Aut. Neither :

Dor. Thou hast sworne my Love to be,

Mop. Thou hast sworne it more to me.

Then whether goest ? Say whether ?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our selves : My father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, and we'll not trouble them : Come bring away thy packe after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both : Pedler let's have the first choyce ; fellow me girles. *Ant.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Caps ?

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a ?

*Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the new's't, and fash's't, fash's't weare-a.*

Come to the Pedler, Money's a mealer,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exit.

Ser. Master, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made

themselves all men of haire, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a galley-maufray of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away: We'll none on't; heere has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foote and a halfe by th'squire.

Shep. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelve Satires.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed love, as you doe; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes: I would have ranfackt The Pedlers ill-en Treasury, and have pow'r'd it To her acceptance: you have let him goe, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasle Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, who (it should seeme) Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves downe, and as white as it, Or *Ethiopians* tooth, or the fan'd snow, That's bolted by th'Northerne blast, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this? How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before? I have put you out, But to your protestation: Let me heare What you professe.

Flo. Doe, and be witnesse too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And be, and more Than he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge More than was ever mans, I would not prize them Without her Love; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her service, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a sound affection.

She. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain; And friends unknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that must be I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I shall have more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on: Contract us 'fore these Witnesse.

Shep. Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while: beseech you, Have you a Father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapable Of reasonable affaires? Is he not stupid With Age, and atring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare? Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate? Lyes he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No good Sir: He has his health, and ampler strength indeed Then most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something unfilliall: Reason my sonne Should choose himselfe a wite, but as good reason The Father (all whose joy is nothing else But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this; But for some other reasons (my grave Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeve At knowing of thy choyce.

Flo. Come, come, he must not: Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your divorce (yong Sir) Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou old Traitor, I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know The royall Foole thou coap't with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. He have thy beauty scratcht with briers and made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy) If I may ever know thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt never see this knacke (as never I meane thou shalt) we'll barre thee from succession, Not hold thee of our blood, no nor our Kin, Farre than *Dencalion* off: (marke thou my words) Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it: And you Enchantment,

Worthy enough a Heardsman : yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
Thesē rural Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Perd. Even heere undone :

I was not much a-fear'd : for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The selfe-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gon?
I told you what would come of this : Beseech you
Of your owne state take care : This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Sh p. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourescore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet : yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close hy his honest bones ; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, undone :
If I might dye within this houre, I have liv'd
To dye when I desire.

Flo. Why looke you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd : delaid,
But nothing altdred : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking backe ; not following
My leasunwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Fathers temper : at this time
He will allow no speech : (which I doe ghesse
You doe not purpose to him :) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare ;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it :
I thinke *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne ?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift up thy lookes :
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am : and by my fancy, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient : I have reason :
If not, my fences better (pleas'd with madnesse)
Doe bid it welcome,

Cam. This is desperate (sir)

Flo. So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :
It needs must thinke it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned : for all that the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas hide

Exit.

In unknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire below'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have euer bin my Fathers friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Vpon his passion : Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore :
And most opportune to her need, I have
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for aduice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
His going, I could frame to serue my turne.
Save him from danger, doe him love and honour,
Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poore services, i'th love
That I have borne your Father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds : not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe ; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration : On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Mistris ; from the whom, I see
There's no disunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your ruine : Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll goe ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly doe, so we professe
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me :
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But undergoe this flight ; make for Sicilia,
And there present your selfe, and your faire Princeffe,
(For so I see she must be) fore *Leantes* ;

She

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth : asks thee there Sonne forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princeesse ; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his unkindnesse, and his kindnesse : th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. *Worthy Camillo,*
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt us three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores ; most certaine,
To Miseries enough : no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loth to be : besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind,

Cam. Yea ? say you so ?
There shall not, at your fathers house, these seven yeeres
Be borne another such,

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pittie
She lackes instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon Sir, for this.
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand upon : (*Camillo*)
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House : how shall we doe ?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicily*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this : I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there : it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene yov play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want : one word.

Enter Antoliscus.

Aut. Ha ha, what a foole Honesty is ? and Trust (his
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold
all my Tromperie : not a counterfeite Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Packe from fasting : they throng who should buy
first, as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought
a benediction to the buyer : by which meanes, I saw
whose Purse was best in Picture ; and what I saw, to my
good use, I remembered. My Clowne (who wants but
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with
the Wenches Song, that he would not stirre his Pettytoes
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the
rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences sticke
in Eares : you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was sense-
lesse, 'twas nothing to guerd a Cod-piece of a Purse : I
would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes :
no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring
the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I
pick'd and cut most of their Festivall Purfes : And had
not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his
Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes
from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes* ?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you :

All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who have we here ?

We'll make an Instrument of this : omit
Nothing may give us ayde.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now : why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so ? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee,

Aut. I am a poore fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still : here's no body will steale that
from thee : yet for the out-side of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange ; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou
must thinke there's a necessity in't) and change garments
with this Gentleman : I thought the penny-worth (on his
side) the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir : (I know ye well e-
nough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch : the Gentleman is halfe
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir ? (I smell the tricke on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecy
Come home to ye :) you must retire your selfe
Into some Covert ; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And plucke it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Disf mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes over) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedy :

Have you done these ?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat :

Come Lady, come : Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita* : what have we twaine forgot ?

'Pray

*Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King Of this escape, and whither they are bound ; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevaile, To force him after : in whose company I shall re-view *Sicilia* ; for whose sight, I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us :

Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

Aut. I understand the businesse, I heare it : to have an open eare, a quicke eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse ; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot ? What a boot is here, with this exchange ; Sure the gods doe this yeere connive at us, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of iniquity (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles :) if I thought it were a peece of honesty to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceale it ; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowne, and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine : Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clow. See, see : what a man you are now ? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay ; but heare me :

Shep. Goe to then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her :) This being done, let the Law goe whistle : I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the decrer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well : let us to the King : there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Matter.

Clow. Pray heartily he beat Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance : Let me pocket up my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound ?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there ? what ? with whom ? the Condition of that Farthell ? the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your ages ? of what having ? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover ?

Clow. We are but plaine fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lye : you are rough, and hayrie : Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but Tradet-men, and they often give us (Souldiers) the Lye, but we pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not give us the Lye.

Clow. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings ? Hach not my gate in it, the measure of the Court ? Receiv's not thy Nose Court-Odour from me ? Reflect I not on thy Basenesse, Court-Contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier ? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe* ; and one that will either push-on, or pluck-backe, thy Businesse there : whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate ha'st thou to him ?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clow. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant : say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir : I have no Pheazant Cocke, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men ? Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdaine.

Clow. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely.

Clow. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantasticall : a great man, Ile warrant ; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there ? What's i'th' Farthell ?

Wherefore that Box ?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir ?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe : for if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So'tis said (Sir :) about his Sonne, that should have married a Shepherds Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye ; the Curfes he shall have, the Tortures he shall feele, will breake the backe of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clow. Thinke you so, Sir ?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter ; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remov'd fifty times) shall all come under the Hang-man : which, though it be great pitty, yet it is necessary. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace ? Some say he shall be ston'd : but that death is too soft for him (say I :) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat ? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clow. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir ?

Aut. He ha's a Sonne : who shall be flayd alive, then 'noynted over with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ; then recover'd againe with Aquavita, or some other hot Infusion : then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him ; where he is to behold him, with Flyes blowne to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall ?

Tell

Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King : being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves ; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

Clo. He seemes to be of great authority : close with him, give him Gold : and though Authority be a stubborn Beare, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold : shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to undertake the Businesse for us, here is that Gold I have : Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Ant. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. I sir.

Ant. Well, give me the Moity : Are you a party in this Businesse?

Clo. In some sort, Sir : but though my case be a pittifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Ant. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne : hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort : We must to the King, and shew our strange fights : he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister : we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Ant. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd, in this man : as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to doe us good. *Exeunt.*

Ant. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me : she drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion : (gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good ; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my advancement ?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him, if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proove against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow : No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trespass : At the last Doe, as the Heavens have done ; forget your evill, With them, forgive your selfe.

Leo. Whilst I remember Her and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe : which was so much, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Destroy'd the sweet 't companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord :

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman ; she you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me

Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter

Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady :

You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those

Would have him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not so,

You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Sovereigne Name : Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well ?

What holier, then for Royalties repaire, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Majesty againe With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,

(Respecting her that's gone :) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'n their secret purposes :

For ha's not the Divine *Apollo* said ?

Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heire, Till his lost Child be found ? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my *Antigonus* to breake his Grave, And come againe to me : who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell, My Lord should to the Heavens be contray, Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander* Left his to th'Worthiest : so his Successor Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,

Who hast the memory of *Hermione*

I know in honor : O, that ever I

Had squar'd me to thy counsell : then, even now,

I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes,

Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth :

No more such Wives, therefore no Wife : one worse, And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we offenders now appeare) Soule-vext, And begin, why to me ;

Paul. Had she such power,

She had just such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me To murder her I marryed.

Paul.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her : then I'd shrieke, that even your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales : feare thou no Wife ;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina.*

Paul. Will you sweare
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be blest'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry : if you will, Sir ;
No remedy but you will : Give me the office
To chuse you a Queene : she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath :
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his princeesse (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high preface.

Leo. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse : his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne ?

Ser. But few,
And those but meane.

Leo. His Princeesse (say you) with him ?

Ser. I : the most peerlesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Above a better, gone ; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Have said, and writ so ; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame : she had not bene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Vesse
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam :
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon :)
The other, when she ha's obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else ; make Profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man : Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale upon us. *Exit.*

Paul. Had our Prince.

(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord ; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more ; cease : thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of : sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speech's
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlocke, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you, Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princeesse (Geddesse) oh : alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe : and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)
Can send his Brother : and but infirmity
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to looke upon you ; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, living.

Leo. Oh my brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
A fresh within me : and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackenesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines ; much lesse,
Th' adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence : from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her : thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highnesse : My best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd ;
Who for *Bahia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my success in *Libia* (sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Clymate here : you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) I have done sinne,
For which the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-lesse : and your Father's blest'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I have beene,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me :
Desires you to attache his sonne, who ha's
(His Dignity, and Duty both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speake :

Lord. Heere, in your City : I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My mervaille, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me ;
Whose honor, and whose honesty till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay'st thou to his charge :
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir :) I spake with him : who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneele, they kisse the Earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake :
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poore Father :
The Heaven sets Spyes upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be :
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes first ;
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty : and as sorry,
Your Choyse is not so rich in Worth, as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare looke up!
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemy,
Should chase us, with my Father : pow're no jot
Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now : with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate : at your request,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd : I will to your Father :
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : upon which Errand
I now goe toward him : therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make : Con:e good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antoliscus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it :
whereupon (after a little amazement) we were all com-
manded out of the Chamber : onely this (me thought) I
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken delivery of the Businesse :
but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were
very Notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with sta-
ring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very gesture : they look'd as they had heard of a World
ransom'd, or one destroyed : a notable passion of Won-
der appeared in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were
Joy, or Sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more :
The Newes, *Requero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bonfires : the Oracle is fulfill'd :
the Kings Daughter is found : such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is
in strong suspition : Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance : That which you heare, you'll sweare
you see, there is such unity in the proofes. The Mantle
of Queene *Hermiones* : her Jewell about the Necke of it :
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know
to be his Character ; the Majesty of the Creature, in
resemblance of the Mother : the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many o-
ther Evidences, proclaime her, with all certainty, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two
Kings?

Gent. 1. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to be
scene, cannot be spoken of. There might you have be-
held one Joy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them : for their
Joy waded in teares. There was casting up of Eyes, hol-
ding up of hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Losse, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Bear: This avouches the Shepherds Sonne, who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to justifie him, but a hand-kerchiefe and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princeesse from the Earth, and so lockes her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confesse'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveness wounded his Daughter, till (from one figue of dolour to another) she did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some frownded, all forrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had beene universall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeesse hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe eternity, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, to perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company peece the rejoicing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Access? every winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time over-fond of the Shepherds daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this secret, it would not have rellish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard, and Clowne.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am 'past more Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir); you deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and have beene so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father brother: and then the Prince (my brother) and the Princeesse (my Sister) call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard lucke, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne)?

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes prove a tall Fellow: if I doe not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princees (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good Master. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee?

Cc

Paul.

Paul. What (Soveraigne Sir)

I did not well, I meant well : all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your kingdoms) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Ler. O *Paulina*,

We honor you with trouble : but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerlesse,
So her dead likenesse I doo well beleeve
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done : therefore I keepe it
Lovely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes off
Your wonder : but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere ?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.

Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione* ; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding : for she was as tender
As infancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majesty (warne Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd : Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it ? Oh Royall Peece :
There's Magicke in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee,

Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience :

The Statue is but newly fix'd ; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry : scarce any Ioy
Did ever so long live ; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre
To take off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece up in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancy
May thinke anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that me thinks already.
(What was he that did make it ?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd ; and that those veines
Did verily beare blood ?

Pol. Masterly done.

The very Life seemes warme upon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine :
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'll thinke anon it lives.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke for twenty yeeres together :
No setled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stir'd you ; but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina* :
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mocke me,
For I will kisse her,

Paul. Good me Lord forbear ;
The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet :
You'll marre it, if you kisse it ; staine your owne
With Oyley Painting : shall I draw the Curtaine ?

Leo. No : not these twenty yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear ;
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve your
For more amazement : if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on : what to speake,
I am content to heare : for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith : then, all stand still :
On : those that thinke it is unlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed :
No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musicke ; awake her : Strike :
'Tis time : descend : be Stone no more : approach :
Strike all that looke upon with mervaille : Come :
Ile fill your Grave up : stirre : nay, come away :
Bequeath to Death your numnesse : (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceive she stirres :
Start not : her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my spell is lawfull : doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her : now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor ?

Leo. Oh she's warme :
If this be Magicke, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speake nor. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers bleissing; turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My selfe, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Least they desire (upon this push) to trouble
Your joyes, with like Relation. Goe together
You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vaine) said many
A prayer upon her grave. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and heere justified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade us from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were dislever'd. Hastily leade away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L *Leontes*, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, yong Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. } *Four.*
Cleomines. } *Lords of Sicilia.*
Dion. }
Hermione, Queene to *Leontes*.
Perdita, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.
Paulina, wife to *Antigonus*.

Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of *Perdita*.
Clowne his Sonne.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants,
Shepheards, and Shepheardesses.

FIN IS.







The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastillon of France.

King Iohn.

Now say Chastillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France.

In my behaviour to the Majesty,
The borrowed Majesty of England heere.

Elex. A strange beginning: borrowed Majesty?

King Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe

Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyes sonne,

Arthur Plantagines, layes most lawfull claime

To this faire Iland, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjoue, Lorraine, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which swayes usurpingly these severall titles,

And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Sovereigne.

King Iohn. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,

To enforce these rights, so forcibly withheld.

K. Iohn. Here have we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Consolment for contolment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassie.

King Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen presage of your owne decay:

An honorable conduct let him have,

Pembroke looke too't: farewell Chastillon.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Elex. What now my sonne, have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Vpon the right and party of her sonne?

This might have bene prevented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of love,

Which now the marriage of two kingdomes must

With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for us,

Elex. Your strong possession much more than your right

Or else it must goe wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your eare,

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall heare:

Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Leige, here is the strangest controversie

Come from the Country to be judg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This expeditions charge. What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a Gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to Faulconbridge,

A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge.

K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certaine of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:

But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Elex. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:

Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger borne

Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;

But once he slandered me with bastardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Leige

(Faile fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)

Compare our faces, and be judge your selfe

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old Sir Robert father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?

Elex. He hath a trick of Cordelions face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not reade some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

K. Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land?

Philip. Because he hath a halfe face like my father,
With halfe that face would he have all my Land;
A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeare?

Rob. My gracious Leige, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he imploi'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did prevaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betwene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speake himselve
When this same lusty Gentleman was got:
Vpon his death bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Lidge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Caste, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heire,
Your fathers heire must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me Sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I thinke.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no lund beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir *Roberts* hislike him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eeleskins stuf, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heire to all this land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a fouldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere.
Madame, ile follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you goe before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K. Iohn. What is thy name?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wives eldest sonne.

K. Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th' mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gave land,
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And have is have, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. Iohn. Goe *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother-adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady;
Good denne Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable
For your conversion, now your traveller,
He and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sticke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Absey booke:
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service sir:
No sir, sayes question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Pyrennean and the river *Poe*,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smooke of observation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior for me, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet payson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet to avoyd deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honor up and downe.

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke so?

Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at Sir Roberts?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gurn. Good leave good Philip.

Bast. Philip, sparrow, James,
There's toys abroad, anon ile tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madame, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might have eate his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and neere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marry to confesse
Could get me, Sir Robert could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorne, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devill.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madame I would not wish a better father:
Some finnes doe beare their priviledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not you folly,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had beene sinne;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met brave Austria,
Arthur that great forerunner of thy blond,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnaturall Vncle, English Iohn,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelions death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Aust. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zealous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my love:

That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides;
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Even till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forraigne purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requitall to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royall bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-mens blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Lest unaduis'd you staine your swords with blood:
My lord Chastillon may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we urge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chastillon.

King. A wonder Lady; lo upon thy wist
Our Messenger Chastillon is arriv'd,
What England sayes, say breifely gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chastillon speake.

Chas. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himsele in Armes, the adverse windes

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I :
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his souldiers confident :
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the King decaist,
And all th'ansetled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazzard of new fortunes here :
In briebe, a braver choise of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes have waft o're,
Did never flote upon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome :
The interruption of their churlish drummes
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand:

Drummes beates.

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition.

Anst. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake indeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. Iohn. Peace be to *France* : if *France* in peace permit
Our just and lineall entrance to our owne ;
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beates his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne,
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace :
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armor here we sweat :
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine,
But thou from loving *England* art so farte,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne :
Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his ;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey* : and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breife into as huge a volume :
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreyes* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the Name of God :
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest ?

K. Iohn. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles ? *(France,*

Fra. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

King Ioh. Alacke thou dost usurpe authority.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat usurping downe,

Queen. Who is it thou dost call usurper *France* ?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping sonne,

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queene, and checke the world.

Const. My bed was ever to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*

Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or devill to his damme.

My boy a bastard ? by my soule I thinke

His father never was so true begot,

It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Qu. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy father.

Const. Theres a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Anst. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Anst. What the devill art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devill fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:

You are the Hare of whom the Proverbe goes
Whose valour pluckes dead Lyons by the beard ;
He smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lyon of that robe.

Bast. It lyes as sightly on the backe of him

As great *Alcides* shooes upon an Assie :

But Assie, He take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Anst. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women and fooles, breake off your conference.

King Iohn, this is the very summe of all :

England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,

In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee :

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes ?

Iohn. My life as soone : I doe desie thee *France*.

Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere love He give thee more,

Then ere the coward hand of *France* can winne ;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Const. Doe child, goe to it grandame child,
Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
Theres a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. *(weepet.*

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy he

Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Draws those heaven-moving pearles from his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Cristall beads heaven shall be brib'd
To doe him Iustice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven, and earth.

Const. Thou monstrous Injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurper
The Domination, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy ; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;

Thy finnes are visited in this poore child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him.
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinne-conceiving wombe.

John. Bedlam have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sinne,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his injury
Her injury the Beadie to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.

Const. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandames will.

Fran. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill befeemes this presence to cry ay me
To these ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon higher to the walles
These men of Angiers, let us heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

Citi. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walles?

Fran. 'Tis France, for England.

John. England for it selfe:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

Fran. You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage, therefore heare us first:
These flagges of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles;
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort yours Cities eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had beene dishabited, and wide havocke made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your Cities threatened cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded up in smoake,
To make a faithlesse error in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craves harbourage within your City walles.

Fran. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greennes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
In the releife of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince;
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our Cannons malice vainely shall be spent
Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blessed and un-vest retire,
With unback'd swords, and Helmets all unbruish'd,
We will beare home that lusty blond againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your City call us Lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
And stalke in blood to our possession?

Citi. In breife, we are the King of Englands subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Citi. That can we not: but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyall, till that time
Have we ram'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, prove the
King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesse
Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lives.

Fran. As many and as well borne bloods as those.

Bast. Some bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Citi. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our Kingdomes King.

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.

Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And e're since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lyonnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monster of you,

John. Peace no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fran. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right. *Exeunt.*

*Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who by the hand of *France*, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes iye scattered on the bleeding ground :
Many a widdowes husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victory with little losse doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King *Iohn*, your King and *Englands*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armour that march'd hence so silver bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood :
There sticke no plume in any English Crest,
That is removed by a staffe of *France*.
Our colours doe returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth :
And like a jolly troope of Huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the Victors way.

Hub. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre,
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured : (blowes :
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answered
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
power.

Both are alike, and both alike we like :
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Towne for neither : yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at severall doores.*

Iohn. *France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
Say, shall the currant of our right runne on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and overflow
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his silver Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fran. *England* thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more than we of *France*,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our just borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes we
Or adde a royall number to the dead : (beare,
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Bast. Ha Majesty : how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire :
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with Steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus :
Cry havocke kings, backe to the stained field
You equal Potents, fiery kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirme
The others peace : till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whole party doe the Townesmen yet admit ?

Fran. Speake Citizens for *England*, who's your King.

Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

Fran. Know him thus, that here hold up his right.

Iohn. In us, that are our owne great Deputy,
And beare possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence Angiers, and if you.

Fran. A greater powre than We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we doe loose
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates :
Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolv'd
Be by some certaine King, purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers front you
And stand securely on their battlements, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death,
Your Royall presences be rul'd by me,
Doe like the Mutines of *Ierusalem*,
Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-fearing clamours have brail'd downe
The flinty ribbes of this contemptuous City,
I'de play incessantly upon these lades,
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre :
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point :
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory :
How like you this wilde counsel mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policy ?

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Towne :
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
As we wil ours, against these sawcy walles,
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke upon our selves, for heaven or hell.

Fran. Let it be so : say, where will you assault ?

Iohn. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cites bosome.

Aust. I from the North.

Fran. Our thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne,

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From North to South :
Austria and *France* shooe in each others mouth,
He stirre them to it : come, away, away.

Hub. Heare us great Kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league :
Win you this City without stroke, or wound,
Rescue thoe breathing lives to dye in beds,
That heere come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but heare me mighty Kings.

Iohn. Speake on with favour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of *Spaine*, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to *England*, looke upon the yeeres
Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely mayd.
If lusty love should goe in quest of beauty,

Where

Where should he find it fairer, than in *Blanch* :
 If zealous Love goe in search of vertue,
 Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
 If Love ambitious, sought a match of birth,
 Whose veines bound richer bloud then Lady *Blanch* ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, vertue, birth,
 Is the yong *Dolphin* every way compleat,
 If not compleat of, say he is not she,
 And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he :
 He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she,
 And she a faire divided excellence,
 Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
 Otwo such silver Currents when they joyne,
 Doe glorifie the bankes that bound them in :
 And two such shores, to two such streames made one;
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marry them :
 This vnion shall doe more than battery can,
 To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
 With swifter spleene than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we sling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but without this match,
 The Sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
 Lyons more confident, Mountaines and Rocks,
 More free from motion, no not death himselfe
 In mortall fury halfe so peremptory,
 As we to keepe this Citie.

Bas. Heere's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
 Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountaines, rocks, and seas,
 Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
 As Maids of thirteene doe of Puppie-dogs.
 What Cannoneere begot this luty bloud,
 He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
 He gives the Bastinado with his tongue :
 Our cares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
 But buffers better than a fist of *France* :
 Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
 Give with our Neece a dowry large enough,
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye,
 Thy now unfur'd assurance to the Crowne,
 That yon Greene Boy shall have no Sunne to ripe,
 The bloome that promiseth a mighty fruit,
 I see a yielding in the lookes of *France* :
 Marke how they whisper, urge them while their foules
 Are capeable of this ambition,
 Least zeale now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pitty and remorse,
 Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Majesties,
 This friendly Treaty of our threatned towne?

Fra. Speake *England* first, that hath been forward first,
 To speake unto this Citie : what say you?

Iohn. If that the *Dolphin* there thy Princely sonne,
 Can in this booke of beauty reade, I love :
 Her Dowry shall weigh equall with a *Queene*,
 For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine*, *Maine*, *Poytiers*,
 And all that we upon this side the Sea,
 (Except this Citie now by us besiegd)
 Find liable to our Crowne and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich.

Intitles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, bloud,
 Holds hands with any Princeesse of the world.

Fra. What say'st thou Boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I doe my Lord, and in her eye I find,
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
 Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
 Becomes a sonne, and makes your sonne a shadow :
 I doe protest I never lov'd my selfe
 Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
 Drawne in the flattering table of her eye.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bas. Drawne in the flattering table of her eye,
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
 And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espie
 Himselfe Loves traitor, this is pitty now;
 That hang'd and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
 In such a love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My Vncles will in this respect is mine,
 If he see ought in you that makes him like,
 That any thing he see's which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will :
 Or if you will, to speake more properly,
 I will enforce it easlie to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this, that nothing doe I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 Iudge,

That I can find, should merit any hate.

Iohn. What say these yong-ones? What say you my
 Neece?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to doe
 What you in wisdome still vouchsafeto say.

Iohn. Speake then Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this
 Lady?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
 For I doe love her most unfainedly.

Iohn. Then doe I give *Volquessen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poytiers, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces
 With her to thee, and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne ;
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
 Command thy sonne and daughter to joyne hands.

Fra. It likes us well young Princes: close your hands.

Anst. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
 That I did so when I was first a slur'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made,
 For at *Saints Maries* Chappell presently,
 The rights of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
 Is not the Lady *Constance* in this troope?
 I know she is not for this match made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much,
 Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your Highnesse Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made,
 Will give her sadnesse very little cure :

Brother of *England*, how may we content
 This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
 Which we God knowes, have turned another way,
 To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale up all,
 For wee'll create yong *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*
 And Earle of *Richmond*, and this rich faire Towne

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity : I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Goe we as well as hast will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pompe.

Exit.

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition :
Iohn to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charity brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
With that same purpose-changer, that slye diuel,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who having no externall thing to lose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground :
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This swaye of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Ciap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolv'd and honorable warre,
To a most base and vile concluded peace.
And why raile I on this commodity ?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sinne but to be rich,
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggery :
Since Kings breake faith upon commodity,
Gaine be my lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Constance*, *Arthur*, and *Salisbury*.

Const. Gone to be married ? Gone to sweare a peace ?
False blood to false blood joyn'd. Gone to be friends ?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces ?
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
Be well advis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man :
Beleeve me, I doe not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to teares ;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but jest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne ?
What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holdest thine eye that lamentable riewme,
Like a proud river peering ore his bounds ?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words ?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeve you thinke them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeve, and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lewis marry *Blanch* ? O boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me ?
Fellow be gone : I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harme have I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done ?

Const. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Arthur. I doe beseech you Madame be content.

Const. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crowne :
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Sovereignty,
And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *Iohn* :
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,

I may not goe without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not goe with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to be proud,
For greif is proud, and makes his owner stoop ;
To me and to the state of my great greife,
Let kings assemble : for my greife's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrowes sit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burchens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falsehood change.

Fran. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeite
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proves valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,
And our oppression had made up this league:
Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
A widow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the houres of this ungodly day
Weare out the dayes in peace: but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord twixt these perjur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. Warre, warre, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O Lymoges, O Austria, thou dost shame
That bloody spoile: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany,
Thou ever strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st never fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my party: thou cold blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide? dost it for shame,
And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.

Aust. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.
Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pau. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
To thee King Iohn my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinall,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, under heaven, are supream head,
So under him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone uphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

Fran. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendome
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale seles pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This juggling witch-craft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.

Const. O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with Rome to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pau. There's law and warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Const. And for mine too, when law can doe no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his kingdome, holds the law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that devill, lest that France repent,
And

And by disloyning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.

Bas. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbes.

Aust. Well ruijian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because,

Bas. Your breeches best may carry them.

Iohn. *Philip*, what faist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend :
Forgoe the easier.

Bla. That is the curse of *Rome*.

Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the devill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need :
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts up,
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden downe.

Iohn. The kind is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O be remov'd from him, and answer well:

Aust. Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bas. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin most sweet lout.

Fran. I am perplex, and know not what to say.

Fan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fran. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine up of peace,
Heaven knowes they were besmeared and over-stained
With slaughters pencill; where revenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?
So newly joyn'd in love? so strong in both,
Vnyoke this feysure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of our selves
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-swear faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir
My reverend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, devise, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.

Therefore to *Armes*, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mothers curse, on her revolting sonne.

France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fran. I may disloyne my hand, but not my faith,

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civill warre setst oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou swor'st, is sworne against thy selfe,
And may not be performed by thy selfe,
For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake againe, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falsehood, falsehood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockery should it be to sweare?
But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Vpon which better part, our prais come in
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despaire, dye under their blacke weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bas. Wil't not be?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to *Armes*.

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men:
Shall braying trumpets, and loud charlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pompe?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did neere pronounce:
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to *Armes*
Against mine Vncle.

Const. O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
Be stronger with thee, than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honor, Oh thine honor, *Lewis* thine honor.

Dolph. I muse your Majesty doth seeme so celd,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Fra. I thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.

Const. O faire returne of banish'd Majesty.

Elea. O foule revolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. *France*, thou shalt rue this hoare within this hoare.

Bas.

Bast. Old Time the clocke fether, that bald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's orecaft with blood: faire day adieu,
Which is the fide that I muft goe withall?

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle a-funder, and difmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maift winne:
Vnkle, I needs muft pray that thou maift lofe:
Father, I may not wifh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wifh thy wifhes thrive:
Who ever winnes, on that fide fhall I lofe:
Affured loffe, before the match be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

Iohn. *Cofen*, goe draw our puifance together,
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whole heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereft valued blood of *France*.

Fran. Thy rage fhall burne thee up, and thou fhalt turne
To afhes, ere our blood fhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy felfe, thou art in jeopardy.

Iohn. No more then he that threatens. To Arms! let's hie.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarums, Exeufions: Enter Baftard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery devil hovers in the skie,
And pour's downe mifchiefe. *Austria* head ly there;

Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

Iohn. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make up,
My Mother is affailed in our Tent,
And tang I feare.

Bast. My Lord I refcued her.
Her Highneffe is in fafety, feare you not:
But on my Leige, for very little paines
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

Exit.

Alarums, exeufions. Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur, Baftard, Hubert, Lords,

Iohn. So fhall it be: your grace fhall ftay behind
So ftrongly guarded: *Cofen*, looke not fad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

Iohn. *Cofen* away for *England*, hafte before,
And ere our comming fee thou fhake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprifoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muft by the hungry now be fed upon:
Vfe our commiffion in his utmoft force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, and Candle, fhall not drive me backe,
When gold and filver beckes me to come on.

I leave your highneffe: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your faire fafety: fo I kiffe your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentle *Cofen*.

Iohn. *Coz*, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinfman, harke, a word,

Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flefh
There is a foule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bofome, deerefy cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to fay,
But I will fit it with fome better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*, I am almoft afham'd
To fay what good refpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majefty.

Iohn. Good friend, thou haft no caufe to fay fo yet,
But thou fhalt have: and creepe time neere fo flow,
Yet it fhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to fay, but let it goe:

The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes.

To give me audience; if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzy race of night:

If this fame were a Church-yard where we ftand,
And thou poffeffed with a thoufand wrongs:

Or if that furly fpirit melancholy

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thicke,
Which elfe runnes tickling up and downe the veins,

Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ftaine their cheekes to idle merriment,

A paffion hatefull to my purpofes:

Or if that thou could'ft fee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine cares, and make reply

Without a tongue, ufyng conceit alone,
Without eyes, cares, and harmefull found of words:

Then, in defpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bofome poure my thoughts:

But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ft me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
By heaven I would doe it.

Iohn. Doe not I know thou would'ft?

Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: He tell thee what my friend,

He is a very ferpent in my way,

And wherefoere this foot of mine doth tread,

He lyes before me: doft thou underftand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And ile keepe him fo,
That he fhall not offend your Majefty.

Iohn. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

Iohn. A Grave.

Hub. He fhall not live.

Iohn. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.

Well, He not fay what I intend for thee:

Remember: Madam, fare you well.

He fend thofe powers o're to your Majefty.

Ele. My bleffing goe with thee.

Iohn. For *England* *Cofen*, goe.

Hubert fhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duecy: on toward *Calice*, ho!

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted faile
Is scattered and disioyned from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fran. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur tane prisoner? divers deere friends slaine?
And bloody *England* into *Eng* and gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fran. Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes here? a grave unto a soule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the wilde prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Const. Lo, now: now see the issue of your peace.

Fran. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I deſie all counſell, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſell, true redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottenneſſe,
Arife forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones.
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold wormes,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeric's love,
O come to me.

Fran. O faire affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rowze from ſleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which ſcornes a moderate invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.

Const. Thou art holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Constance*, I was *Geſſreys* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
O, if I could, what griefe ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of griefe,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my ſelfe:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamity.

Fran. Bind up thoſe trefles: O what love I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haire;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiery ſiends
Doe glew themſelves in ſociable griefe,
Like true, inſeparable, faithfull loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.

Fran. Bind up your haire.

Const. Yeſ that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeeme my ſonne,
As they have given theſe hayres their liberty:
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Beauſe my poore child is a priſoner.
And father Cardinall, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy againe:
For ſince the birth of *Caine*, the firſt male-child
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-ſorrow eate my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fit,
And ſo hee'll dye: and riſing ſo againe,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a reſpect of griefe.

Const. He talkes to me, that never had a ſonne.

Fran. You are as fond of griefe, as of your child.

Const. Greefe fills the roome up of my abſent child:
Lyes in his bed, walkes up and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeates his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of griefe?
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſe as I,
I could give better comfort than you doe.
I will not keepe this forme upon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire ſonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrowes cure. *Exit.*

Fran. I feare ſome outrage, and ile follow her. *Exit.*

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull care of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoyl'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yeelds nought but ſhame and bitterneſſe.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repaire and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evill:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Dol. All dayes of glory, joy, and happineſſe.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moſt good,
Shee lookes upon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ſtrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly wonne:

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Paul. Your mind is all as youthfull as your blood.

Now heare me speake with a prophetick spirit:
For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly leade
Thy foote to *Englands* Throne. And therefore marke:
Iohn hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The mis-plac'd *Iohn* should entertaine an houre;
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no wilde hold to stay him up:
That *Iohn* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?

Paul. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.

Dol. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Paul. How greene you are, and fresh in this old world?
Iohn layes you plots: the times conspire with you,
For he thā: steapes his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This Act so evilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeale,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *Iohn*.

Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Paul. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of unacquanted change,
And picke strong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn*.

Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you;
Than I have nam'd. The bastard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traineten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strong actions: let us go,
If you say I, the King will not say no.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too'r.
Yong Lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.

Hub. Good morrow little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrier.

Ar. 'Mercie on me:

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in Fance,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonneffe: by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as as merrie as the day is long:
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne?
No indeed it's not: and I would to heaven
I were your sonne, so you would love me, *Hubert*:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke *Hubert*? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sicke.
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade here yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispiteous torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Have you the heart? When your head did but
ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)
And I did never aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good love may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
And ne're have spoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your sicke service had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my love was craftie love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have sworne to doe it :
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would doe it :
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye :
Are you more stubborne hard, than hammer'd Iron ?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleev'd him : no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Doe as I bid you doe.

Ar. O save me *Hubert*, save me : my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him heere.

Ar. Alas, what need you be so boistrous rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still :
For heaven sake *Hubert* let me not be bound :
Nay heare me *Hubert*, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.

I will not stirre, nor wince, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angerly :
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you doe put me too.

Hub. Goe stand within : let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

Ar. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart :
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heaven : that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :
Then feeling what small things are boysterous there
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tongue.

Ar. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue : let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth : the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extreames : See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it Boy.

Ar. And if you doe, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes :
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to doe me wrong
Deny their office : onely you doe lacke
That mercy, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out:

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleepe doublelesse, and secure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heaven ! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more : goe closely in with me.
Much danger doe I undergoe for thee.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

Iohn. Heere once againe we sit : once against crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once againe (but that your highnesse pleas'd)
Was once superfluous : you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was ne're pluck'd off :
The faiths of men, ne're stained with revolt :
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before ;
To gild refined gold, to paint the Lilly ;
To throw a pertume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow ; or with Taper-light
To seeke the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde unto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration :
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workemen strive to doe better than wel,
They doe confound their skill in covetousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse :
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd,

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell : but it pleas'd your highnesse
To over-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your highnesse will.

Iohn.

Ioh. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have posselt you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesse is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests:

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you have bid us aske his liberty,
Which for our goods, we doe no further aske,
Than, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Iohn. Let it be so: I doe commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should doe the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Doe shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I doe fearefully beleieve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to doe.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and goe,
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds' twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet child's death.

Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the child himselfe felt he was sicke;
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Iohn. Why doe you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Have I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (lord *Salisbury*) Ile goe with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poore child,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt.

Iohn. They burne in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mes.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchiev'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in *France*?

Mes. From *France* to *England*, never such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The Copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they doe prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.

Ioh. Oh where hath our intelligence beene drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawn in *France*,
And she not heare of it?

Mes. My Leige, her care
Is stopt with dust: the first of Apill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenize di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Iohn. Withhold thy speed, dreadfull occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in *France*?
Vnder whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed heere?

Mes. Vnder the *Dolphin*.

Enter Bastard, and Peter of Pomfret.

Iohn. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Doe not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Bast. But if you be asfeard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst unheard, fall on your head.

Iohn. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I travail'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Posselt with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your highnesse should deliver up your Crowne.

Ioh. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Ioh. *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French (my lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met lord *Bigot*, and lord *Salisbury*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

Iohn. Gentle kinsman, goe (suggestion.)
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I have a way to winne their loves againe :
Bring them before me.

Basf. I will seeke them out.

Iohn. Nay, but make haste : the better foot before.
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Basf. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit.*

Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Goe after him : for he perhaps shall need
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

Iohn. My mother dead ?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

Iohn. Five Moones ?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Doe prophesie upon it dangerously :
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, unwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.

Ioh. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why urgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murderd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H. No had (my lord?) why, did you not provoke me?

Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authority
To understand a Law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majelty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, than advi'd respect.

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

Ioh. Oh, when the last account twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to doe ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to doe a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany :
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death :
And thou, to be enderred to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My lord.

Ioh. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me breake off,
And those thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst understand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart content,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vild to name
Out of my sight, and never see me more :
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of forraigne powres ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshy Land,
This kingdom, this Confinde of blood, and breathe
Hostility, and civill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cofins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies :
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you,
Yong *Arthur* is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood:
Within this bosome, never entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

Iohn. Doth *Arthur* live? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foule immaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my Closet bring,
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pitifull, and hurt me not :
There's few or none doe know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and doe not breake my limbes,
Ile find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to dye, and goe ; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heaventake my soule, and *England* keepe my bones, *Die*

Enter Pembroke, and Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint *Edmondsbury*,
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?

Sal. The Count *Melloone*, a Noble lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dolphines* love,
Is much more generall, than these lines import.

Bigot.

Big. To morrow morning let us meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
 Two long dayes journey (lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd lords,
 The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himselfe of us,
 We will n ot lyne his thin-bestained clake
 With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
 That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
 Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst. (best.)

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were

Sal. Our greifes, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grieve.

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.

Bast. 'Tistrue, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?

P. Oh death made proud with pure and princely beuty,
 The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
 Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you have beheld,
 Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?

Or doe you almost thinke, although you see,
 That you doe see? could thought, without this object

Forme such another? this is the very top,

The heighth, the Crest: or Crest unto the Crest

Of murthers Armes: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke

That ever wall-cy'd wrath, or staring rage

Presented to the teares of soft remorse.

Pem. All murthers past, doe stand excus'd in this:

And this so sole, and so unmatcheable,

Shall give a holinesse, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;

And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest,

Exempld by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,

The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,

The practice, and the purpose of the King:

From whose obedience I forbid my soule,

Kneeling before this ruine of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathlesse excellence

The incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with Ease, and idlenesse,

Till I have set a glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of Revenge.

Pem. *Big.* Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death:

Avant thou hatefull villaine, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villaine.

Sal. Must I rob the Law.

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it up againe.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe lord *Salisbury*, stand backe I say
 By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.

I would not have you (lord) forget your selfe,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Least I by marking of your rage, forget

Your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Doe not prove me so:

Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false;

Not truly speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces.

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divel, *Salisbury*.

If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,

Or teach thy hasty spleene to doe me shame,

Ile strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,

Or Ile so maule you, and your tosting-Iron,

That you shall thinke the divel is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou doe, renowned *Faulconbridge*?

Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hub. Lord *Bigor*, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weepe

My date of life out, for his sweet lives losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villanie is not without such rheume,

And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme

Like Rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre

Th'uncleanly savour of a slaughter-house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sionne.

Big. Away, toward *Bury*, to the *Dolphin* there.

P. There tell the King, he may inquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire worke?

Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercy,

(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Doe but heare me sir.

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what,

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,

Thou art more deepe dam n'd than Prince *Lucifer*.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruell Act: doe but despaire,

And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred

That ever Spider twisted from her wombe

Will serve to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame

To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,

Put but a little water in a spoone,

And it shall be as all the Ocean,

Enough to stife such a villaine up.

I doe suspect thee very greivously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want paines enough to torture me:

I left him well.

Bast. Goe, beare him in thine armes:

I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way

Among the thornes, and dangers of this world,

b 3

How

How easie dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morcell of dead Royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven: and *England* now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th'teeth
The unow'd interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Raven on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that child,
And follow me with speed; Ile to the King:
A thousand busineses are brieft in hand,
And heaven it selfe doth frowne upon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, and Pandulph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yeelded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pand. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Sovereigne greatnesse and authority.

John. Now keepe your holy word, goe meet the *French*,
And from his holinesse use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Counties doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of soule
To stranger-bioud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of mistempred humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest up,
Vpon your stubborne usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of service to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

John. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: *London* hath receiv'd
Like a kind Host, the *Dolphin* and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries up and down
The little number of doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

John. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you have beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Governe the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lyon in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the doores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the *Dolphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send faire-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Invasive? Shall a bearded boy,
A cockred-silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,
And find no checke? Let us my Leige to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Party may well meet a powder foe. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Mel'borne, Pembroke,
Bigot, Souldiers.*

Dol. My lord *Melborne*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these lords againe,
That having our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keep our faithes firme and inviolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it never shall be broken.
And Noble *Dolphin*, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings: yet beleve me Prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seeke a plaster by condemn'd revolt,
And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many : Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker : oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne injustice, and confused wrong:
And is't not pittie, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this *Ile*,
Were borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosome, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a veine of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastring in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combate hast fought
Betweene compulsion, and a brave respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That silvery doth progresse on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seene the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisbury*)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Commend these warres to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warme of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinkes an Angel spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of *Rome*:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lyon fostered up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull than in shew.

Dolph. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be propertyed
To be a secondary at controull,
Or usefull serving-man, and instrument
To any Sovereigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres;
Betweene this chaltiz'd kingdome and my selfe;
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake wind, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honor of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men provided? what munition sent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-goethis charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this busynesse, and maintaine this warre?
Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
Uive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes?
Have I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it never shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dolph. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Even in the jawes of danger, and of death:
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy lord of *Millane*, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly sayes, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth sayes well. Now heere our *English* King,
For thus his Royalty doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should,
This apish and unmannerly approach;
This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,
This unheard sawcynesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories:
That hand which had the strength even at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd up in chetis and trunckes,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Even

Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed *English* man.
Shall that victorious hand be feeble heere,
That in your Chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayery towres,
To fowle annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping up the wombe
Of your deere Mother-*England*: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brave, and turne thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Bast. Indeed your drummes being beaten, wil cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: doe but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, than need)
Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his forehead sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike up our drummes, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it (*Dolphin*) doe not doubt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn, and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with us? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Majesty?

Iohn. This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord: your valiant kinsman *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you goe.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinsford*, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* heere,
Are wrack'd three nights agoe on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyraot Feaver burnes me up,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsford*: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten divell *Faulconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King *Iohn* sore sicke, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* heere.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloon*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Flye Noble *English*, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Sceke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Vpon the Altar at Saint *Edmundsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and live hence, by truth?
I say againe, if *Lewis* doe winne the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this body and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We doe beleeve thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I doe love the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankenesse and irregular course,
Stoope low within those bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme shall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I doe see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newnesse that intends old right. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Del. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loath to set;
But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When *Englisb* measure backward their owne ground
In faint retyre: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly up,
Lait in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere, what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The *Englisb* Lords
By his perswasion are at length falne off,
And your supply which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and funke on *Goodwin* Sands.

Dol. Ah foule shrew'd newes. Bestrew thy very heart:
I did not thinke to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *Iohn* did fly an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powres?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord,

Dol. Well: keep good quarter, and good care to night,
The day shall not be up so soone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or I
shoot:

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Bast. Whither dost thou goe?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazzards well beleeve
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, and endlessse night,
Have done me shame: Brave Souldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why here walke I, in the blacke brow of night,
To finde you out.

Bast. Briefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not fswound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Than if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolved Villaine
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majestie.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to beare above our power.

Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Passing these *Flets*, are taken by the Tide,
These *Lincolne*-washes have devoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, have escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, ere I come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his bloud
Istouch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the foules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speake, and holds beleeve,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poyson which assyleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselves.
Death having prei'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His foule and body their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marry, now my foule hath elbow-roome,

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a Summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen,
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Doe I shrinke up.

Hen. How fares your Majestie?

Ioh. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my Kingdomes Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I doe not aske you much,
I beg cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might relieve you.

Iohn. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreevable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene off speed, to see your Majestie.

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Washes* all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breathe these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even so must I runne on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I doe but stay behinde
To doe the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe,
To push destruction and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let us seeke, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphin rages at our very heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Bast. He will the rather doe it, when he sees
Our selves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the Sea-side, and put his caule and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will post
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers funerall.

Hen. At *Worster* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I doe bequeath my faithfull services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde soule that would give thanks,
And knowes not how to doe it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath bene beforehand with our griefes.
This *England* never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conquerer,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shooke them: Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it selfe, doe rest but true.

Exeunt.

FJNJS.



The Life and Death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King Richard.

Ed John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold son:
Here to make good the boysterous late ap-
Which then our leasure would not let us heare, (peale,
Against the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him;
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some knowne ground of treachery in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your highnesse, no inveterate malice.

King. Then call them to our prefence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will heare
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea; hasty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bull. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Sovereigne, my most loving Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heavens envying earths good hap,
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of *Herford* what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?

Bull. First, heaven be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subjects love,
Tendring the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely prefence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer it in heaven.
Thou art a Traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and Cristall is the skie,

The uglier seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule traitors name stuffe I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Sovereigne) ere I move, (prove,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawne sword may

Mow. Let not my coole words here accuse my zeale:
Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reverence of your highnesse curbes mee,
From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post, untill it had return'd
These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat,
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I doe desie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meet him, were I tide to run afoot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever *Englishman* durst set his foot.
Meane time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lye.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reverence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honours pawne, then stoope.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
He answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous designe of knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It must be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile prove,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye,
That all the treasons for these eightene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his shad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glensters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeving aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitor Coward,
Slac'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Even from the tonguelesse cavernes of the earth)
To me for lustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution seares:
Thomas of Norfolk, why sayst thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Sovereigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so fowle a lyer.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and cares,
Were he my brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerentse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unskipping firmenesse of my upright soule.
He is our subject (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my Sovereigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For *Glensters* death,
I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable Father to my Foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespassse that doth vex my grieved soule:
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage,
Vpon this overweening traitors foot,
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition.

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of *Norfolkes* gage.

King. And *Norfolke* throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe, we bid; there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Sovereigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that lives upon my grave
To darke dishonours use, thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no blame can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poysen.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live; and for that will I die.

King. Coofin, throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my soule from such soule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-fearse impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be ready to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucster.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glensters* blood,
Doth more sollicite me than your exclames,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life:

But

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duc. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edwards seven tonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seven vialles of his Sacred blood.

O seven faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seven are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:

But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloster,
One Viall full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,

One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;

Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Enviies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.

Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,

Made him a man: and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou doest consent

In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,

Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despaire,

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience

Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,

The best way is to venge my Glosters death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heavens substitute
His Deputy annoynt in his sight,

Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may never list

An angry arme against his Minister.

Duc. Where then (alas) may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

Duc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold

Our Cosine Hereford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on Herefords speare,

That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:
Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,

Be Mowbrayes finnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Courfers backe,

And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Hereford.

Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister fare well: I must to Couentre,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Duc. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight: (falls,

I take my leave, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother *Edward* *Torky*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?

With all good speed at Plashie visit me.
Alacke, and what shall good old *York*: there see

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, untroden stones?

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow, that dwels every where:

Defolate, defolate will I hence, and dye,

The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry* Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfull and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appeallants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesties approach. *Flourish.*

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, &
others: Then Mowbray in Ar-
mor, and Harrold.*

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrivall heere in Armes,

Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in Armes?

Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,

As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath

(Which heaven defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Againe the Duke of Hereford, that appeales me:

And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To prove him (in defending of my selfe)

A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Tucker. Enter Hereford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who hee is, and why he commeth hither,

Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? & wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?

Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heaven.

Bull. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancatter, and Derby,
Am I: who ready here do stand in Armes,

To prove by heavens grace, and my bodyes valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk,

That he's a Traitor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lists,

Except the Marshall, and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designses,

Bull. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Sovereigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:

For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our severall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of Hereford as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight :
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare :
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Aumerle* ;
Not sicke, although I have to doe with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerefully drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with atwo-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde prooffe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steale my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furnishe new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.

Bull. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, just, and upright Gentleman :
Never did Captaine with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine adversarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeeres,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to jest,
Go I to fight : Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye :
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. *Harrie* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
Receive thy Launce, and heaven defend thy right.

Bull. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D. of Norfolk*.

1. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
Stands heere for God, his Sovereigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*
on paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Sovereigne, and to him disloyall :
Couragiously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded*

Mar. Sound trumpets, and set forward Conbatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe :
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw heere and list
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plow'd up with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boyltrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confinnes fright faire Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cofin *Hereford*, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall nor regret our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bull. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you heere, shall shine on me :
And those his golden beames to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. *Norfolke* : for thee remains a heavier doome,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The flye slow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile :
The hopelesse word, of never to returne,
Breathe I against thee, upon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Sovereigne Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth :
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engal'd my tongue,
Doubly percullick with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me :
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now :
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes to late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands,
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)
To keepe the Oath that we administer :
You never shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,

Nor

Nor ever write,regreete,or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advised purpose meete,
To plot,contrive,or complot any ill,
'Gainst Vs,our State,our subjects,or our Land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so farre, as to mineemie,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our soules had wandered in the ayre,
Banish'd this fraile sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou halt farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence :
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Rich. Vncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greaved heart : thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away : Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lies in one little word :
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile :
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change the Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and candlelesse night :
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give ;
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy sonne is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre ?

Gau. Things sweet to tast, prove in digestion sowre :
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away :
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich. Cosine farewell : and Vncle bid him so :
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourish.

Au. Cosine farewell : what prefence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Bul. I have too few to take my leave of you,
when the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone ?

Bul. To men in joy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The sullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus* ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a Feast ?

Or Wallow, naked in December snow

By thinking on fantasticke Summers heate ?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth ever ranckle more

Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell : sweet foil adieu
My Mother and my Nurse, which beares me yet :
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did observe. Cosine *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting teares were shed ?

Aum. Faith none by me : except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepeie rhewine, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him ?

Au. Farewell : and for my hart disdain'd y my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seemde buried in my sorrowes grave.
Marry, would the word Farewell, had lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment ;
He should have had a volume of Farewells,
But since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment ;
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Bushy* : heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Observe his Courtship to the common people ;
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him goe these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld the futher meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

Rich. We will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The reuennew whereof shall furnish us
For our affayres in hand: if they come short
Our substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely house.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven we may make hast, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholsome counsell to his unstaide youth?

Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before,
The setting Sun, and musicke is the close.
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though *Richard* my lives counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet undeafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is stoppt with other flatt'ring sounds
As prayes of his state: then there are found
Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eares of youth doth alwayes listen.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gau. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soone burne out themselves;
Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
He tyres betimes, that ipurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes upon it selfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortres built by nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This pecious stone set in the silver Sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensive to a house,
Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian service, and true Chivalrie,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn *Iury*
Of the worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.

England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious sledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ah? would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Quene, Annerle, Bushy, Greene,
Bago, Ros, and Willoughby.*

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coats, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gau*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gau* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abtaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens looks,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

Ri. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no men living flatter those that dye.

Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter' st me.

Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill :

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesse then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those Physitions, that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy hand,
And yet incaged in 'o small a Verge,
The waste is no whit lesse then thy Land.
Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his Land by lease :
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King :
Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the law,
And ———

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priviledge,
Dart'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheekes, chasing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native residence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Majestie,
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* tonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne :
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou hast rapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongst happy soules)
May be a president, and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st it not spilling *Edwards* blood :
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I have,
And thy unkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honor have.

Exit

Rich. And let them dye, that age and tullen have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

Tor. I doe beseech your Maestie impute his words
To wayward sicknesse, and age in him :
He loves you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he heere.

Rich. Right, you say true : as *Herefords* love, so his;
As theirs, so mine : and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Tor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
Majestie.

Rich. What sayes he?

Tor. Nay nothing, all is said :

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Tor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom else
But onely they, have priviledge to live.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coyne, and revennewes, and moveables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand posselt.

Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herefords* banishment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Have ever made me fowre my patient cheekes,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraignes face :
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first;
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce :
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman :
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers :
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends : his noble hand
Did win what he did spend : and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won :
His hands were guiltie of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne :
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he never would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege pardon me if you please, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all :
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights :
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Liverie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will : we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ile not be by the while : My Leige farewell,

What

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courtes may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

Exit.

Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* straight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vnckle *Yorke*, Lord Governor of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our *Queene*, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speake more
That ipeakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

Will. Tends that thou'dst speake to th'Du. of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man:

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himseife, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
I hat will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with greivous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'de
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors archie'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.

Will. The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to avoyd the storme:
We see the winde sit fore upon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And unvoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I have from *Port le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoin*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Impe out our drooping Countreies broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to *Ravenpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them that feare:

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Queene*, *Bushy*, and *Bagot*.

Bush. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heavinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot doe it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*, yet againe me thinkes
Some unborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is coming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, eyd awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Majesty
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himseife to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious *Queene*,
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eye, (scene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu.

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse : conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeve,
'Tis in reversion that I doe possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men;

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his desires crave haste, good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
and driven into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,
The banish'd *Bullinbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At *Ravenesburg*.

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gree. O Madam 'tis too true : and that is worse,
The L. Northumberland, his yong sonne *Henry Percie*,
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?

Gree. We have : whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And al the household servants fled with him to *Bullenbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joyn'd.

Bush. Despaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will despaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gree. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes :
Vnckle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words.

Yor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and greefe :
Your husband he is gone to save farre off,
Whilst others come to make his loose at home :
Heere am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe :
Now comes his sicke houre that his surfer made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was : why so, go all which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sifter Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall greeve you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knave?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.

Yor. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe : I would to heaven
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What are there pottes dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we doe for mony for these warres?
Come sifter (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.
Go follow, get thee home, provide some Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muster men?
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleve me. Both are my kinsmen,
Th'one is my Sovereigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend : th'other againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do : Come Cozen,
Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Barkley Castle :
I should to Plashy too : but time will not permit,
All is uneven, & every thing is left at six and seven. *Exit.*

Bush. The wind sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes : For us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gri. Besides our neerenesse to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of those love not the King.

Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If judgement lye in them, then so do we,
Because we have beene ever neere the King.

Gree. Well: I will for refuge streight to Bristoll Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hateful Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in peeces :
Will you goe along with us?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Majestie :
Farewell, if hearts prefages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*.

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dric,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bush. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Well, me may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me never.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Barkley now?

Nor. Beleve me noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire,
These high wilde hilles, and rough uneven wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome :
And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,

Making

Making the hard way sweet and delectable :
 But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
 From Ravenspurgh to Courtshold will be found,
 In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie;
 Which I protest hath very much beguild
 The tediousnesse, and processe of my travell :
 But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have
 The present benefit that I possesse :
 And hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,
 Then hope enjoy'd : By this, the wearie Lords
 Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
 By sight of what I have, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
 Then your good words : but who comes here ?

Enter H. Percy.

North. it is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
 Sent from my brother *Worcester* : Whence soever.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle ?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
 health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene ?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
 Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst
 The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason ?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
 But hee, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
 To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
 And sent me over by *Barkely*, to discover
 What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
 Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord ; for that is not forgot
 Which ne're I did remember to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now : this is the
 Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
 Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
 To more approved service, and desert.

Bull. I thank thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
 I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
 As in a Soule remembring my good Friends :
 And as my fortune ripens with thy Love,
 It shall be still thy true Loves recompence,
 My heart this covenant makes, thy hand thus seals it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkely* ? and what stirre
 Keepest good old *Torke* there, with his Men of Warre ?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
 And in it are the Lords of *Torke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*,
 None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
 Bloody with spurring, fierie red with halte.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
 A banisht Traitor ; all my Treasure
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love, and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes us rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Evermore thanks, th'Exchequer of the poore,
 Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
 Stands for my Bountie : but who comes here ?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
 And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
 And I must finde that Title in your Towne,
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
 To raze one title of your honour out.
 To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
 From the most glorious of this Land,
 The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
 To take advantage of the absent time,
 And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Torke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
 Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.

Tor. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
 Whose durie is deceivable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Tor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
 I am no Traytors Vnckle ; and that word Grace,
 In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why have these banish'd, and torbidden Legges,
 Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground ?
 But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
 So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
 Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
 And ostentation of despised Armes ?

Com'st thou because th'anoyned King is hence ?
 Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
 And in my loyal Bosome lyes his power.

Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
 As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and thy selfe
 Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
 From forth the Rankes of many thousand French :
 Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
 Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
 On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

Tor. Even in condition of the worst degree,
 In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason :
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
 Before th'expiration of thy time,
 In braving Armes against thy Sovereigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,
 But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
 Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye :
 You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
 I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
 Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wandring Vagabond ; my Rights and Royalties
 Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
 To upstart Vnthrifts ? Wherefore was I borne ?
 If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
 It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
 You have a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,
 Had you first died and hee thus trod downe,
 He should have found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
 To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am denyde to sue my Liverie here,
 And yet my Letters Patents give me leave :
 My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
 And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What

What would you have me doe? I am a subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are denyde me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To mine inheritance of free Det cent.

North. The Noble Duke hath beene too much abusd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Tork. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,
To find our Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abet him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,
And let him nev'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

Tork. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of the King.

But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that we will accept:
But we must winne your Grace to goe with us
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonweath,
Which I have sworne to weed, and plucke away.

Tork. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept your Countrey men together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our selves: fare well.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
And leane lookt Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Rustians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrey men are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West.
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Tork, Northumberland,
Ross, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie
and Greene Prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men:

Bushie and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodyes)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Have stoopt my necke under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dispark'd my Parkes and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leaving me no signe,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushie. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Gre. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heavens sake fairly let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliver'd.

Tork. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

*Drums: Flourish, and Colours.**Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Souldiers.**Rich.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?*An.* Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?*Rich.* Needes must I like it well: I weepe for ioy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Sovereignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweetes, comfort his ravenous sence;
But let thy Spiders that sucke up thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yield stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Bosome plucke a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereignes Enemies:
Mocke not my sencelesse Conjuratiō: Lords;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her Native King
Shall falter under foule Rebellious Armes.*Car.* Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.*Anm.* He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through their security,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.*Rich.* Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of heaven is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unscene,
In Murthers and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of wordly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly payA glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.*Enter Salisbury.*

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happie dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yester day, bid time returne,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy tate.
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.*Anm.* Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?*Rich.* But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
All soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.*Anm.* Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.*Rich.* I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Majestie, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subject strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *York*
Hath Power enough to serve our turne,
But who comes here?*Enter Scroope**Scroope.* More health and happinesse betide my Leige,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.*Rich.* Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: If he serve God,
Wee'll serve him too, and bee his Fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and death will have his day.*Scroope.* Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.Like an unseasonable stormie day,
Which make the silver Rivers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolv'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steeles:
White Beares have arm'd their thin & hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Majesty, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female joynts
In stiffe unwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beadf-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy state
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I have power to tell.*Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bago*?
What is become of *Bulbin*? where is *Greene*?

That

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps ?
If we prevaile, their hands shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace ? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Love (I see) changing his property,
Turnes to the fowrest, and most deadly hate :
Againe incurse their Soules ; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands : those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Ann. Is *Bushie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire
dead ?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power ?

Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speake :

Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Rainy eyes
Write Sorrow in the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills :
And yet not so ; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposted bodyes to the ground ?

Our Lands, our lives and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as paste, and Cover to our Bones :
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings :

How some have beene depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Gholts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable : and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mocke not flesh and blood
With solemne Reverence : throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but mistooke me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feeble Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends : subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King ?

Col. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile :

To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe ;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death.

Where fearing, dying, payes death servile breath.

Ann. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come

To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome;

This ague fit of feare is over-blowne,

An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?

Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie

The state and inclination of the day,

So may you by my dull and heavie Eye :

My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:

I play the Torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.

Your Vnckle *Torke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,

And all your Northerne Castles yeilded up,

And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes

Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast sayd enough.

Beshrew this Cousin, which didst leade me forth

Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire :

What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?

By heaven Ile hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,

A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey :

That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe

To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow;

For I have none. Let no man speake againe

To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Ann. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers : let them hence away,

From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrooke* faire Day,

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,
Torke, Northumberland, Attendants.*

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Tor. It would befeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard* : alacke the heavie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes : onely to be brieve,
Left I his Tide out.

Tor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so brieve with him, he would
Have beene so brieve with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head; your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther than you should.
Tor. Take not (good Cousin) farther than you should,
Least you mistake the heavens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe
Againe their will. But who comes here?

Enter Prercie.

Welcome *Harry* : what, will not this Castle yeeld ?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally? Why, it containes no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: Kind *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bul. Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:

Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his royall Person: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Armes and power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh Greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.

Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this plaine:
Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinks King *Richard* and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake
At meeting reares the cloudie Cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, lie be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he looks.

Pa. le without, and answer within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Wallis, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroope, Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Turk. Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majestie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a show.

Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay the awfull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship.
For well we know, no hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale or usurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
Have torne their soules, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,
That every stride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: he is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace.
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grassie with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should so with civill and uncivill Armes
Be rush'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That stands upon your Royall Grandfires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honour of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie granted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull service of your Maiesty:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorly, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland* and send
Defiance to the Traytor and sodie?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, & friends their hopefull Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth? Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have bene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell't thou proud heart? Ile give thee scope to beate,
Since foes have scope to beate both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he lose
The Name of King? O' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Jewels for a set of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood;
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
May howrely trample on their Sovereignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Anmarle, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
Wee'll make foule Weather with despised Teares:
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match with shedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a payre of Graves,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, their lyes
Two Kinsmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I taike but idly, and you mocke at me.
Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Majestie
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.

North. My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly lades.

In the bafe Court? bafe Court where Kings grow bafe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe their Grace.

In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shriek, where mounting Larks should

Bull. What sayes his Majestie? (sing.)

North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Majestie.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the bafe Earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Love,
Than my unpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Vp Cousin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, (my most redoubted Lord,) As my true service shall deserue your love.

Rich. Well you deserv'd:
They well deserue to have,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.
Vnckle give me your hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Love, but want their remedies.
Cousin I am to young too be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we must, what force will have us doe,
Set one towards London:

Cousin, is it so?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Queens and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'll play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'll Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe,
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madame, wee'll tell Tales.

Qu. Of sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of eyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:

Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,

It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, heere come the Gardiners,

Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, unto a Rowe of Pinnes,

They'll talke of state: for every one doth so,

Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks,

Which like unruly Children, make their Syre

Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twiggies.

Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,

That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:

All must be even, in our Governement.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away

The noysome weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should wee, in the compasse of a Pale,

Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion;

Shewing as in a Modell our firme state?

When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land,)

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt up,

Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes

Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,

Hath now himsele met with the Fall of Lease.

The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,

Are pull'd up, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:

I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie*, *Greene*,

d

Ser. What

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bulls brooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
What pittie is it, that he had not trim'd
And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare;
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waite and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gor. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorke.
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:
How dares thy harsh tongue found this unpleasing
What Eve? what serpent hath suggested thee, (newes?)
To make a second fall of curst man?

Why do'st thou say King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch,

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this! that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may never grow. *Exit.*

G. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
He set a Banke of Rew, (sowre Herbe of Grace)
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Calile, Abbot of Westminster. Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke, Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timelesse end.

Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bull. Cosin, stand forth and looke upon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the rest full English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrooke* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.

Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my faire Starres,

On equall termes to give him chasticement?

Either I must, or have mine honour spoyld

With th' Atteindor of his slanderous Lippes.

There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death

That markes thee out for Hell: Thou lyest,

And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base,

To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies:

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:

By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say (and vantlyngly thou spak'st it)

That thou wer'st cause of Noble Glousters death.

If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,

And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,

Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all unjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage

To prove it on thee, to th'extremest point

Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengefull Steele,

Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:

I do remember well, the very time

Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then;

And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven,

As heaven it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surry, thou lye'st.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;

That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,

That it shall render Vengeance and Revenge,

Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, doe lye

In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,

Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilderneſſe,
And ipit upon him, whilst I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my bond of Faith;
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
A I intended to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norſolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

Ann. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norſolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald, to try his honour.

Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
Till *Norſolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.

Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſcene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norſolke* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule unto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.

Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norſolke* dead?

Carl. Aſſure as I live my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conſult his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appelants, your differences ſhal all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bull. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.

Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.

Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subject?
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſcene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeeres,
Be judg'd by ſubject, and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refine
Should ſhew ſo heynous, blacke, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prow'd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,

The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels;
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.

North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arreſt you here.

My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.

Yor. I will be his Conduſt.

Exit.

Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knece.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I will remember
The favors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Judas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prielt and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſave the King, although, be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

Yor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maieſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bulſingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crowne. Here Couſin, ſeize the Crowne:
Here Coſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unſcene, and full of Waters:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had beene willing to reſigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Bull. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares ſet up, doe not pluck my Cares down.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:

Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

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Rich. I,

Rich. I, no; no, I : for I must nothing bee :
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe.
I give this heavie Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teares I Wash away my Blame,
With mine owne Hands I give away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes :
All Pompe and Majestie I doe forswear :
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgoe ;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie :
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd,
Long mayst thou live in *Richards* Seat to sit,
And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God save King *Henry*, un-King'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remains ?

North. No more : but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so ? and must I ravell out
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them ? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one haynous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie : yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my fowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see :
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest :
For I have given here my Soules consent,
To undeck the pompous Body of a King ;
Made Glory base ; a Sovereigne, a Slave ;
Prowd Majestie, a Subject ; State, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man ;
No, nor no mans Lord : I have no Name, no Title ;
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt: alack the heavie day,
That I have worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I have;
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

Nor. Reade o're this Paper, while the Glasfe doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd : Ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasfe.

Give me that Glasfe, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow stricke
So many Blowes upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasfe,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day, under his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follies,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bul. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow : ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manners of Laments,
Are meere shadows to the unseene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance : and I thanke thee King
For thy great bounty, that not onely giv'st
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bul. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater than a King :
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a King heere to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no neede to begge.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I have?

Bul. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bul. Goe some of you, convey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good : convey : Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bul. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation : Lords, prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The Woe's to come, the Children yet unborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your eyes of Teares;
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exiunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come : this is the way
To *Iulius Casars* ill-erected Tower :
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us rest, if this Rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither : yet looke up ; behold,
That you in pittie may disloive to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-love Teares.
Ah thou, the Model where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mapped of Honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard* : thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too iudgen : learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happy Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (sweet)
To grim Necessitie ; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House :
Our holy lives must winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have thicken downe

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd : and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lyon and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of beasts indeed : if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France :
Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide :
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds :
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heave accent of my moving Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out :
And some will mourne in Ashes, some coale-blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you :
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More than it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption : thou shalt thinke,
Though he devide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all :
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little urg'd, another way,
To plucke him headlong from th' usurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare ;
That Feare, to Hate ; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end :
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage ; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me un-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kisse 'twas made.
Partus Northumberland : I, towards the North,
Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme :
My Queene to France : from whence, let forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must wee be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart fro heart.

Qu. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France ; I, for thee heere :
Better farre off, than neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes ; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heave heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brieve,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe :
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part ;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine owne againe : 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more adieu ; the rest let Sorrow say. *Exiunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yor. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

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Yor. Then

To. Then, as I sayd, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*,) Mounted upon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :
While all tongues cride, God save thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would have thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage : and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had sayd at once,
Jesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus : I thanke you Countrimen :
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard* : no man cride, God save him :
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne upon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subjects now,
Whose State, and Honour, I for for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rustand* now :
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting featie in the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne : who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes frō Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have scene.

Yor. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see :
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.

Yor. Bound to him selfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied, let me see it I say. *Snatches it*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slave.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy : what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Give me my boots, I say : Saddle my horse :
Now by my honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Bootes, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Bootes I say.

Dut. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Have we more Sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happie Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:

Wee'll keepe him here : then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman : where he twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull :
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I have beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne :
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly Woman. *Exit*

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
He not be long behind : though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke :
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee : Away, be gone. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bull. Can no man tell of my unthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there:

For

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he (yong wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the point of Honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bull. And what sayd the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would unto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a Glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bull. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Anmerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bull. What meanes our Cousin, that he stares
And lookes so wildeley?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bull. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofoe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise or speake.

Bull. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Bull. Have thy desire.

Yorke within.

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traytor in thy presence there.

Bull. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no cause
to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vukle) speak, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my halfe forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the traitors bosome, King.
Feare and not Love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie prove
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bull. Oh heinous, & wrong, and bould Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou sheere, immaculate, and silver fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

Yor. So shall my vertue be his vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame:

As thriftlesse Sonnes their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonor dyes,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heavens sake let me in.

Bull. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that never begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King:
My daungerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foule sin.

Yor. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More finnes for this forgivenessse, prosper may.
This fetter'd joynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleeve not this heard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise up good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:
His wearie joynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Bul. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. Nay do not say stand up.

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.
The word is short: but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yor. Speake it in French (King) sayd *Pardon ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the word it selfe, against the word,
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we doe not understand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there;
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pearce,
Pittie may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand up.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Bull.

Bull. I pardon him as heaven shall pardon me.

Duc. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee :
Yet am I sicke for feare : Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bull. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duc. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order severall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are :
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will have them once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cofin adieu :
Your mother well hath prayd, and prove you true.

Duc. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

Exit.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words he
spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare :
Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Have I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall say, I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret : Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live, unto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot doe it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile prove the Female to my Soule,
My soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake niles
May reare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as have before indur'd the like.

Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar;
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perswades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How fowre sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintinesse of care,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an care to heare my true Time broke:
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in censing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: O but my Time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud joy,
While I stand fooling heere, his jacks o' th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:
Yet bleiling on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.

The cheapest of us, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streetes, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdained the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did usurpe his backe?
Forgivenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

Groo. What my tongue dares nor, that my heart shall
say. *Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The divell take *Henrie* of *Lancaster*, and thee;
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Rich. How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument;
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, slain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is up on high;
Whil't my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest; and give them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

*Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with
other Lords & attendants.*

Bull. Vnkle *Yorke*, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with fire
Our Towne of *Ciceter* in *Gloucestershire*,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

North. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:

The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discourfed in this paper heere.

Bull. We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

Bull. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wor.

Enter Percy and Carlisle.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbott of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre melancholly,
Hath yeelded up his body to the grave:
But heere is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bull. *Carlisle*, this is your doome:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy selfe:
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee have I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.

Bull. *Exton*. I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bull. They love not poyson, that do poyson neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this untimely Beere.

Exeunt.

FJNJS:



The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, with others.*

King.

SO shaken as we are, to wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote :
No more the thirstie entrance of this Soyle,
Shall dambe her lippes with her owne childrens blood :
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious cloze of civill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-befecoming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now, under whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Over Whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this decre expedience.
West. My Liege : This halfe was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight : when all athwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes ;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered :

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneven and unwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report :
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archebald*,
That ever-valiant and approoved Scot,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre :

As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likelyhood the newes was told :
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours :
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome newes.
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beate *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Arboll*,
Of *Marry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.

And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize ? Ha Cousin, is it not ? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a sonne :
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue ;
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride :
Whil'st I by looking on the prayse of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping Faery, had exchang'd
In Cradle clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* :

Then

Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine :
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you *Coze*
Of this young *Perceis* pride ? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his owne use he keepes, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malevolent to you in all Aspects :
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have lent for him to answer this :
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windfor*, so informe the lords :

But come your selfe with speed to us againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Poins.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad ?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old
Sacke and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
upon benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten
to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know.
What a divell hast thou to doe with the time of the day ?
unlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,
and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes
of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata, I see no reason,
why thou shouldst bee so superfluous, to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you came neere me now *Hal*. for we that
take Purfes, go by the Moone and seven Starres, and not
by Phcebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I
pray thee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God save
thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have
none.

Prin. What ! none ?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to
an Egge and Butter.

Prin. well, how then ? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marre then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not us that are Squires of the Nights body, bee call'd
Thieves of the Dayes beautie. Let us be *Dianaes* Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone ;
and let men say, we be men of good Government, being
governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the
Moone, under whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too : for the
fortune of us that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and
flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the
Moone : as for proesse. Now a purse of Gold most reso-
lutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely
spent on Tuesday Morning ; got with swearing, Layd by :
and spent with crying, Bring in : now, in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the Ladder ; and by and by in as high a flow
as the ride of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad : and is not my Hostesse of
the Taverne a most sweet Wench ?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle : and is
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

Fal. How how ? how now mad Wagge ? What in thy
quips and thy quiddities ? What a plague have I to doe
with a Buffe-Ierkin ?

Prin. Why, what a poxe have I to doe with my Ho-
stesse of the Taverne ?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckning many a
time and oft.

Prin. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part ?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coyne would
stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and sould it, that were it heere apparant,
that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,
shall there be Gallowes standing in *England* when thou
art King ? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ru-
sty curbe of old Father Anticke the Law ? Doe not thou
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I ? O rare ! Ile be a brave Iudge.

Prin. Thou judgest false already. I meane, thou shalt
have the hanging of the Theeves, and so become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well : and in some sort it jumpes with
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-
man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare,

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnbare* Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly
of Moore-Ditch ?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes, and art in-
deed the most comparative rascallst sweet yong Prince.
But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I
would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good
names were to be bought : an old lord of the Councell ra-
ted me the other day in the street about you sir ; but I
mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regard-
ed him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well : for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme un-
to me *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee
Hal, I knew nothing ; and now I am (if a man should speake
truly) little better than one of the wicked. I must give o-
ver this life, and I will give it over : and I do not, I am a
Villaine. Ile be damp'd for never a Kings sonne in *Chri-*
stendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke ?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one : and I doe
not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee : From
Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocation.

Poins. Now shall wee know if Gads hill have set a
Watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omni-
potent Villaine, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Poins.

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal.* What saies Monsieur Remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar. Jacke? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldest him on Good-friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the devill shall have his bargaine, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will give the devill his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the divell.

Prin. Else he had bin damn'd for cozening the divell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I have bespoken Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe you Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal.* wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well sayd.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I pray thee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou have the spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profitting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he heares may be beleev'd, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Exit Fal.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe, Harvy, Rossill,* and *Gads-hill*, shall robbe those men that we have already way-lay'd; your selfe & I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prid. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they have no sooner achieved, but wee'll set upon them.

Prin. I but tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our selves.

Poy. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the Wood; our vizards wee will change after wee leave them: and firrah, I have Cases of Buck-ram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poy. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as ever turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer than he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured, and in the reproofe of this, lyes the jest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meete mee to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Poy.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while uphold The unyoak'd humor of your idleness:

Yet heretofore will I imitate the Sunne,

Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes

To smother up his Beauty from the world;

That when he please againe to be himselfe,

Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,

By breaking through the foule and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.

If all the yeare were playing holidayes,

To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;

But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised;

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,

And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground:

My reformation glittering o're my fault,

Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes;

Than that which hath no soyle to set it off.

Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,

Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnap't to stirre at these indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly, You tread upon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost the Title of respect, Which the proud ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Sovereigne Liege) little deserves The scourge of greatnesse to be used on it, And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands Have holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O sir, your preface is too bold and peremptory, And Majestie might never yet endure

The moody Frontier of a servant brow,

You have good leave to leave us. When we need

Your use and counsell, we shall send for you.

You were about to speake.

Nor. Yea, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highness demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmesdale* tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Majesty :

Who eyther through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box : which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away againe :
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd :
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Vnmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome Coarse
Betwixt the winde, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and Lady tearmes
He question'd me : Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Majesties behalfe.
I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Poppingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not : For he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds: God save the marke;
And telling me, the Sovereign'st thing on earth
Was Pharmacy, for an inward bruise :
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
That vilanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmelesse Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe have bene a Souldier.
This bald, unjoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I sayd.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percy* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonable dye, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
But with proviso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransom straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betrayd
The lives of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower* :
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No : on the barren Mountaine let him starve :
For I shall never hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*,

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?

He never did fall off, my Sovereigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Severnes siedgie banke,
In single Oppolition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement, of swift Severnes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes,
And hid his crisped-head in a hollow banke,
Blood stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be stand'ed with Revolt.

King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower* :
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the divell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the divell come and roare for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so : for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head,

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worcester.*

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not joyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all those Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre as this unthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who strooke this heate up after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my prisoners :
And when I urg'd the ransom once againe
Of my wives Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.

Nor. I cannot blame him : was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was : I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish Expedition :
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Nor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Live so scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you ; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barraine Mountaines starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornations? shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtrill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalfe
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your deaths:
Therefore I say——

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyving Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the unstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honor crosse in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dive into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And plucke up drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-rivall, all her Dignities:
But out upon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin give me audience for a-while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care unto my purposes:
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have payson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismiers, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.

In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?

A plague upon't, it is in Gloucestershire:

'Twas where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Radenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fauning Gray-bound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Divell take such Couziners, God forgive me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, too't againe,
Wee'll stay your leysure.

Hot. I have done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland: which for divers reasons
Which I shall find you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall secretly in the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briston*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the gam's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To joyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hotsp. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a Head :

For, beare our selves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selves unsatisfied,
Till he he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make us strangers to his lookes of love.

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your courle
When time is ripe, which will be fodainely:
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adieu : O let houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile bee
hang'd; *Charles waine* is over the new Chimney, and yet
our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few
Flockes in the point : the poore Iade is wrung in the wi-
thers, out of all casse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,
and this is the next way to give poore Iades the Bottes :
This house is turned upside downe since *Robin* the Ostler
dyed.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow never joy'd since the price of oats
rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most villanous house in all
London rode for Fleas : I am itung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-
stendome, could be better bit, then I have beene since the
first Cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a Iourden, and
then we leake in your Chimny : and your Chamber-lye
breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd; come
away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of
Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-crosse.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite starved.
What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in
thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a
deed as drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very Vil-
laine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a tricke worth two
of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne
(quoth-a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time doe you meane to come
to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I
warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call up
the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they
have great charge. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Cham-
berlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-
ses, then giving direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st
the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it holds cur-
rant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the
wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with
him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last
night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abun-
dance of charge too (God knowes what) they are up al-
ready, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away
presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks,
Ile give thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keepe that for the
Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicolas as tru-
ly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I
bang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang,
old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no
Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that dream't
not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the
Profession some grace; that would (if matters should be
look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole.
I am joyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe
six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-
ha'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillitie;
Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in,
such as will strike sooner then speakes; and speake sooner
then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye,
for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-
wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for
they ride up and downe on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will
she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquord her. We
steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we have the receipt of Fern-
seede, we walke invisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding
to the Night, then the Fernseede, for your walking in-
visible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false
Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men.
Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
well, ye muddy Knave. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.**Poines.* Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.*Prin.* Stand close.*Enter Falstaffe.**Fal.* *Poynes, Poynes,* and be hang'd *Poines.**Prin.* Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?*Fal.* What *Poines.* *Hal?**Prin.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him,*Fal.* I am accurst to rob in that Theeves company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travaile but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworne his company hourelly any time this two and twenty yeare, and yet I am bewicht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd, it could not be else: I have drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* Ile starve ere I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne Trueman, and to leave those Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Theeves cannot bee true one to another.*They whistle.**Whew:* a plague light upon you all. Give my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse and be hang'd.*Prin.* Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.*Fal.* Have you any Leavers to lift me up againe being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?*Prin.* Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.*Fal.* I prethee good Prince *Hal,* helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.*Prin.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?*Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, leta Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a jest is so forward, and a foote too, I hate it.*Enter Gads-hill.**Gad.* Stand.*Fal.* So I doe against my will.*Poin.* O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:*Bardolfe,* what newes?*Bar.* Cae ye, cae ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.*Fal.* You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Taverne.*Gad.* There's enough to make us all.*Fal.* To be hang'd.*Prin.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from yor encounter, then they light on us.*Peto.* But how many be of them?*Gad.* Some eight or ten.*Fal.* Will they not rob us?*Prin.* What, a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?*Fal.* Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt's* your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, *Hal.**Prin.* Wee'l leave that to the prooffe.*Poin.* Sirra lacke thy horse stands behinde the hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou finde him, Farewell, and stand fast.*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.*Prin.* *Ned,* where are our disguises?*Poin.* Heere hard by: Stand close.*Fal.* Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.*Enter Travellers.**Tra.* Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.*Theeves,* Stay.*Tra.* Iesu blese us.*Fal.* Strike: downe with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth; downe with them, fleece them.*Tra.* O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Baconson, what ye knaves? Yong men must live, you are Grand lurers? Wee'l jure ye ifaith.*Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.**Prin.* The Theeves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a Weekke. Laughter for a Moneth, and a good jest for ever.*Poynes.* Stand close, I here them comming.*Enter Theeves againe.**Fal.* Come my Masters, let us share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.*Prin.* Your money.*Poin.* Villaines.*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them.**They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.**Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeves are scattred, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned,* *Falstaffe* sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: we're not for laughing, I should pittie him.*Poin.* How the Rogue roar'd.*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.**But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the love I beare your house.*

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the love he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better then hee loves our house. Let mee see some more, *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time is selfe unforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say unto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladyes Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could devide my selfe, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd Milke with so honorable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards tonight.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight beene A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And given my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly? In my faint slumbers, I by thee have watcht, And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Warres: Speake termes of mannage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets. Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culverin. Of Prisoners ranome, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath stood upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restraine their breath On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these? Some heavey businesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loves me not.

Hor. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hor. Hath *Butler* bought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hor. What Horse? A Roane, a crop care, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hor. That Roane shall bee my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler*, leade him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hor. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hor. Why, my horse (my Love) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his interprize. But if you go—

Hor. So farre a foot, I shall be wearie, Love.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly Vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeepe Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hor. Away, away, you trisler: Love, I love thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.

What say'st thou *Kate*? would'st thou have with me?

La. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you love me not,

I will not love my selfe. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if thou speakest in jest, or no.

Hor. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare

I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not have you henceforth, question me,

Whither I go: nor reason whereabouts.

Whither I must; I must: and to conclude,

This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.

I know you wife, but yet no further wife

Then *Harry Peicis* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecie,

No Lady closer. For I will beleewe

Thou wilt not utter what thou do'st not know,

And so farre will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?

Hor. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you.

Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poyes.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poyes. Where hast beene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheds. I have founded the verie base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a lessh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtelies: telling me flatly I am not proud Jack like *Falstaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breake in your watring, then they

they cry pen, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action; but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon*, *Anon sir*, *Score a Pint of Bastard* in the *Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roume, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. *Anon*, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgar-net, *Raffe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five years and as much as to—

Poin. Francis.

Fran. *Anon*, anon sir.

Prin. Five yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heele, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. *Anon*, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poin. Francis,

Fran. *Anon* sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a peny worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. *Anon*, anon.

Prin. *Anon* *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thursday: or indeed *Francis* when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white Canuas doublet will sully. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Look to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.
Poin.

Enter Poin.

Poin. *Anon*, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeves, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old dayes of Goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

Fran. *Anon*, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is up-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hot-spurre of the North, he that killes me some fixe or seaven dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands and sayes to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I pretthee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percie*, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riv*, sayes the drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give mee a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in a Villanous man; yet a Coward is worle then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolfacke, what matter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geefe, Ile never weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horsen round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? Answer me to that, and *Poin*es there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call me Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that

that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk't last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinkest.*

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here bee foure of us, have ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Poin. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seaven fresh men set upon us.

Falst. And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

Prince. What fought ye with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie upon poore olde *Iacke*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, even now.

Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he sayd foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seaven points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falst. Doe'st thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*,

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Horse.

Falst. Beganto give me ground; but I followed me

close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seaven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleven Buckrom men growne of two?

Falst. But as the Devill would have it, three mis-gotten Knaves, in Kendall Greene, came at my Backe, and let drive at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Herfon ob-scene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason *Iacke*, your reason.

Falst. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Rackes in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as Black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presler, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starveling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word; outfac'd you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and stirr'd ranne and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Casse. What a Slave art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poin. Come, let's heare *Iacke*: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to Night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, and thou lovest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is he?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe *lacke*.

Falst. Faith, and Ile send him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you *Peto*, so did yon *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away upon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, sic.

Bard. Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would sweare truth out of England: but he would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perswaded us to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments, with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeares before, I blusht to heare his monstrous devices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eightene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

Prin. I doe,

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane *lacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweete Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *lacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Wasse, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Baitinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devill his true Leige-man upon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a Palgue call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falst. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horse-backe up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *lacke*, upon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye, upon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Cappes more, *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hall*, are not thou horrible asfear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devill *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe love me practice an answer.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioynd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Prin. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I have wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* veine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfai th.

Fal. Weepe not, sweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou bee Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to mee, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sonne of heaven prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proove a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to bee askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch : this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile ; so doth the companie thou keepest : for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares ; not in pleasure, but in Passion ; not in Words onely, but in Woes also : and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie ?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byr lady) inclining to threescore ; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe* : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives mee ; for *Harry*, I see vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe* : him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell me, where hast thou bene this moneth ?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King ? doe thou stand for me, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me : if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand : judge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you ?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false : Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swarest thou, ungracious Boy ? henceforth ne're looke on me : thou art violently carryed away from Grace : there is a Devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man ; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion : Why do'st thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beallinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stufte Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning-Tree Oxe with the Puddings in his Belly, that Reverend Vice, that grey Inquire, that Father Rujian, that Vanitie in yeares ? wherein is he good, but to talke Sacke and drinke it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eate it ? wherein Cunning, but in Craft ? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie ? wherein Villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you : whom meanes your Grace ?

Prin. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That he is olde (the more the pittie) his white haire doe witnesse it : but that hee is (saying your reverence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar be a fault, Heaven helpe the wicked : if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd : if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poines* : but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish

not him thy *Harryes* companie ; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous Watch, is at thee doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play : I have much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-sticke : what's the matter ?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore : they are come to search the House, shall I let them in ?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, never call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit : thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Majior* ; if you will deny the Sherife, so : if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up : I hope I shal as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Exit.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with me ?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men unto this house.

Prince. What men ?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time have imploy'd him : And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall : And so let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord : there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable : and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not ?

She. Indeepe, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

Exit.

Prince. This oyle Rascall is knowne as well as Poules : goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe* ? fast a sleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath : search his Pockets.

He

He searcheth his Pockets and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

ii.s.ii.d.

Item, Sawce.

iiii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons,

v.s.viii.d.

Item, Anchoves and Sacke after supper.

ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread.

ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, weele reade it at more advantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you sit downe?
And Vnckle Worcester; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sir Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspurre:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heaven.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativitie,
The front of heaven was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same season
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe
had never bene borne,

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my minde:
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativitie.
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Colicke pinch and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men
I doe not beare these Crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These signes have markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans soone,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments,
Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaitie Deepe.

Hot. Why so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Devill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Divell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Divell.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Divell.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severne, have I hent him
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Divels name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee devide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath devided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severne hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being sealed enterchangably,
(A businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.
My Father Glendower is not readie yet,
Nor shall we neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:
Within that space, you may have drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighboring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leave
For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you:

Hotsp. Me thinks my moiety, North from Barton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monitrous Cante out.
He have the Currant in this place damn'd up,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,
In a new Chanell, faire and evenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
And runnes me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a litle Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and even.

Hotsp. He have it so, a litle Charge will doe it.

Glend. He not have it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speake it in
Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe,
Many an English Dittie, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A Vertue that was never seene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: He give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
He cavill on the ninth part of a hayre,
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night:
He haste the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde.
So much: she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Fa-
ther.

Hotsp. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffle,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning up the severall Devils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is astedious
As a tyred Horfe, a railing Wife,
Worse then a smoakie house. I had rather live
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:

Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mines of India.

Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.

I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harth Rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:
The least of which, haunting a Noble man,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behind a staine
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:

Good-manners be your speede;

Heere come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,
Shee'll be a Souldier too, shee'll to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to him Welsh, and she an-
swers him in the same.*

Glend. She is desperate heere:
A peevish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perswasion can doe good upon,

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pow'r'st down from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: for thy tonghe

Maks.

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she tunne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mori. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harnes'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.
Mori. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so:
And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceive the Devill understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous:
Byrlady he's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye still ye theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace she sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and as sure as day:
And givest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou never walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper-Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breast teacher: and the indentures bee drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when ye will.

Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Morimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Perrey* is on fire to goe,
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'll but scale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mori. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st fit in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleieve, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wabered, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no market, nor likely hood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would say, Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heaven,
And drest my selfe in such Humility,
That I did pluke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My presence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and downe,
With shallow jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
Soone kindled, and toone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every Beardless vaine Comparative;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enteoff'd himselfe to Popularity:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfeted with Honye, and began to loathe
The taste of Swetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Community,
Affoord no extraordinary Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Majesty,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudy men use to do their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awery of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set forth at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Then thou the shaddow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on
To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high Deedes,
Whose hor Incurfions and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Majoritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Throughal the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chrifit,
Thrice hath the *Hosburre Mars*, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of the deepe Defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland.*
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas, Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?
Thou art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtise at his frownes.
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heaven forgive them, that so much have tway'd
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my favours in a bloody Maske:
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this same Child of honour and Renowne,
This gallant *Hosburre*, this all-prayed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Haray* chance to meet:
For every Honor sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my In dignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse up glorious deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here:
The which, if I promise, and doe survive,
I doe beseech your Majestie, may save
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
Thou shalt have Charge, and soveraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
With him my sonne, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you shall march
f Through

Through Gloucestershire : by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelve dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our hands are full of Businesse : let's away,
Advantage feedes them fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not false away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about mee like an olde Ladies loose Gowne : I am withered like an olde Apple John. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Falst. Why there is it : Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry : I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be ; vertuous enough, swore little, did not above seaven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Mony that I borrowed, three or foure times ; lived well, and in good compasse : and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needes bee out of all compasse ; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir John.

Falst. Doethou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life. Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworn : I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I never see thy Face, but I thinke upon Hell fire, and Dives that lived in Purple ; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face ; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire* : But thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of utter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st up Gads-Head in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Mony. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light : thou hast saved mee a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Taverne and Taverne : But the sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would have bought mee lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostess. Why Sir John, what doe you thinke, Sir John? doe you thinke I keepe Thieves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant : the tigh of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

Falst. Yelie Hostesse : Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hayre ; and Ile be sworn my Pocket was pick'd, goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostess. Who? I defie thee : I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostess. No, Sir John, you doe not know mee, Sir John : I know you, Sir John : you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Douglas, filthy Douglas : I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hostess. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell : You owe Mony here besides, Sir John, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Mony lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostess. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke upon his Face : What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostess. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a lacke, a Sneake-Cuppe : and if he were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostess. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse Quickly? How doesthy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostess. Good, my Lord, heare me.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, lacke?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt : this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, lacke?

Falst. Wilt thou beleve me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound a peece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord ; and I sayd, I heard your Grace say so : and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man he is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What he did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heaven on.

Host. I am nothing to thanke heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, sir *John*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Host. Thou art unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy love is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay my Lord, hee call'd you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *John*, you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. If say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let wy Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd uppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horton impudent imbold Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Taverne Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houses, and one poore penny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what would poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee:

Go make ready Breakfast, love thy Husband, Looke to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: Thou seest, I am pacified still. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must still be good Angell to thee.

The mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may doe any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had bene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously unprouided. Well God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beareth this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I, Have thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Mony and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,

And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words? brave world.

Hostesse, my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this Taverne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the *Douglas* have, As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe, Should go so generall currant through the world. By heaven I cannot flatter: I desire The Tongues of Soothers. But a Braver place In my hearts love, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay, taske me to my word: approve me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast thou there? I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,

He is greivous sicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now, In such a justling time? Who leades his power? Vnder whose Government come they along?

f 2

Mess.

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth :
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited ;
His health was never better worth then now.

Hossp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne : nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remov'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly posselt
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to us.

Hossp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off :
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to let the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good : for therein should we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of hope
The very Lift, the very utmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in :
A comfort of retyrement lives in this.

Hossp. A Rendezvous, a Home to flye unto,
If that the Divell and Mischance looke bigge
Vpon the Maidenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here :
The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no division : If will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdome, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause :
For well you know, we of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all fight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in upon us :
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hossp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here : for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome : with his helpe,
We shall o'returne it topsie-turvy downe :
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole,

Doug. As heart can thinke :

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hossp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule,
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *John*.

Hossp. No harme : what more?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set fourth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Hossp. He shall be welcome too,
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship,

Hossp. No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March :
This prayse doth nourish Agues : let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Vern. There is more newes :
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hossp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach unto?

Vern. To thirty thousand.

Hos. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of us, may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily.
Doomesday is neere ; dye all, dye merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Falst. If I bee not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowc't-Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the Kings Presse dam-nably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odder Pounds. I presse me none but good house-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Bachelers, such as had bene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warme slaves, as had as lieve heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Caliver, worse then a truck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with hearts in their Bellies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their services: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttonous Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were never Souldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, Revolted Tapsters and Officers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought out their services: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met mee on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones; or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Jack? how now Quilt?

Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Divell do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already bene at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to Night.

Falst. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alredie made thee Butter: but tell me Jack, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tossle: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pir, as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir John, me thinks they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, unlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra make haste. Percy is already in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

Westm. Hee is, John, I feare wee shall stay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'll fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe we.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be advis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counsaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, Douglas: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well-respected Honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of us feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are

That you fore-see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my Cousin Vernons are not yet come up,

Your Vncle Worcesters Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe,

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie

In generall, journey bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

f 3

Wor. The

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours :
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt* :
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envie your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anyoynted Majestie.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the brest of Civill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any way your good defarts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes ; and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotsp. The king is kinde :
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did give him that same Royaltie he weares :
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poore unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liverie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale :
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh :
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay to heavie on the Common-wealth ;
Cryes out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
Over his Countries Wrongs : and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When he was personall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his Life :
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without ranfome, to lye forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to seeke out
This head of safetie ; and withall, to prie
Into his Title : The which we finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.

Wee'lle with-draw a while :
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hotsp. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harrie* : and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion ;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together :
The Prince of Wales, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deere men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse : Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell* speed ;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit us ;
For he hath heard our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him :
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other Friends : and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and Falstaff.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill : the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempest : and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foure to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worcester ? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in ungentle Steele :
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it ? Will you againe unkne
This churlish knot of all-aborred Warre ?
And move in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischiefe, to the unborne Times ?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege :

For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres : For I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it : how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turne your looks
Of Favour, from my Selfe, and all our House ;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends :
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poasted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I ;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster.
To this, we sware our aide : But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head,
And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead :
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vleth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That even our Love durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing : But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safetie sake, to flye
Our of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, have forg'd against your selfe,
By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to us in yonger enterprize.

King. These things indeede you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosse, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of sickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation :
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause :
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.
If once they joyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth joyne with all the world
In prayse of *Henry Percy* : By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble deedes.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a Truant bene to Chivalry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it : No good Worster, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are misled upon your Cousins part :
And will they take the offer of our Grace :
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it advisedly,

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
The *Douglas* and the *Hotspur* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answers will we set on them ;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstuffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that freindship :
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal,* and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heaven a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet : I would be loath to pay him
before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him
that call's not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour prickes
me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come
on ? How then ? Can Honour set too a legge ? No : or an
arme ? No : Or take away the greese of a wound ? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then ? No. What is Ho-
nour ? A word. What is that word Honour ? Ayre : A
trim reckoning. Who hath it ? He that dy'de a Wednes-
day. Doth he feele it ? No. Doth he heare it ? No. Is it
insensible then ? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with
the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it, there-
fore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, *Sir Richard,*
The liberall kinde offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults :
Supposition, all our lives shall be sticke full of eyes ;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're for same, so cherisht, and lock'd up,
Will have a wilde trick of his Ancestors :
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Priviledge,
A hare-brain'd *Hotspur*, govern'd by a Spleene :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all :
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile lay 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newes ?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Desie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Douglas* : Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any ? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greivances,
Of his Oath-breaking : which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have throwne
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth :
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking ? Seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my Soule : I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modestly
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and proove of Armes.

He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his prayle,
By still dispraying prayse, valed with you :
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly :
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envie of this day,
England did never owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his warronnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies : never did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke under my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Souldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can lift your blood up with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meeete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Esperance Percy, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musicke, let us all imbrace:
For heaven to earth, some of us never shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.

*They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth
with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter
Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus dost crossest me?
What honour dost thou seeke upon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford heere to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for instead of thee King Harry,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld thou haughtie Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge
Lord Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sembly furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murther all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare
the shot heere: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft
who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea-
vy too; heaven keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of

Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150, left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg du-
ring life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince,

Prin. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe
Vnder the hooves of vantage enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breath awhile:
Turke Gregory never did such deeds in Armes, as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee

I prethee lend me thy sword.

Falst. Nay Hal, if Percy bee alive, thou getst not my
Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? *Exit*

Thomson is at him.

Fal. If Percy be alive. Ile pierce him: if he do come in
my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let
him make a Carbonado of me, I like not such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life, which if I can
save, so: if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and ther's an
end. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

*Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle
of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleed-
dest too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. lob. Not I, my Lord, unlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majesty make up,
Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord. Ile leade you to your Tent

Prin. Leade me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility Iyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

Job. We breath too long: come cousin Westmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heavens sake come.

Prin. By heaven thou hast deceived me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an ungrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to us all.

Exit.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Dowglas fatall to all those

That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeits the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Dowglas grieves at hart
So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another countefeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold up thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promifeth, but meanes to pay.

They Fight, Douglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Ganssey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever sayd I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* over you,
Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sav'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make up to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Ganssey*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
Ile crop to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for ———

Prin. For Wormes, brave *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead;
Beares not alive so stout a Gentleman.

If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderesse.
Adieu, and take thy prayse with thee to heaven,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanitie.
Death hath not stricke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth up.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
I was time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life inde-
cede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I have saved my life. I am affraide of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would
prove the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure:
yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as
well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou sleight
thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I am not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Per-
cy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next *Percy* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given
to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
along houre by Shrewsburie clocke, If I may be belee-
ved, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the sinne upon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
live, and would denie it, I would make him eate a peece
of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may doe thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I have.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
wards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great againe,
Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and live
cleanly, as a Noble man shoul'd do. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
Vernon Prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights upon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle and many a creature else,
Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we devide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deereft speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selve, and Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day,
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

F 3 N 7 S.





The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death : and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumor.

RPen your Eares : For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* speaks?
(from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the wind my Post-horse) still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of them with false Reports :
I speake of Peace, while covert Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of safety) wounds the World :
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I
Make fearefull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant Warre;
And no such matter? *Rumor*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmise, Ielousies Conjectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my household? Why is *Rumor* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe young *Hosspurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake of truth at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hosspurres* Sword :
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hosspurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tying on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they have learn'd of Me. From *Rumors* Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts false, worse then True-
wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate hoa?
Where is the Earle?

Pro. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.

Pro. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L. Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:

The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* slaine outright: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Young Prince *John*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *John*)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day.
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Casars* Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaille from me.

Nor. Now *Travers*, what good tidings comes fro you?

Tr.

Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevill* turn'd me backe
With joyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring hard
A Gentleman (al. nost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to *Chester*: And of him
I did demand what Newes from *Shrewsbury*:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore lade
Vp to the *Rowell* head, and starting so,
Hee seem'd in running, to devoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? Againe:

Said he yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L. Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile give my Barony. Never talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then such instances of Losse?

L. Bar. Who, he?

He was some hilding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode-on: and upon my life
Spake at adventure. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter *Morton*.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnes Vsurpation.

Say *Morton*, did'st thou come from *Srewsbury*?

Mor. I ran from *Shrewsbury* (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vglieft Maske
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dail, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priams* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Douglas* is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

No. Why he is dead.

See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath;
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainesaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certain.

Nor. Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* Dead
I see a strange Confession in thine Eyes.

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, of *Shakes*.

To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say for me.

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death.

And he doth sinne that both belye the dead.

Not he, which sayes the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes

Hath but a loosing Office; and his Tongue,

Sounds ever after as a Gullen Bell

Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am forry, I should force you to beleieve

That, which I would to heaven, I had not seene.

But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,

Render'g faint quiteance (weari'd, and out-breath'd)

To *Henry Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beate downe

The never-daunted *Percie* to the earth.

From whence (with life) he never more spring up.

In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,

Even to the dullest Pezant in his Campe)

Being bruided unce, tooke fire and hente away

From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.

For from his Mettle, was his Party fleed;

Which once in him abated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead.

And as the Thing, that's heavy in itself,

Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speede,

So did our Men, heavy in *Hot-Spurre*'s losse,

Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,

That Arrowes fled not swifter tow'ard their ayne,

Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)

Fly from the field. Then was that Noble *Worcester*

Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious *Scot*

(The bloody *Douglas*) whose well-labouring sword

Had three times slaine th' appearance of the King,

Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,

Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,

Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,

Vnder the Conduct of yong *Lancaster*

And *Wellmerland*. This is the Newes at full.

Nor. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.

In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes

(Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,

Being sicke, have in some measure, made me well.

And as the Wretch, whose Feaver-weakened joynts,

Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle under life,

Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire

Out of his keepers armes: Even so, my Limbes

(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,

Are thrice themselves. Hence therfore thou nice crutch,

A scaly Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steele

Must glove this hand: And hence thou sickly Quoife,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which Princes, fleth'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.

Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach

The ragged't houre, that Time and Spight dare bring

To frowne upon th'enrag'd Northumberland.

Let Heaven kisse Earth now let not Natures hand

Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,

And let the world no longer be a stage

To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:

But let one spirit of the First-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.)

L. Bar. Sweet Barle, divorce not wisdom from your

Mor. The lives of all your loving Complices
Leane on your health, the which if you give o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' event of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the account of Chance, before you said
Let us make head: it was your presumize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:

You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraints
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought our life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.

Come, we will all put forth Body, and Goods.

Mor. 'Tis more then time; And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:

The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is up
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpses
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our sides: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heaven his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, under great Bullingbrooke,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

Norrb. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.

Go in with me, and counsell every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Never so few, nor never yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?

Page. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more
diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to invent any thing that tends to laughter; more then I
invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
vice for any other reason, then to set me off, why then I
have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was never mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will set
you neither in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and
send you backe againe to your Maister, for a lewell. The
Inuenall (the Prince your Maister) whose Chin is not yet
fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will
not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may
finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
keepe it still as a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but hee is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said M. Dumbleton, about
the Satten for short Cloake, and Slops?

Page. He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-
rance, then *Bardolfe*: he would not take his Bond & yours;
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue bee hotter, a horson *Archibishop*, a Rascally-yea-
forsooth-knave, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand upon Security? The horson smooth-pates do now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
nest Taking-up, then they must stand upon Security: I
had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd he should have
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's *Bardolfe*?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chiefe Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good service
at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

Just. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Page. You must speake lowder, my Maister is deafe.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What? a yong knave and beg? Is there not wars? Is
there not imployment? Doth not the Lack subjects? do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
on

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay a-side that which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Inst. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Inst. Sir *Iohn*, I sent for you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Inst. I talke not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie. (you.

Inst. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargy, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

Inst. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe, from study and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

Inst. I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Inst. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attentio of your eares, & I care no tiff I be your Physitian.

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Poverty: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it selfe.

Inst. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to speake with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned Councell, in the lawes of this Land-service, I did not come.

Inst. Well, the truth is (sir *Iohn*) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in lesse.

Inst. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Inst. You have misled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Inst. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your daies service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

unquiet time, for your quiet o're posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe.

Inst. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Inst. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inst. There is not a white haire on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gray, gray, gray.

Inst. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like his evil Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes upon mee, will take mee without weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are yong: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggies too.

Inst. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? *Fy, fy, fy, sir Iohn.*

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hal- lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely old in judgement and understanding, and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of treare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in althes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Inst. Wel, heaven send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Inst. Well, the King hath fever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies joyne not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Inst. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven blesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Inst. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Cominend mee to my Cousin Westmerland. *Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Coverousnesse, then he can part yong limbes and litchery: but the Gowt galls the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Yrfula*, whome I have weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable: A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causes and know our And my most noble Friends, I pray you all (Means: Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mor. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves To looke with forehead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File To five and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold-up-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this, Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed It was yong *Hatspurs* case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himselfe with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Flatt'ring himselfe with Project of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Lives so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruit, Hope gives not so much warrant, as Despaire: That Frosts will bite the n. When we meane to build, We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Ereccion, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another up) should we survey The plot of Situation, and the Modell, Consent upon a sure Foundation: Question Surveyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to undergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vsing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Cost A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth) Should be still-borne: and that we now posselt The utmost man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolfe*. For his divisions (as the Times do braul) Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third Must take up us: So is the unfirm King In three divided: and his Coffers sound With hollow Poverty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his severall strengths together And come against us in full puissance, Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaves his backe unarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland: Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harry Monmouth*. But who is substituted 'gainst the French, I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let us on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their over-greedy love hath surfett'd: An habitation giddy, and unsure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Did'st thou beate heaven with blessing *Bullingbrooke*, Before he was, what thou would'st have him be? And being now trimm'd up in thine owne desires, Thou (beautly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou pronok'st thy selfe to cast him up. So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*, And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit up, And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times? They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his grave. Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head When through proud London he came fighting on, After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*, Crie'st now, O Earth, yeeld us that King againe,

And

And take thou this(O thoughts of men accurs'd)

Past, and to come seems best; things Present, worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hof. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. *Fang*, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hof. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lustly yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrha, where's *Snare*?

Hof. I, I, good M. *Snare*.

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Hof. I good M. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chauce cost some of us our lives: he wil stab

Hof. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foyn like any divell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fan. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hof. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Hof. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good M. *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continually to Py Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet to M. *Smother* the Silkman. I pra'ye since my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Mark is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin sub'd off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him, Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fa. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mistr. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Hof. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony feed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*. *Fang.* A rescue, a rescue.

Hof. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Doe, doe thou Rogue: Doe thou Hempseed.

Fag. Away you Scullion you Rampallian, you Fustilurian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter, Ch. Justice.*

Just. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.

Hof. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Ju. How now sir *John*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'st upon him?

Hof. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and t'please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what summe?

Hof. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for al: I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home: hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I thinke I am aslike to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground, to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not alham'd to enforce a poore Widdowe so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Fal. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Hof. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee upon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince brok thy head for lik'ning him to a singing man of Windfor; thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling us, she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby thou didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30. s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes up & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redresse against them.

Just. Sir *John*, sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) lawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.

Hof. Yes in troth my Lord.

Just. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Saweines: I a man will cur'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remebred) I wil not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers being upon hastily employment in the Kings Affaires.

Just. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now Maister *Gower*; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henry* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Hof. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Hof. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must bee faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dining Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glassies, is the onely drinking : and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery ; or the Story of the Prodigious, or the Germane hunting in Water worke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Flybitten Tapistries. Let it be ten pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face; and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

Hosf. Prethee (Sir John) let it be but twenty Nobles, I am loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, and make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

Hosf. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'll come to Supper : You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her : hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hosf. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Inf. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Inf. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well, What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. In. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, five hundred Horse Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. In. You shall have Letters of me presently.

Come go along with me, good M. *Gowre*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. In. What's the matter?

Fal. Maister *Gowre*, shall I entreate you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must waite upon my good Lord here. I thanke you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. In. Sir *John*, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers up, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Maister *Gowre*?

Ch. Inf. What foolish Maister taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Maister *Gowre*, if they become mee not, he was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

C. In. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth methough it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got : for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings thou hast? (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones.) Or to beare the Inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for use. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast not doe a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to eate up thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sick, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serve among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to : I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke : albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to cal my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Prin. Thou thinkst me as farre in the Divels Book, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sick: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Pr. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I Would think thee a molt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought : and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine own eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prince. And the Boy that I gave *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poin. Come you pernicious Ass, you bashful Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window:

window : at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through h.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Alibea* dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct us Boy : what dreame, Boy?

Page. Mary (my Lord) *Alibea* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crowne-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers : Well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bar. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowses shall be wrong'd.

Prin. And how doth thy Maister, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well, my good Lord : he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Prin. Deliver'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Maister?

Bar. Inbodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian: but that moves not him : though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prin. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge. and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter, *John Falstaffe Knight* : (Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himselfe:) Even like those that are kinne to the King, for they never prick their finger, but they say, there is some of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes upon him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap : I am the Kings poore Cousin, Sir.

Prin. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Iaphet*. But to the Letter: ——— *Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neere his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in brevity.

Poin. Sure he meanes brevity in breath: short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Favours so much, that he sweares thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no : which is as much as to say, as thou misest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:

John with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you use me thus *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Foole with the time and the spirits of the wife, sit in the clouds, and mocke us: Is your Maister heere in London?

Bar. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bar. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and *M. Doll Teare-sheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Maisters.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrha, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maister that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betwene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selves be scene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a god, to a Bull? A heavy declension : It was Ioves case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned. Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percies Lady.*

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter, Give an even way vnto my rough Affaires:

Put not you on the visage of the Times;

And be like them to *Percie*, troublesome.

Wife. I have given over, I will speake no more, Do what you will: your Wifedome, be your guide.

Nor. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne, And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Warrs;

The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it, then now,

When your owne *Percie*, when my heart-deere *Harry*,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father

Bring up his Powres: but he did long in vaine.

Who then perswaded you to stay at home?

There were two Honors lost, Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:

For His, it sticke upon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heaven: and by his Light

Did all the Chivalry of England move

To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse

Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.

He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low, and tardily,

Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Military Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) un-seconded by you,
To looke upon the hideous god of Warre,
In dis-advantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotsper's* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers;
To day might I (hanging on *Hotsper's* Necke)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faure Daughter) you doe draw my spirits from me;
With new lamenting ancient Over-sights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there.
Or it will seeke me in another place;
And finde me worse provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puissance made a litle taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And never shall have length of Life enough,
To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprout, as high as Heaven,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

Nor. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, I well'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage crave my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of these fixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; *Mistres Taw-shet* would faine have some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Maister *Poins*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Uis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperality: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you have drunk too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous searhing Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When *Arthur* first in Court—(empty the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now *Mistres Dol*.

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

Fal. So is all her Sect: if they bee once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy Rascall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Rascalls, *Mistres Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cooke make the Gluttony, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serve bravely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers bravely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toffes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell, as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weakie emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeaux-Stuffe in him: you have not scene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall ever see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in England.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggers heere: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Fal. Do'st thou heare, *Hostesse*?

Host. Pray you pacifie your self (*Sir Iohn*) there comes no Swaggers heere.

Fal. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master *Tisick* the Deputy, the other day: and as hee said to mee, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Maister *Dombe*, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receive those that are Civill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receive: Receive (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppy Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbary Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him up (Drawer.)

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Maisters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse.

Host. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Leaf: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir *John*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: do you discharge upon mine Hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge upon her (Sir *John*) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistress *Dorothy*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scurvy Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldy Rogue, away, I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldy Chappes, if you play the sawcy Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Ingler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Host. No, good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd the. You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lives upon mouldy stew'd-Prunes, and dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee go downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: have wee not *Hiren* here?

Host. Good Captaine *Persel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseeke you now, aggravate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Packe-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirty miles a day, compare with *Casus*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shal wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; give Crownes like Pinnes: Have wee not *Hiren* here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denie her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come, give me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormenta, sperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give me some Sacke: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here; and are *Cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee have seene the seven Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-way Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist. What? shall wee have Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my doleful dayes: why then let grievous, gally, gaping Wounds, untwind'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

Host. Heere's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee lacke, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Host. Heere's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping house, before Ile be in these tiritis, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lacke be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah, you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belliv.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir the Rascall's drunke: you have hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thon

art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and tenne times better then the nine Worthies : ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart : if thou doo'st, Ile canvas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Pag. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play ; play Sirs. Sit on my Kneee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slave : the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church : thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol.*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head : doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksbury Mustard : there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse : and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild-Mare with the Boyes, and jumpes upon Ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde; and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haberdasheries*.

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheele have his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let us beate him before his Whore.

Prin. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-live performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Conjunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fiery *Trigon*, his Man, be not lisping to his Maisters old Tables, his Note-Book, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st give me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old; I am old.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a scurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday : thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come : it growes late,

wee will to to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st for prove that ever I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne : well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prin. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou : I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prin. Very true, Sir : and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace : Welcome to London. Now Heaven blesse that sweet Face of thine : what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson made Compound of Majesty : by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your revenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prin. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous civil Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes : and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by *Gads-hill* : you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no : not so : I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prin. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hal.*) on mine Honor, no abuse,

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World : honest *Ned* none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him : In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hal.*) none (*Ned*) none, no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with us? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Privy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault - Wormes : for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Devill out-bids him too.

Prin. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules : for the other, I owe her Money ; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Pal. No, I thinke thou art not : I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. All Victuallers do so : What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so lowd at doore ? Look to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Petr.

Priv. Petr. how now? what newes?

Petr. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied Postes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tavernes, And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Prin. By Heaven (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare vnarmed heads. Give me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaffe, good night.

Exit.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Musicians, Sirra: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol.* You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not ready to burst-Well (sweete *Lacke*) have a care of thy selfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee these twenty nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honest, and truer-hearted man-Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistress *Teare-shee*.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Teare-shee* come to my Master.

Hof. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness? Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoaky Cribs, Vpon uneasie Pallads stretching thee, And huiht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of costly State, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melody? O thou dull god, why lyeest thou with the vilde, In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch, A watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Mast, Seale up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the visitation of the Windes, Who take the Russian Billowes by the top; Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deaf'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude: And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and means to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Majesty.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Have you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We have (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet dislemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good advice, and little Medicine:

My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate, And see the revolution of the Times

Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent

(Weary of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe

Into the Sea: and other Times, to see

The beachy Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With divers Liquors: 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,

Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,

This *Percie* was the man, neereest my Soule;

Wholike a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,

And layd his Love and Life under my foot:

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of *Richard*

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember)

When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,

(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)

Did speake these words (now prov'd a Prophecie:)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the division of our Amitie.

War. There is a History in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may propheticie
With a neere aime, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessary forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then faile to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote upon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let us meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, even now cryes out on us:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord):
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
Shall brings this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Majesty hath bene this fort-night ill,
And these unseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Shallow* and *Silence*: with *Mouldy*, *Shadow*,
Wart, *Feeble*, *Bull-calf*.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your
Hand, Sir, give mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler? hee is at *Oxford* still, is hee
not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cor-sal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at
commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaff* (now Sir *John*)
a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Not-*
folke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
bout Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him
breake *Schoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when he was
a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson Strackesby*, a Fruiterer, behinde *Greys-*
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead!

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, verie sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
of Bullocks at *Stamford Faire*?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne
living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *John* of Gaunt loved him
well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee
would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and car-
ryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene
and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good
to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may
be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter *Bardolph* and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaffes* Men (as I
thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
County, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my
Captaine, Sir *John Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a most
gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good
Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I
aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too:
Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good
phrases are surely, and every where very commendable.
Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a
good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeeres very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Falst. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No sir John, it is my Cousin Silence: in Commiffion with me.

Falst. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Falst. Eye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we sir: Will you sit?

Falst. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry Sir Raphe Mouldy: let them appeare as I call: let them doe so, let them doe so: Let me see, Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Falst. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Falst. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldy, lacke use: very singular good. Well said Sir John, very well said.

Falst. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out then I.

Falst. Goe too: peace Mouldy, you shall goe. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir John: Let me see: Simon Shadow.

Falst. I marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow.

Shad. Heere sir.

Falst. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeed, but not of the fathers substance.

Shal. Doe you like him, sir John?

Falst. Shadow will serve for Summer: pricke him: For we have a number of shadowes to fill up the Muster-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir.

Falst. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir.

Falst. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir John?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparrell is built upon his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pinnes: pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can doe it sir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Falst. You may: But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battail, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoat?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can have no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde Couragious Feeble: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master Shallow, deepe Master Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone sir.

Falst. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcasse of the Greene.

Falst. Yea marry, let us see Bulcasse.

Bul. Heere sir.

Falst. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bulcasse till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Falst. What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Falst. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, upon his Coronation day, sir.

Falst. Come, thou shalt goe to the Warres in a Gowne: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must have but foure heere sir, and so I pray you goe in with me to dinner.

Falst. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O sir John, doe you remember since we lay all night in the Winde-mill, in Saint Georges Field?

Falst. No more of that good Master Shallow: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is Iohn Night-work alive?

Falst. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Falst. Never, never: she would alwayes say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: she was then a Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well?

Falst. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choofe but be old:

old : certaine she's old : and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements Inne*.

Sil. That's fifty five yeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I have seene : hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Falst. We have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have ; in faith, Sir *John*, we have : our watch-world was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner ; come, let's to Dinner : Oh the dayes that we have seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you in very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd fir, as goe? and yet, for mine owne part, fir, I doe not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a desire to stay with my friends : else, fir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bar. Goe-too : stand aside.

Moul. And good Master Corporall Capitaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend : she hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone : and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe : you shall have forty, fir.

Bard. Goe-too : stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can dye but once : we owe a death. I will never beare a base mind : it it be my destiny, so : if it be not, so : no man is too good to serve his Prince : and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feebl. Nay, I will beare no base mind.

Falst. Come fir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you : I have three pound, to free *Moultie* and *Bull-calf*,

Falst. Goe-too : well.

Shal. Come, fir *John* which foure will you have?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Moultie*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shallow*.

Falst. *Moultie*, and *Bull-calf* : for you *Moultie*, stay at home, till you are past service : and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come unto it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what a ragged appearance it is : hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer : come off, and on, swifter then he that gibbers on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no markere to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife : and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverse : thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come manage me your Calyver : so : very well, goe-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab : hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his Crafts-master, he doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements Inne*, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthurs Show* : there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his Peece thus : and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : Rah, tah, tah, would he say, Bownce would he say, and away againe would he goe, and againe would he come : I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will doe well, Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not use many wordes with you : fare you well, Gentlemen both : I thanke you : I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven blesse you, and prosper your Affayres, and send us Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Goe-too : I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices : I doe see the bottome of Iustice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of Lying? This same starv'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates he hath done about Turnball-streer, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements Inne*, like a man made after supper, of a Cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were invincible. He was the very *Geniu* of Famine : he came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion : And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *John* of Gaunt, as if he had beene sworne Brother to him : and lie be sworne he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *John* of Gaunt, he beat his owne Name, for you might have trufs'd him and all his Apparell into an Eele-skinne : the Cafe of a Treble Hoebow was a Mansion for him : a Court : and now hath he Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne : and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleville.

Rib. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Bish. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
How doth he wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold fortance with his Quality,
The which he could not levy: whereupon
He is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway-on; and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of *Westmerland*.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of *Westmerland*) in peace:
What doth concerne your coming?

West. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in cheife addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggery:
If say if damn'd Commotion to appeare,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You (Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not bene here, to dresse the ugly forme
Of base, and bloody insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning you Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a low Trumpet, and a Point of Warre?

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? fo the question stands.
Briefely to this end: We are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
Have brought our selves into a burning Fever,
And we must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of *Westmerland*)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Military men:
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse;
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
I have in equall ballance justly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Armes may do, what wrongs we suffer
And find our Griefes heavier then our Offences.
We see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And have the summary of all our Griefes
(Whentime shall serve) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,
We are deny'd access unto his person,
Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.

West. When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd;
Wherein have you bene galled by the King?
What Peere hath bene suborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?

Bish. My brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feele the bruises of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heavy and unequal Hand upon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolkes* Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my father lost,
That need to be reviu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and he
Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seates,
Their neighing Courtes daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparring through fights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe.
(His owne Life hung upon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw he downe himselfe, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have since mis-carried under *Bullingbrooke*.

West. You speake (*Lord Monbray*) now you know not
The Earle of Hereford, was reputed then (what.
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your Father had bene Victor there,
He ne're had borne it out of Coventry.
For all the Country, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Heere come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Love.

West. *Monbray*, you over-weene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Condition we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the Generalls Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of *Westmerland*) this Sche-
For this contains our generall Grievances: (dule,
Each severall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are insinew'd to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awfull Banks againe
And knit our Power to the Arme of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords
In fight of both our Battailles, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not that, if we can make our Peace
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rocky Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That evry slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary
Of dainty, and such picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and History his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well he knowes,
He cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfixe an Enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Bish. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshall)
If we doe now make our attonement well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so:
Heere is return'd my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Enter Westmerland.

W. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'twene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then
forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are well encountred here (my cosin *Mow.*
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, (bray)
And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reverence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Clearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alacke, what Mischeifes might he set abroad,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heaven?
To us, the speaker in his Parliament;
To us, the 'imagine voyce of Heaven it selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven?
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleve,
But you mis-use the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heaven,
As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name,
In deeds dishonorable? You have taken up,

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heaven,
The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not heere against your Fathers Peace :
But (as I told my Lord of *Westmerland*)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath ben with scorne shov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra-Sonne* of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Scoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall downe,
We have Supplyes, to second our Attempt :
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles:

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well :
And I sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My fathers purposes have bene mistooke,
And some, about him, have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authority.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest :
Vpon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their severall Counties,
As we will ours: and here betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Love, and Amity.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

John. I give it you, and will maintaine my word ;
And thereupon I drinke unto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliver to the Army
This newes of Peace : let them have pay, and part :
I know, it will well please them.
High thee Captaine.

Exit.

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of *Westmerland*.

West. I pledge your Grace :
And if you knew what paines I have bestow'd,
To breed this present Peace,
You would drinke freely : but my love to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish. I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heavinesse fore-runneth the good event.

West. Therefore be merry (*Cooze*) since sodaine sorrow
Serves to say thus : some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Belceve me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd : hearken how they
shout.

Mow. This had bene chearefull, after Victory.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest :
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party looser.

John. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too :
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by us, that we may peruse the men *Exit.*
We should have coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings* :

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

John. I trust (Lords) we shall lye to night together.

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still ?

West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, untill they heare you speake.

John. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd :
Like youthfull Steeres, unyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South : or like a Schoole broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason :
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding just, and honorable ?

West. Is your Assembly so ?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith ?

John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complaine ; which by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heaven, and not we have safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the blocke of Death,
Treasons true bed, and yeelder up of breath, *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe, and Collevile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir ? of what Condition are
you ? and of what place, I pray ?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir :

And my Name is *Collevile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Collevile* is your Name, a Knight is
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collevile* shall
still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-
geon your Place, a place deepe enough : so shall you be
still *Collevile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe* ?

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am : doe yee
yeeld sir, or shall I sweate for you ? if I doe sweate, they
are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rowze up Feare and Trembling, and doe obser-
vance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, and in that
thought yeeld me.

Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, I speakes any other
word but my name : and I had but a belly of any indiffe-
rency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe :
my wombe, my wombe, my wombe undoes me. Heere
comes our Generall.

b 3

Enter

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now
Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland*.
Now *Falstaffe*, where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, thou you come.
These tardy Trickes of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, breake some Gallows backe.

Falst. I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should be
thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and old Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with
the very extremest inch of possibility. I have fowndred
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (travell-tainted
as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir *John Collevile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and
yeelded: that I may justly say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtisie, then your deser-
ving.

Falst. I know not: heere he is, and heere I yeeld him:
and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest
of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will have it in a par-
ticular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it
(*Collevile*) kissing my foot: To the which course, if I
be enforc'd, if you doe not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the cleare Sky of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleve not
the word of the Noble: therefore let me have right, and
let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thicke to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Collevile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, *Collevile*.

Falst. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should have wonne them dearer then you have.

Falst. I know not how they told themselves, but thou
like a kind fellow, gav'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Collevile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collevile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father is fore sicke,
Our Newes shall goe before us, to his Majesty,
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:
And we with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to goe
through Gloucestershire; and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserve. *Exit.*

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then
your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make
him laugh; but that's no marvaile, he drinkes no Wine.
There's never any of these demure Boyes come to any
proove: for thinne drinke doth so over-coole their blood,
and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kind
of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then, when they marry,
they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cow-
ards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.
A good Sherris-Sacke hath a twofold operation in it: it
ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish,
and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it: makes
it apprehensive, quicke, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery,
and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o're to the Voyce,
the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit.
The second property of your excellent Sherris, is, the
warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and fetled)
left the Liver white, and pale: which is the Badge of
Pufflanimity, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warms
it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts
extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon)
gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom (man)
to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land
petty spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart;
who great, and puff up with his retinue, doth any deed
of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that
skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sacke (for that
sets it a worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold,
kept by a Devill, till Sacke commences it, and sets it in
act, and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is val-
iant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his
Father, he hath, like leane, sterill, and bare Land, ma-
nured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeavour
of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that
he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand
sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be
to forswear thine Potations, and to addict themselves
to Sacke. *Enter Bardolph.*

How now *Bardolph*.

Bard. The Army is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I
have him already tempering betweene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if heaven doth give successfull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our Youth leade on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Navy is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested,
And every thing lyes levell to our wish;
Onely we want a little personall strength:
And pawse us, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
Shall soone enjoy.

King.

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in prefence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence, How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? He loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas*.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cherriſh it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatneſſe, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,

Nor looſe the good advantage of his Grace,

By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:

He hath a Teare for Pity, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But being moody, give him Line, and ſcope,

Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themſelves with working. Learne this *Thomas*,

And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends,

A Hoope of gold, to bind thy Brothers in:

That the united Veſſell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggeltion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall never leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong

As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.

Clar. I ſhall obſerve him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas*?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt Soyle to Weedes:

And he (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is over-ſpread with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe ſhape

(Informes imaginary) th'unguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you ſhall looke upon,

When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors.

For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-blood are his Counſailors,

When Meanes and laſhiv Manners meete together,

Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppoſ'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but ſtudies his Companions,

Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language

'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your Highneſſe knowes, comes to no farther uſe,

But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groſſe termes,

The Prince will, in the perfectneſſe of time,

Caſt off his followers: and their memory

Shall as a Patterne, or a Meaſure live,

By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others,

Turning paſt-evills to advantages.

King. 'Tis ſeldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Who's heere? *Weſtmerland*?

Weſt. Health to my Sovereigne, and new happineſſe Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince *John*, your Sonne, doth kiſſe your Graces Hand:

Mowbray, the Biſhop, *Serowe*, *Hafſings*, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword unſheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:

The manner how this Action hath beens borne,

Here (at more leiſure) may your Highneſſe read,

With every courſe, in his particular.

King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which ever in the haunch of Winter ſings

The liſting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Har. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Maſteſty:

And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall,

As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,

With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of Yorkſhire overthrowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (pleaſe it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes

Make me ſicke?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?

She either gives a Stomacke, and no food,

(Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,

And takes away the Stomacke (ſuch are the Rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)

I ſhould rejoyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fayles, and my braine is giddy.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maſteſty.

Glo. Oh, my Royall Father.

Weſt. My ſovereigne Lord, cheare up your ſelfe, looks up.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, theſe Fits

Are with his Highneſſe very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him ayre:

He'll ſtraight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out: theſe pangs,

Th'inceſſant cure, and labour of his mind,

Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in,

So thinne, that life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obſerve

Unfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The ſeaſons change their manners, as the yeere

Had found ſome moneths aſleepe, and leap'd them over.

Glo. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:

And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)

Say it did ſo, a little time before

That our great Grand-fire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'de.

War.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-
vers.

Glo. This Apoplexy will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnlesse some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

Pri. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heavinesse.

Pri. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none
abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

Pri. Hen. Heard he the good newes yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

Pri. Hen. If he besicke with Ioy,
He'll recover without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake low.

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Wil't please your Grace to go along with us?

Pri. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep'st the Ports of slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sweet,
As he whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majesty!
When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That scald'st with safety: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downey feather, which stirres not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse downe
Perforce must move. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeed: this is a sleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heavy Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Love, and filiall tenderesse,
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy place, and blood)
Derives it selfe to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which Heaven shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant arme,
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
As 'tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your
Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see
him.

War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the Chamber where wee
stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
Pillow?

War. When we with-drew (my Liege) we left it
heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:
Goe seeke him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleepe, my death? Find him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoynes
With my diseafe, and helpes to end me
See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into revolt;
When Gold becomes her Object?

For this, the foolish over-carefull fathers
Have broke their sleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they have ingrossed and pyl'd up
The canker'd heapes of strange-achieued Gold:
For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to invest
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower
The vertuous Sweets, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossments,
To the ending father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) have wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where he comes. Come hither to me (*Harry*),
Depart the Chamber, leave us heere alone. *Exit.*

Pri. Hen. I never thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my empy Chayre,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine Honors,
Be fore thy howre be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will over-whelme thee
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me dye assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stabbe at halfe an howre of my life.

What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead,
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head :
Onely compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes :
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees ;
For now a time is come, to mocke at forme.
Henry the fifth is Crown'd : Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State : All you sage Counsaillors, hence :
And to the English Court, assemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum :
Have you a Russian that will sweare ? drinke ? dance ?
Revell the night ? Rob ? Murder ? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kind of wayes ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might :
For the Fifth *Harry*, from cur'd License pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint, and the wild Dogge
Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with civill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou doe, when Ryot is thy Care ?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants).

Prin. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours: If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward dutious spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it strooke my heart. If I doe faine,
O let me, in my present wildernesse, dye,
And never live, to shew th' incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I spake unto the Crowne (as having sense)
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, lesse fine in Charact, is more precious,
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable :
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hastate the Bearer up.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murthered my father)
The Quarrell of a true inheritor,
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Vassail is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne !
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st joine the more, thy Fathers love,
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
That ever I shall breath : Heaven knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne : and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation :
For all the soyle of the Atchievement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an Honor snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
Which dayly grew to a Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Feares,
Thou see'st (with perrill) I have answered :
For all my Reigne, hath bene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode : For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles upon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successiually,
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could doe,
Thou art not firme enough, since griefes are Greene :
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy friends
Have but their stings, and teeth, newly taken out,
By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to avoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land ;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere unto my State.

Therefore (my *Harry*)
Be it thy course to batle giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels : that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive :
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.

Prin. My gracious Liege :
You wonne it ; wore it, kept it, gave it me,
Then plain and right must my possession be ;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

*Enter Lord John of Lancaster,
and Warwicke.*

King. Look, look,
Heere comes my *John* of Lancaster :
John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father:

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse,
(Sonne *John* ,)
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of *Warwicke*?

Prim. My Lord of *Warwicke*.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.

Kin. Laud be to heaven:
Even there my life must end.

It hath beene prophesied to me many yeares,

I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:

Which (vainely) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.

But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:

In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harvy* dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
Page, and Davy.*

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What *Davy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
serve: you shall not be excus'd.

Why *Davy*.

Davy. Heere sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me see (*Davy*) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
serv'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Davy*. But for *William* Cooke:
are there no yong Pigeons?

Davy. Yee Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you shall
not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes be
had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*
Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:

Some Pigeons *Davy*, a couple of short-legg'd Henries: a
joynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,
tell *William* Cooke.

Davy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes *Davy*:

I will use him well. A friend i'th Court, is better then a
penny in purse. Use his men well *Davy*, for they are ar-
rant Knaves, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worfe then they are bitten, sir: For they
have marvellous fowle linnen.

Shal. Well conceited *Davy*: about thy Businesse,
Davy.

Davy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of *Worcester*, against *Cle-*
ment Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Davy*, against that
Visor, that *Visor* is an arrant Knave, on my know-
ledge.

Davy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knave Sir:
But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knave should have some
Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knave is not. I have
serv'd your Worship truly sir, these eight yeeres: and
if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knave,
against an honest man, I have but a very little credite with
your Worship. The Knave is mine honest Friend Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worship, let him be Counte-
nanc'd.

Shal. Goe too,
I say he shall have no wrong: Looke about *Davy*.
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your hand Master *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kind Master
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Ile follow you; good Master *Robert Shallow*.
Bardolfe, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'de into
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites staves, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his: They, by observing of him, doe beare themselves
like foolish Iustices: He, by conversing with them, is
turn'd into a Iustice-like Servingman. Their spirits are
so married in Conjunction, with the participation of So-
ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-
ny-Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Master *Shallow*, I
would humour his men, with the imputation of being
neere their Master. If to his Men, I would curry with
Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his
Servants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-
norant Carriage is caught; as men take diseases, one of
another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-
ny. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to
keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
out of six Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-
tions, and he shall laugh with *Intervallums*. O it is much
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a jest (with a sad
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord
Chiefe Iustice.*

War. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whither
away?

Chie. Iust. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Chie. Iust. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he lives no more.

Chie. Iust. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The service, that I truly did his life.
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.

Chai. Inst. I know he doth not, and doe arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester,
and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavy issue of dead Harry :

O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worit of these three Gentlemen :
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde sort ?

Chai. Inst. Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.

John. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, Cofin.

John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We doe remember : but our Argument

Is all too heavy, to admit much talke. (heavy.)

John. Well : Peace be with him, that hath made us

Chai. Inst. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.

Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed :
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Clai. Well, you must now speake Sir John Falstaffe faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Chai. Inst. Sweet Princes : what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And never shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and upright Innocency faile me,
He to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Inst. Good morrow : and heaven save your Majesty

Prin. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare :

This is the English, not the Turkish Court :

Not Amurab, an Amurab succeeds,

But Harry, Harry : Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you :

Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,

But entertaine no more of it (good brothers)

Then a joynt burthen, laid upon us all.

For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assur'd)

He be your Father, and your Brother too :

Let me but beare your Love, He beare your Cares ;

But weepe that Harry's dead, and so will I.

But Harry lives, that shall convert those Teares

By number, into houies of Happinesse.

John, &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

Prin. You all looke strangely on me : and you most.

You are (I thinke assur'd, I love you not.

Chai. Inst. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

Pri. No ? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid upon me ?

What ? Rate ? Rebuke ? and roughly send to Prison
Th' immediate Heire of England ? Was this easie ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Chai. Inst. I then did use the Person of your Father ;

The Image of his power, lay then in me,

And in th' administration of his Law,

Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,

Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,

The Majesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,

The Image of the King, whom I presented,

And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement :

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)

I gave bold way to my Authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill.

Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,

To have a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught ?

To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench ?

To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword

That guards the peace, and safety of your Person ?

Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,

And mocke your workings, in a Second body ?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours :

Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne :

Heare your owne dignity so much prophand,

See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted ;

Behold your selfe, so by a sonne' disdained :

And then imagine me, taking you part,

And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne :

After this cold consideration, sentence me ;

And, as you are a King, speake in your State,

What I have done, that misbecame my place,

My person, or my Lieges Sovereignty.

Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well :

Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword :

And I doe wish your Honors may encrease,

Till you doe live, to see a Sonne of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words :

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares doe Iustice, on my proper sonne ;

And no lesse happy, having such a Sonne,

That would deliver up his Greatnesse so,

Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me :

For which, I doe commit into your hand,

Th' unstained Sword that you have us'd to beare :

With this Remembrance ; That you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartiall spirit

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,

You shall be as a Father, to my Youth :

My voyce shall sound, as you doe prompt mine eare,

And I will stoope, and humble my intents,

To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.

And Princes all, beleeve me, I beseech you :

My father is gone wilde into his Grave,

(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)

And with his Spirits, sadly I survive,

To mocke the expectation of the World :

To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe

After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,

Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.

Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,

And flow henceforth in formall Majesty.

Now call we our High Court of Parliament,

And let us choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That

That the great Body of our State may goe
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (father) shall have formoit hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heaven (confining to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay; you shall see mine Orchard where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeres Pippin of my owne grafting, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth: Come colin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Falst. You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davy*:
Well said *Davy*.

Falst. This *Davy* serves you for good uses: he is your Servingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, *Sir Iohn:* I have drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come Cofin.

Sil. A firra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heaven for the merry yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lusty Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and ever among so merrily.

Falst. There's a merry heart, good Master *Silence*. Ile give you health for that anon.

Shal. Good Master *Bardolfe*: some wine, *Davy*.

Dav. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweet sir, sit. Master *Page*, good Master *Page*, sit: Proface. What you want in meate, we'll have in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry Master *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldior there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all. For women are Shrewes, both short: and tall: 'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all; And welcome merry Shrovetide. Be merry, be merry.

Falst. I did not thinke Master *Silence* had beene a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Davy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Davy*.

Dav. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, and drinke unto the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Falst. Well said, Master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Falst. Health, and long life to you, Master *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, bestrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne thee, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to Master *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cavileres about London.

Davy. I hope to see London, once ere I dye.

Bard. If I might see you there, *Davy*.

Shal. You'll cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not Master *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knave will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Falst. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Doe me right, and dub me Knight, *Samings*. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't? Why then say an old man can doe somewhat.

Dav. If it please your Worship, there's one *Pistoll* come from the Court with newes.

Falst. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist. Sir *Iohn*, save you sir.

Falst. What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he be, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barfon.

Pist. *Puffe*? *Puffe* in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy friend: helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings doe I bring, and lucky joyes, and golden Times, and happy Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worlings base, I speake of Affrica, and Golden loyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes? Let King *Covishu* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and *Iohn*.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*? And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in *Furies* lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to utter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?

Bezanian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King, *Harry* the Fifth's the man, I speake the truth. When Pistoll lyes, doe this, and figge-me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Falst.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pist. As naile in doore.
 The things I speake, are just
Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,
 Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
 In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
 With Dignities.
Bard. O joyfull day:
 I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Pist. What? I do bring good newes.
Fal. Carry Master *Shallow* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
 Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
 Get on thy Bootes, wee'll ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistol*:
 Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistol*, utter more to mee: and
 withall devise something to doe thy selfe good. Boote,
 boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sicke for
 mee. Let us take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-
 land are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which
 have beene my Friends: and woe unto my Lord Chiefe
 Iustice.
Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
 Where is the life that late I led, say they?
 Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Tear-sheets,
 and Beadles.*

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might dye,
 that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
 shoulder out of joynt.

Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to mee:
 and thee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
 her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
 her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
 tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
 Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
 thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
 laine.

Host. O that Sir *John* were come, hee would make
 this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
 of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it doe, you shall have a dozen of Cushions
 againe, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you
 both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pis-
 toll* beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
 will have you as foundly swindg'd for this, you blew-
 Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famlth'd Correctioner, if you
 be not swing'd Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.
Host. O, that right should thus o're come might. Well
 of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
 Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you starv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinn Thing:
 Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
 from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will
 make the King do you Grace. I will leere upon him, as
 he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that he
 will give me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had
 had time to have made new Liveries; I would have be-
 stowed the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is
 no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
 the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection;

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
 And not to deliberate, not to remember,
 Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Travaile, and sweating
 with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
 all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be
 done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all
 in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and
 make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
 is in base Durance, and contagious prilon: Hall'd thi-
 ther by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze uppe
 Revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for
Dol is in. *Pistol*, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pistol. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
 sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the
 Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chiefe
 Iustice.*

Falst. Save thy Grace, King *Hal*, my Royall *Hal*.

Pist. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
 Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Save thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe justice, speake to that vaine
 man.

Ch. Iust. Have you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my love; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
 How ill white haire become a Foole, and lecher?

I

I have

I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
 But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
 Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
 Leave gourmandizing; Know the Grave doth gape
 For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
 Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
 For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceive)
 That I have turn'd away my former Selfe,
 So will I those that kept me Companie.
 When thou dost heare I am, as I have bin,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast
 The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
 As I have done the rest of my Misleaders,
 Not to come neere our Perton, by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lacke of means enforce you not to evill:
 And as we heare you do redeeme your selves,
 We will according to your strength, and qualities,
 Giue you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
 To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let mee have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be. M. *Shallow*, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your Dublet, and stufte mee out with Straw. I beseech you, good sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
 I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaffe* to the Fleete,
 Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:
 Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contento.*

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,
 He hath intent his wonted Followers
 Shall be very well provided for:
 But are banisht, till their conversations
 Appeare more wise, and modest in the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
 My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
 We beare our Civil Swords, and Native fire
 As farre as France. I heard a Bird so sing,
 Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
 Come, will you hence?

Exit.

F F N J S:





EPILOGVE.



I RST, my Feare : then , my Curtesie : last , my Speech. My Feare , is your Displeasure : My Curtesie , my Dutie : And my speech , to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now , you undoe me : For what I haue to say , is of mine owne making : and what (indeed) I should say , will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose , and so to the Venture. Bee it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play , to pray your Patience for it , and to promise you a Better : I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this , which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home , I breake ; and you , my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would bee , and heere I commit my Boäie to your Mercies : Bate me some , and I will pay you some , and (as most Debtors doe) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me : will you command mee to use my Legges ? And yet that were but light payment , to Dance out of your debt : But a good Conscience , will make any possible satisfaction , and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere , have forgotten me , if the Gentlewomen will not , then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentlewomen , which was never seene before , in such an Assembly.

One word more , I beseech you : if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate , our humble Author will continue the story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry with faire Katherine of France : where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat , unlesse already he bee kill'd with your hard Opinions : For Old-Castle dyed a martyr , and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie , when my Legs are too , I will bid you good night ; and so kneele downe before you : (But indeed) to pray for the Queene.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

R VMOVR the Presentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fift.
Prince *John* of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, and brethren to *Henry* the Fift.
Thomas of Clarence. }

Northumberland.
The Arch-Bishop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Travers.
Morton.
Coleville.

} Opposites against King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iustice. }

} Of the Kings Partic.

Pointz.
Falstaffe.
Bardolphe.
Pistoll.
Peto.
Page.

} Irregular Humorists.

Shallow. } Both Country
Silence. } Iustices
Davie, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serjeants
Mouldie.
Shadow. } Country Soldiers
Wart. }
Feeble. }
Bullcalfe. }

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hostesse Quickly.
Doll Teate-sheete.
Epilogue.



The Life of King Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarches to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Least in like bounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unraised Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cuck-Pit hold
The vastie field of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O, the very Cakes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may,
Atteste in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Giralls of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarches,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peerce out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thonsand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofes i' th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must decke our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Houre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops, of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'eleventh yere of y^e last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeede against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against us,
We lose the better part of our Possession:
For all the Temporall lands, which men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T'invelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Never was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currant scowring faults:
Nor never Hydra-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did lose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Divinity:
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath beene all in all his study:
List his discourse of Warre; and you shal heare
A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Musique.

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his Garter : that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences :
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courtes vaine,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd up with Ryots, Banquets, Sports ;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berryes thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser qualitie :
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet creffue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so ; for Miracles are ceast :
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord :
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Majestie
Incline to it, or no ?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent :
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against us :
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majestie :
Savethat there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine have done,
The severalls and unhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and seat of France,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience ; and the howre I thinke is come,
To give him hearing : Is it foure a Clock ?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie :
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speakes a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait upon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwicke, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury ?

Exeter. Not here in pefence.

King. Send for him good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege ?

King. Not yet, my Cousin : we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard you sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord ; we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre us in our Clayme :
And God forbid, my deere and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth :
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre ;
We charge you in the name of God take heed :
For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are every one ; a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briebe mortalitie.
Vnder this Conjuraton, speake my Lord :
For we will heare, note, and beleve in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience walsh,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Sovereign, & you Peers,
That owe your selves, your lives, and services,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
Which *Salike* Land, the French unjustly gloze
To be the realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elve :
Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French :
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law ; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :
Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elve and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not devised for the Realme of France :
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yecres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six : and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred sine. Besides, their writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire generall, being descended
Of *Blisibild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France,
Hugh Capet also, who usurt the Crowne

Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stocke of Charles the great :
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of Charles the Great : also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Usurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lincall of the Lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to Charles the farsaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title; and *Hugh Capet* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :
So doe the Kings of France upon this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles;
Usurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne upon my head, dread Sovereigne :
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, unwind your bloody Flagge:
Looke backe into your mightie Ancestors :
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tombe,
From whom you clayme ; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vncles, *Edward* the Blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France :
Whiles his most mighty Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats ;
You are their Heire, you sit upon their Throne :
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines : and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploites and mighty Enterprises.

Exc. Your brother Kings and Monarches of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might ;

Will. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse : never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lye pavillion'd in the field of France.

Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Blouds, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right :
Inayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
Will raise your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Cleargie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'invaide the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath beene still a giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot assayes,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Townes :
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege :
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,
And she a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots : whom she did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayle,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her unguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Moufe in absence of the Cat,
To tame and havocke more then she can eate.

Exc. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have lockes to safegard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends it selfe at home :
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreering in a full and naturall cloze,
Like Musicke.

Can. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continuall motion :
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience : for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They have a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrats correct at home ;
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad ;
Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote upon the Summers Velvet budde :
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor :
Who busied in his Majesties surveyes
The singing Mason building roofes of Gold,
The civill Citizens kneading up the hony ;
The Poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate :

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
As many Arrowes loosed severall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whercof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolv'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power;
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Vrne,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance over them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grave
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cousin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majestie to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons:
Therefore with franke and with uncurbed plainnesse,
Tell us the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus then in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot revell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the Dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with us,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we have matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never vlew'd this poore seate of England,
And therefore living hence, did give our selfe
To barbarous licenle: As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Belike a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Majestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balls to Gun-stones, and his soule
Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widowes
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deere husbands;
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
And some are it ungotten and unborne,
That shall have cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: and tell the Dolphin,
His left will favour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armors, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English Mercuries,
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilt unto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to divert the English purposes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee doe,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Masbam*, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye,
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest
Th' abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton;
There is the play-houfe now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Passe: for if we may,
Wee'll not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Exit.

Enter Corporall *Nym*, and Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lievtenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What are Ancient *Pistol* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'll bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be so good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that hee is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them
at that time, and some say, knives have edges: It must
be as it may, though patience bee a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
tell.

Enter *Pistol*, & *Quickly*.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistol* and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoste *Pi-*
stoll?

Pist. Base Tyke, call'st thou mee Hoste, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nell* keepe
Lodgers.

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought wee keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welladay
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilfull adu-
ltery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing
heere.

Nym. Pist.

Pist. Pist for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur
of Island.

Host. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
up your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
in thy most marvelous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*
stols cocke is up, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbasen*, you cannot conjure mee: I
have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
grow fowle with me *Pistol*, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: He that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him up to the hilts, as I am a sol-
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me give: Thy spirits
are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistol. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the Spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Gressids* kinde, *Doll*
Tearme-floure, she by name, and her spouse. I have, and I
will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely she: and
Panca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoste *Pistol*, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheetes; and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bar. Away you Rogue.
Host. By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good *Huf-*
band come home presently! Exit.

Bar. Come shall I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together: why the diuel should we keepe knives
to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell and fiends for food howle
on.

Nym. You'll pay mee the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that payes.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home. Draw.

Bar. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
Ile kill him: By this sword, I will.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course.

Bar. Corporall *Nym*, and thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then bee enemies with mee too:
prethee put up.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendshippe
shall combine, and brotherhood. Ile live by *Nym*, &
Nym shall live by me, is not this just? For I shall Sut-
ler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me
thy hand.

Nym.

Nym. I shall have my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most justly payd.

Nym. Well, then that's the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to fir *John*: A poore heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it,

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passeth some humors, and carrees.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmorland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do beare themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes late Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soveraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Malsham*, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with us Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we have in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with us from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not wish Successe and Conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd, Then is your Majesty; there's not I thinke a subject That sits in heart-greefe and uneasinesse Under the sweet shade of your government.

King. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Have steep'd their gauls in honey, and do serve you With hearts create of dutie, and of zeale,

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

Scro. So service shall with steeld finewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excess of Wine that set him on, And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's merry, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Soveraigne, least example Beed (by his suffrance) more of such a kind.

King. O let us yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me, Are heavie Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before us? We'll yet enlarge that man, Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care And tender preservation of our person Wold have him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day:

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soveraigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours: There yours Lords *Scroope* of *Malsham*, and Sir Knight: *Gray* of *Northumberland*, this same is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. My Lord of *Westmorland* and Vnkle *Exeter*, We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That have so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of apparence.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray.Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in us but late, By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs upon their Maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere, You know how apt our love was, to accord To furnish him with all appertinents: Belonging to his honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne unto the practises of France To kill us heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to us Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruel, Ingratefull, savage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of al my counsailes. That knew't the very bottome of my soule, That (almost) might't have coyn'd me into Golde, Would't thou have practis'd on me, for thy use? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of evill That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stand off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason, and murder, ever kept together, As two yooke divels sworne to eythers purpose, Working so grossely in a naturall cause, That admiration did not hope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and no murder: And whatsoever cunning fiend it was That wrought upon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other divels that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason;
Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world;
He might returne to vassie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull?
Why so didst thou: seeme they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
For this revolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord Scrope of Marston.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive;
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithfull subject more rejoyce
At the discoverie of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Sovereigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Heare your sentence
You have conspir'd against Our Royall person.
Joynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyv'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to servitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you three sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exeunt.*
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way.
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way,
Then forth, deare Countrey men: Let us deliver
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. Prythee honey sweete Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolph,*
be blythe: *Nim,* rowse thy vaunting Veines: *Boy,* bristle
thy Courage up: for *Falstaff's* hee is dead, and we must
erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
eyther in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if ever man went to *Arthurs Bosome*: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had bene any Christome
Child: a parted ev'n just betweene Twelve and One, ev'n
at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now
Sir John (quoth I?) what man? bee a good cheere: so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Cloathes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
up-war'd and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and sayd they were Devils incar-
nate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about
Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke upon
Bardolph's Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will bee gone from
Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Sences
rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Cavito* bee
thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-
fellows in Armes, let us to France, like Horfe-
leeches

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say,

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humour of it: but adieu.

Pist. Let Huswifrie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us, And more then carefully it us concerns, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repayre our townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits us then to be as provident, As feare may teach us, out of late examples Left by the fatall and neglected English, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme us 'gainst the For: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the sickle and feeble parts of France: And let us doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whifson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, she is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

Const. O Peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in exception; and with all, How terrible in constant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*, Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh The enemy more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly projection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Henry* strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath bene flesht upon us:

And he is bred out of that bloody straine, That haunted us in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Gressly Battell fatally was stricke, And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand Of that blacke Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres beene made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let us feare The Native mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Henry* King of England, Doe crave admittance to your Majesty.

King. Weele give them present audience. Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chale is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, & stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whe what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take up the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Seife-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you devest your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven, By Law of Nature, and of nations, longes To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne; And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Pickt from the Worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes, Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rakt, He sends you this most memorable Lyne, In every Branch truly demonstrative; Willing you over-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him evenly deriv'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, *Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome indirectly held From him the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Even in your hearts, there will be rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *love*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliver up the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Bloud, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands Fathers and betrothed Lovers, That shall be swallowed in this Controversie. This is his Clayme, his threatening, and my Message: Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

King. For

King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty;
Hee'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and Womby Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne, . .
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Ex. Hee'll make your Paris Looover shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mighty Europe:
And be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he maisters now: now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shall be soone dispatcht, with faire conditi-
A Night is but small breathe, and little pause, (ons.
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Chorus:

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Sceene flies,
In motion of no lesse celerity then that of Thought
Suppose, that you have scene
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer,
Embarke his Royalty: and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten Sayles,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Bresting the lofty Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
For so appeares this Fleet Majestically,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauy,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandfires, Babies, and old Women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choise-drawne Cavaliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew,
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the divellish Cannon touches.

Alarm, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarm: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall up with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humility:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commune up the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'whelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and jutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wilde and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you Noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe:
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Have in these parts from Morne till Even fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lymbes were made in England; shew us here
The mettell of your Pasture: let us sweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.
Alarm, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Case of Lives:
the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most just: for humors doe a-
bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would
give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safety.

k

Pist. And

Pist. And I : If wishes would prevaile with me, my purpose should not faile with me ; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; avant you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould : abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage ; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcocke bate thy Rage : use lenity sweet Chucke.

Nim. These be good humors : your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swafhers. I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a fac's it out, but fights not: for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepe whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fine Jewell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seeke some better Service: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it up.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes are not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the cavities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athversary, you may discusse unto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard under the Countermine: by *Cheshu*, I thinke a will plowe up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Assle, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a mervellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres; upon my particularknowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden, to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorris*, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners given o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish give over, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish give over: I would have blowed up the Towne, so Chrish save me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorris*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communications; partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Military discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mary:

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call us to the breach, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for us all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge i'th grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that fall I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorris*, I thinke, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Is a Villaine, and a Balterd, and a Knaves, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorris*, peradventure I shal thinke you doe not use me with that affability, as in discretion you ought to use me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I do not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Crish save me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, looke you, I will bee so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Governour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
Or like to men prowd of destruction,
Defie us to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-achieved Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in games like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waste and defolation?
What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licencious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the Leviathan to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of heady Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Defire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
And their most reverend Heads dash't to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wives of Iewry,
At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you? Will you yeeld, and this avoyd?
Or guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes us, that his Powers are yet not ready;
To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy soft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exier,
Goe you and enter Harflew, there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all for us, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
Tonight in Harflew will we be your Guest,
Tomorrow for the March are we adrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien
le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler.
Comment appelle vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il est appelle, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Kat. Le doyt, ma foy ie oublie le doyt, mais ie me souviendray
le doyt, ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingers, ou de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, la pense que
ie suis le bon escholier.

Kath. I'ay gaigné deux mois d'Anglois visiblement, comment
appelle vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles, s'entend: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de
Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Je m'en fais la repetition de tous les mots
que vous m'avez appris des a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, s'entend, d'Hand, de Fingres, de
Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en oublie d'Elbow, comment
appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton.

Alice. de Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col, de Neck, le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sans vostre honneur en verité vous prononcies
les mots aussi droit, que le Natis d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu,
& en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas desja oublie ce que ie vous ay enseigné.

Kath. Nomme, ie reciteray a vous promptement, d'Hand, de
Fingres, de Nayles, Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Elbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honneur d'elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je d'elbow, de Neck, & de Sin: cōment ap-
pelle vous les pieds & de roba.

Alice. Le foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, ce sont des
mots mauuais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Da-
mes d'Honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots de-
vant les Seigneurs de France, pour tous le monde, il faut le Foot
& le Count, neant moins, le reciteray un autrefois ma leçon en-
semble, d'Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de
Neck, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner.

Exeunt.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,

And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People,

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprayes of us,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxury,

Our Syens, put in wilde and savage Stock,

Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,

And over-look their Grafters?

Bris. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:

Mort de ma vie, if they march along

Vn'fought withall, but I will sell my Dukedom,

To buy a slobbry and a dirty Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Conf. *Dieu de Batailles*, where have they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despyght, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoekt their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Isyckles
Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosty People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we may call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolph. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.
Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Leuolt's* high, and swift *Carranto's*
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most lofty Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanfon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Benmont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loy, *Lezrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Flarry* England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit; and void his rhowme upon.
Goe downe upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Conf. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their Martch:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchievement, offer us his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will give:
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Majesty.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with us.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaines, English and VVelch, Gower,
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Ag-*

menon, and a man that I love and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living,
and my uttermost power. He is not, God be prayfed and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aun-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Antony*, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant service:

Gow. What doe you call him?

Flu. He is call'd aunchient *Pisfoll*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pisfoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pisf. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me favours: the
Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I prayse God, and I have merited some love at
his hands.

Pisf. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddy
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that goddesse blind, that
stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pisfoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutability,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a
Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-
on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pisf. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
hath given the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolph's* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his
Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pisfoll*, I doe partly understand your
meaning.

Pisf. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be used.

Pisf. Dye, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pisf. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I re-
member him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. He assure you, a utt' red as prave words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant
you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, &
they will learne you by rote where Services were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
voy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they trick
up

up, with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Capitaine *Gower*: I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearken you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Majesty.

King. How now *Fluellen*, camst thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th'athversarie was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath bene very great, reasonable great: mary for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off: & we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there bee nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French upbrayded or abused in disdainfull Language; for when Levity and Cruelty play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My Maisters mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we bid but sleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe. Now we speake upon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weaknesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ranfome, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace wee have disgested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthless satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Maister; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy.*

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage, My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, upon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: Goe therefore tell thy Maister, here I am; My Ranfome, is this frayle and worthless Trunke; My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*. Goe bid thy Maister well advise himselfe, If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so *Mountjoy* fare you well. The summe of all our Answer is but this: We would not seeke a Battaille as we are, Nor as we are, we say wee will not shun it: So tell your Maister.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the River wee'll encampe our selves, And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramours, Orleans, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse have his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on foure pasternes; ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entayles were hayres: *le Cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Muscicall then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Parsus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient stilnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other lades you may call Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, vary deserved prayse on my Palfray: it is a Threame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleanse. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orl. Your Mistresse beares well.

Well. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Strosslers.

Const. You have good judgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Bogs: I had rather have my Horse to my Mistresse.

Const. I had as live have my Mistresse a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. *Le chien est retourné a son propre vomissement, est la levye lavée au bon buir:* thou mak'st use of any thing.

Const. Yet doe I not use my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Proverbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it?

Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Const. Ev'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as wel, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shal be paved with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleanse. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you

Orl. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee said he car'd not who knew it.

Orleanse. He needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Proverbe with, There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with, Give the Devill his due.

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Devill: have at the very eye of that Proverbe with, A Pox of the Devill.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fools Bolt is soone shot.

Const. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpree*.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orl. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never weare such heavy Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleanse. Foolish Curses, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, & have their heads crusht like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. I.

Orl. I, but these English are shrewdly out of Beeefe.
Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only
 stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
 arme: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
 We shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine conjecture of a time,
 When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
 Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniverse.
 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Wob of Night
 The Humme of either Army stilly sounds,
 That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each Battaile sees the others umber'd face.
 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaltfull Neighs
 Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busie Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadfull note of preparation.
 The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
 And the third howre of drowisie Morning nam'd,
 Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
 The confident and over-lusty French,
 Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
 And chide the creeplo-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
 So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
 Investing Ianke-leane Cheeks, and Warre-worne Coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing Moone
 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
 Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
 Vnto the weary and all-watched Night:
 But freshly lookes, and over-beares Attaint,
 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Majesty:
 That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
 A Largeesse uniuersall, like the Sunne,
 His liberall Eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthinesse define,
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
 And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:
 Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
 With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
 There is some soule of goodnesse in things evill,
 Would men observingly distill it out.
 For our bad Neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
 And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dresse us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
 And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
 Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erpin. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present paine,
 Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
 The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Breake up their drowisie Grave, and newly move
 With call'd slough, and fresh lgerity.
 Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
 Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No my good Knight:
 Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
 I and my Bosome must debate awhile,
 And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble *Harry*.
Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearefully.

Enter Pistoll.

Pist. Chevous la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
 base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Even so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcocke, and a Heart of Gold, a
 Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
 most valiant: I kisse his dirty shooe, and from heart-
 string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Pi. Le Roy a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Lecke about his Pate upon
S. Davies day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
 that day, least he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd.

Exit.

King. It ferts well with your fiercenesse.

Mans King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*.

Flu. So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble bable in *Pompeys* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A friend.

Will. Vnder what Captaine serve you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our estate?

King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeve as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himselfe in Thames up to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lives saved.

King. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being just, and his Quarrell honorable.

Will. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then we should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of us.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall joyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives left poore behind them; some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Childre rawly left: I am asfear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him: or if a Servant, under his Maisters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Maister the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maister of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all unspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjury; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Native punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, then hee was before guilty of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Duty is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make us fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut; hee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacockes feather: You'le never trust his word after, come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betwene us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Glove: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee have French Quarrells enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exeunt Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twenty French Crownes to one, they will beat us, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let us our Lives, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wives,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of every foole, whose sence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremonie, save generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Adoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.

Thinks thou the fiery Fever will goe out
With titles blowne from Adulation?

Wilt it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,

That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose,

I am a King that find thee: and I know,

'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,

The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,

The farfed Title running fore the King,

The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,

That beates upon the high shore of this World:

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,

Not all these, lay'd in bed Majestickall,

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave:

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,

Never sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,

Sweates in the eye of *Phobus*; and all Night

Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawning,

Doth rise and helpe *Hiperion* to his Horse,

And followes so the ever-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Grave:

And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Winding up Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,

Enjoyes it: but in grosse braine little wots,

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace;

Whose howres, the Peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together.
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battailles, Steele my Souldiers hearts,

Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now

The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers:

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not upon the fault

My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I *Richards* body have interred new,

And on it have bestowed more contrite teares,

Then from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:

And I have built two Chuntries,

Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still

For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour, up my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Crenel: My Horfe, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha.

Orl. Oh brave spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleans. *Enter Constable.*
Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for prelent Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horses blood? How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe. Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band, And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules, Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines, To give each naked Curtlex a stayne, That our French Gallants shall today draw out, And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them. 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants, Who in unnecessary action swarme About our Squares of Battaile, were enow To purge this field of such a hilding Foe; Though we upon this Mountaines Basis by, Tooke stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to say? A very little little let us doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-favouredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorly are let loose, And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully. Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast, And faintly through a rusty Bever peepes. The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staves in their hands: and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, drooping the hide and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mowthes the Iymold Bitt Lyes foule with chaw'd grasse, still and motionlesse, And their executors, the knavish Crows, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot sute it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile, In life so livelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They have said their prayers, And they stay for death.

Dol. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And give their fasting Horses Provender; And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And use it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himseife is rode to view their Battaile.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with us, 'tis a fearefull oddes. God buy you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meer in Heaven; Then joyfully my Noble Lord of Bedford, My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bed. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fam'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Fa. ewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse, Princely in both.

Enter the King

West. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England, That doe no worke to day.

King. What's be that wishes so? My Cousin *Westmerland.* No my faire Cousin: If we are markt to dye, we are enow To do our Countrey losse: and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more. By *Iov*, I am not covetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost: It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sinne to covet Honor, I am the most offending Soule alive. No faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not lose so great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would share from me, For the best hope I have. O, doe not wish one more: Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast, That he which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart, his Passport shall be made, And Crownes for Convoy put into his Purse: We would not dye in that mans company, That feares his fellowship, to dye with us. This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*: He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowle him at the Name of *Crispian*: He that shall see this day, and live old age, Will yereley on the Vigill feast his neighbours, And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*: Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all shall not be forgot: But hee'll remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke the selves accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispins day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereigne Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are bravely in their battailles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Counzell?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast unwisht five thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Overthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bo-
Must lye and fetter. (dies)

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Native Graves: upon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse live in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets grasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischief, e,
Killing in relapse of Mortality.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With rayny Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a peece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:

And time hath worne us into slovenry.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads;
And turne them out of service. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be levyed.
Herauld, save thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall have none, I sweare, but these my joynts:
Which if they have, as I will leave um them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt heare Herauld any more. Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, brave York.

Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exit.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistol, French Souldier, Boy.

Pistol. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentil-homme de bone qua-
lité.*

Pist. Quality calmy culture me: Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur
thou doe give to me egregious Ransome.

French. *O prenez misericorde ayez pitié de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty Moyes: for
I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of
Crimson blood.

French. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de son bras.*

Pist. Brasse, Curre: thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. *O pardonne moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, aske me this slave in French what is
his Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

French. *Monsieur la Fer.*

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
discusse the same in French unto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, &
firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. *Que dit-il Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez
prest, car es soldas icy est disposés tous asturs de couper vostre
gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy pesant, unlesse
thou give me Crownes, brave Crownes, or mangled shalt
thou be by this my Sword.

French. *O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ne par-
donner, Je suis Gentil-homme de bonne maison, gardez-moi, &
Je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son l'rement, de par donner aucun prisonnier: neant-moins pour les escus que vous luy promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberte de franchise.

Fren. Sur mes genoux ie vous donne mille remerciemens, & le me estime heureux que ie ne tombe entre les mains d'un Chevalier, ie pense le plus brave valiant, & tres destiné Siegnieur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee;

Boy. Sauve vous le grand Capitaine?

I did never know so wofull a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the song is true, The empty vessell makes the greatest sound. *Barolfe* and *Nim* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring divell i'th old play, that every one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing advenurously. I must stay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable!

Orl. O signeur le jour & perdia, toute & perdie.

Dol. Mort Dieu ma vie, all is confounded, all, Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarm.

O meschante fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves: Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let us flye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

Whilst by a base slave, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd us, friend us now, Let us on heapes go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. The divell take Order now, Ile to the throng;

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

Alarm. Enter the King and his traine,

with Prisoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant Countermen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field,

Exr. The D. of York commends him to your Majesty

King. Lives he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe: thrice up againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exo. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first died, and Yorke all hagled over Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes That bloodily did yawne upon his face. He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke, My soule shall thine keepe company to heaven: Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chivalry.

Vpon these words I came and cheer'd him up, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my service to my Sovereigne, So did he turne, and over Suffolkes necke He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes, And so espous'd to death, with blood he scal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-love: The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. *Alarm,* But hearke, what new alarm is this same? The French have re-enforc'd their scatter'd men: Then every souldiour kill his Prisoners, Give the word through.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knavery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, ther's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha'done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every souldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: what call you the Townes name, where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is borne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall find in the comparisons betwene *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, and there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his praines, did in his Ales and his anger (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparifous of it: as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: He tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Barbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they doe offend our fight. If they'll doe neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Goe and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exc. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege.

Glow. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be,

King. How now, what meanes their Herald? Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?

Com'st thou againe for ransome?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That we may wander ore this bloody field,

To booke our dead, and then to bury them,

To sort our Nobles from our common men.

For many of our Princes (woe the while)

Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

So doe our vulgar drench their peasant limbes

In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds

Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage

Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemen peere, And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by?

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*, Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Majesty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty sayes very true: If your Majesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty know to this houre is an honorable badge of the service: And I doe beleewe your Majesty takes no scorn to weare the Leek upon *S. Tavy's* day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor: For I am Welch you know good Countreman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Majesties Welch blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too.

King. Thankes good my Countryman.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Majesties Countreman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds goe with him, Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exc. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Majesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworne to take him a boxe a'th care: or if I can see my Glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a Souldier hee would weare (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villaine else, and't please your Majesty in my conscience.

King. It may be, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the devill is, as Lucifer and Belzebug himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If he be perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a lacke sawce, as ever his blacke shoo trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow,

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowlege and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this favour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace doe's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreev'd at this Glove; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of *Warwicke*, and my brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles, The Glove which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare. It is the Souldiers: I by bargain should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwicke*: If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some sodaine mischief may arise of it: For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant, And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an injury. Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them. Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowlege to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniversall World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.

Enter Warwicke and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwicke*, here is, praysed bee God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Majesty.

Enter King, and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Glove which

your Majesty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and hee that I gave it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glove in his Cappe, and I have have beene as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty heare now, saving your Majesties Man-hood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie Knave it is: I hope your Majesty is peare me testimony and witnesse, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanson*, that your Majesty is give me, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier;

Looke, here is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike.

And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Majesty, let his Necke answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the world.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness: and what your highnesse suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine; for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crownes, Add give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrells and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pathfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now *Herauld*, are the dead numbred?

Herauld. Heere is the number of the slaught'ed French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. *Charles Duke of Orleance*, Nephew to the King, *John Duke of Burbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty six; added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights, So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires, And

And Gentlemen of blond and quality,
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chailion, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of *Alanson*, *Antonie* Duke of *Brabant*,
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of lusty Earles,
Grandpre and *Rouffie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemon* and *Lestrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Elquire;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

King. O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to us, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shocke, and even play of Battaille,
Was ever knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, go we in procession to the Village
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
To boast of this, or take that praile from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd.

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*,
The dead with charity enclosed in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to *England* then,
Where ne're from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Behere presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: grant him there; And there being scene,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea; Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boyes,
Whose shouts and claps out-voyce the deepmouth'd Sea,
Which like a mighty Whiffer 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blacke-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,

Being free from vainenesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quicke Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Mayor and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conquering *Caesar* in:
As by a lower, but by loving likely hood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull City quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of *England* stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalle of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till *Harry* backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe have play'd
The *Interim*, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? Saint *Davies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scould, beggerly, lowfie, praggling
Knave *Pistol*, which you and your selfe, and all the World
know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
merits: he is come to mee, and prings me the pread and
fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why heere he comes, swelling like a Turkey-
cocke.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-
cocks. God plesse you auchient *Pistol*: you scurvy low-
fie Knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
Troian, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence;
I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I plesseech you heartily, scurvy lowfie Knave, at
my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to
eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be so good, scould Knave, as eate it?

Pist. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scould Knave, when Gods
will is: I will desire you to live in the meane time, and
eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
you

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall to, if you can mocke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

Gov. Enough Capitaine, you have astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploody Coxecombe:

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Lecke, I will most horribly revenge: I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good doe you scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxecombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall care.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, and heale your pate.

Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gov. Goe, goe, you are a counterfet cowardly Kave, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began upon an honorable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophoe of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seene you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welch correction teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Exit.

Pist. Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now? Newes have I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I doe waxe, and from my weary limbes honor is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I itale, and there Ile steale;

And patches will I get unto these cudgeld scarres,

And swore I got them in the Gallia warres.

Exit.

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgoigne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day; Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cosin Katherine; And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We doe salute you Duke of Bourgoigne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, faire met. So are you Princes (English) every one.

Que. So happy be the Issue brother England Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them Against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murdering Basilisks: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrells into love.

Eng. To cry Amento that, thus we appeare.

Que. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love.

Great Kings of France and England: that I have labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endevours, To bring your most imperiall Majesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can winnesse. Since then my Office hath so farre prevail'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congregated: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and joyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put up her lovely Village? Alas, she hath from France too long bene chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertility.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly over-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlocke and ranke Femetary, Doth root upon; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Savagery: The even Mead, that crst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clover, Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke; Concrives by idleness, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres, Losing both beauty and vtility; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Even so our Houses, and our selves, and Children, Have lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood. To swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire, And every thing that seemes unaturall. Which to reduce into our former favour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconveniences, And blesse us with her former qualities.

Eng. If, Duke of Burgony, you would the Peace Whole want gives growth to th'imperfections Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our just demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so urg'd, Lyes in his Answer.

Fra.

France. I have but with a curfely eye
O're glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell presently,
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them: we will suddenly
Passe our accept and peremptory Answer.

Eng. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and brother *Gloucester*,
Warwicke, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Widdomes best
Shall see advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happely a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Article too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

Eng. Yet leave our Cousin *Katherine* here with us,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leave.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet King, and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mocke at me, I cannot speake
your *England*.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il, que le suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (aus vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

King. I said so, deere *Katherine*, and I must not blush
to affirme it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plain de
tromperies.*

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princeesse.

King. The Princeesse is the better English-woman:
if aith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that
thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my farme to buy my
Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in love, but di-
rectly to say, I love you; then if you urge me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Give
me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
gain: how say you, Lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to
Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you undid me: for the
one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other
I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure
in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape frogge, or
by vawting into my saddle, with my Armor on my back;
under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Love, or bound my Horse for her favours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and sit like a Iacke an Apes, never off. But
before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation;
onely downe-right Oathes, which I never use till urg'd,
nor never breake for urging, If thou canst love a fellow
of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ning? that never looks in his Glasse, for love of any
thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst love me for this,
take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And
while thou liv'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
uncoyned Constancy, for he perforce must doe thee right,
because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves
into Ladyes favours, they doe alwayes reason themselves
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
stoop, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and never changes, but keepes his course
truely. If thou would have such a one, take me? and
take me; take a souldier: take a souldier; take a King.
And what say'st thou then to my Love? speake my faire,
and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de ennemy of
France?

King. No, it is not possible you should love the Ene-
my of France, *Kate*; but in loving me, you should love
the Friend of France: for I love France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine:
and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je
quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous auez le pos-
session de moy*, (Let me see, what then? Saint *Dennis* be
my speed) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as
to speake so much more French: I shall never move thee
in French, unlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il
& melieu qual' Angois le quel le parle.*

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must
needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st
thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love
me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile
aske them, Come I know thou lovest me: and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you'll question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your
heart; but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princeesse, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou
beest mine, *Kate*, as I have a saving Faith within me tels
me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes prove a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall we not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moyty, take the word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & devin deesse*.

Kath. Your Majestie au fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now lye upon my false French: by mine honor in true English, I love thee *Kate*; by which honor, I dare not sweare thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and untempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Civill Warres when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can doe no more spoyle upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, *England* is thine: *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine; and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your answer in broken Musicke; for thy Voyce is Musicke, and thy English broken: Therefore *Queene* of all, *Katherine*, breake thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my *Queene*.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may soy: Je ne vous point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne serviteur, excuse moy. Je vous supply mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baise devant leur nopce se il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

King. Madam, my Interpreter, what sayes she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell wat is buisseen English.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Majestie entendre better que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in France to kisse before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes currie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all find-faults, as I will doe yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your Coun-

try, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeelding You have Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them; then in the Tongues of the French Councell: and they should sooner perswade *Harry of England*, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princessse English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is she not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough. Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that having neither the Voyce nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likenesse, he must appeare naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the apparance of a naked blind Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

King. Thengood my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blind, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Love for my blindness, who cannot see many a faire French City for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

King. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fran. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may waite on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. We have consented to all termes of reason.

Eng. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first; and then in sequele, all, According to their firme propos'd natures.

Exit. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this :
Where your Majesty demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt; shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French : *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d Angleterre*
Heretere de France : and thus in Latine ; *Praclarissimus*
Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia & Heres Francia.

Fran. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

Engl. I pray you then, in love and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fran. Take her faire sonne, and from her blood rayse up
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Conjunction
Plane Neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that never Warre advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Sovereigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one :
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That never may ill Office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League :
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Sonet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he achieved:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord,
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and make his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FJNJJS.





The first Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Actus Prima. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector: the Duke of Exeter, Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Hing be \bar{y} heavens with black, yeild day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crySTALL Tresses in the Sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.
Gloster. England ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command.
His brandisht Sword did blind men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove backe his Enemies,
Then mid-day sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in blacke, why mourn we not in
Henry is dead, and never shall revive: (blood?)
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And deaths dishonorable Victory,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtil-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magicke Verse have contriv'd his end?

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? Where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is prowd, she holdeth thee in awe,

More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeece to Church thougo'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Iarres, and rest your minds in
Let's to the Altar: Herald's wayt on us; (peace:
In stead of Gold, we'll offer up our Armes,
Since Armes avayle not, now that *Henry's* dead.
Posterity await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moist eyes, Babes shall sucke,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I invoke:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the heavens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy soule will make,
Then *Julius Caesar*, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guyfours, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? and is Roan yeelded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These newes would cause him once more yeeld the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trechery was us'd?

Mess. No trechery, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine severall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third man thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, away, English Nobility,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of *Englands* Coar, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concerne, Regent I am of *France*:
Give me my stealed Coar, Ile fight for *France*.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mitchance.
France is revolted from the English quire,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The *Dolphin Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes :
The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd :
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth his part,
The Duke of Alanfon flyeth to his side.

Exit.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King ? all flye to him ?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach ?

Gloft. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse ?
An Army have I mutter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearle,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot* and the French.

Win. What ? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so ?

3. Mess. O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrowne :
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round incompass'd, and set upon :
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers :
In Read whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued :
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him :
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine.
And rusht into the Bowels of the battraile.
Here had the Conquest fully beene seal'd up,
If Sir *John Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vauward, plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having stricke one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wracke and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Backe,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slaine then ? I will slay my selfe,
For living idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daftard foe-men is betray'd,

3. Mess. O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford* :
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bed. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend :
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farewell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make;
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Mess. So you had neede, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint :
The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keepe his men from mutiny,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I doe remember it, and here take leave,

To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Gloft. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaime young *Henry* King.

Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his speciall Governor,
And for his safety there Ile best devise.

Exit.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remaines :
But long I will not be lacke out of Office,
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest sterne of publike Weale.

Exit.

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigneir, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Charl. Mars histrue moving, even as in the Heavens
So in the Earth to this day is not knowne.

Late did he shine upon the English side :

Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.

What Townes of any moment, but we have ?

At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance :

Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one houre in a moneth.

Al. They want their Porridge, and their fat Bul Beeves
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules.

Reig. Let's raise the Siege : why live we idly here ?

And have their Provender ty'd to their moutnes,

Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare :

Remayneth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Char. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,

Now for the honour of the forlorne French :

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me ;

When he sees me goe backe one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

*Heere Alarum, they are beaten backe by the
English, with great losse.*

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigneir.

Charl. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ?

Dogges, Cowards, Daftards : I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life :

To other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanf.

Alan. *Froysard*, a Countrey man of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truely now may this be verified;

For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascalls, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacity;

Charl. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reig. I thinke by some odde Gimmalls or device
Their Armes are set, like Clockes, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince *Dolphin*? I have newes for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Me thinkes your lookes are sad, your cheere af-
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? (pal'd.)
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious Seige,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophesie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeve my words,
For they are certaine, and unfaillible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as *Dolphin* in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reig. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous
feats?

Puz. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the *Dolphin*? Come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never scene before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private wil I talke with thee apart:
Stand backe you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puz. *Dolphin*, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.

Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat displai'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,

And in a Vision full of Majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamity:

Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory she reveal'd her selfe;
And whereas I was blacke and swart before:

With those cleare Rayes, which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Only this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puz. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in *S. Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye no man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Deborah*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too
weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must helpe
Impatiently I burne with thy desire, (me)
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd,
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Sovereigne be,
'Tis the French *Dolphin* sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall.

Reig. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alan. Doubtlesse he shrives this woman to her smocke
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since he keeps no
meane?

Ala. He may mean more then we poore men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on,
Shall we give o're Orleans, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: for Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What she sayes, Ile confirme: we'll fight it
out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scurge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile raise:

Expect Saint *Martins* Sumner, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I have entred thus into these Warres.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helon, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet *S. Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, faine downe on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the
Siege.

Reignier.

*Reig. Woman, doe what thou canst to save our honors,
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.*

*Dolph. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if she prove false. Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men.

*Gloster. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henries death, I feare there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls.*

1. Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

Gloster. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. Warder. Where he be, you may not be let in.

1. Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

*1. Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then we are will'd:*

*Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?*

*Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodville
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

*Wood. What noyse is this? what Traytors have wee
here?*

*Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.*

*Wood. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.*

*Gloster. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me:
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty Prelate,
Whom Henry our late Sovereigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.*

*Serving-men. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.*

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his men in Tawney Coates.*

*Winchester. How now ambitious Vmpire, what meanes
this?*

*Gloster. Pie'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out?*

*Winchester. I doe, thou most usurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.*

*Gloster. Stand backe thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murder our dread Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canvas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Har,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.*

*Winchester. Nay, stand thou backe, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*

To slay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.

*Gloster. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee backe:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile use, to carry thee out of this place.*

*Winchester. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy
face.*

*Gloster. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to rugge it, and to cusse you soundly.
Vnder my feet Ile stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:*

*In spite of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee up and downe.*

*Winchester. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the
Pope.*

*Gloster. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.*

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and
enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of
London, and his Officers.*

*Mayor. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrats,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.*

*Gl. Peace Mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his use.*

*Winchester. Here's Gloster too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne him selfe King, and suppress the Prince.*

Gloster. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

*Mayor. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.*

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:

*All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repaire to your severall dwell-
ling places, and not to weare, handle, or use any Sword, Wea-
pon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon paine of death.*

*Gloster. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.*

*Winchester. Gloster, we'll meet to thy deare cost be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.*

*Mayor. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall is more haughty then the Devill.*

*Gloster. Major farewell: thou doo'st but what thou
may'st.*

*Winchester. Abhominable Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it ere long. Exeunt.*

*Mayor. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomachs beare,
I my selfe fight not once in forty yeere. Exeunt.*

*Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and
his Boy.*

*M. Gun. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.*

*Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.*

*M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Cheife Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:*

*The Princes espials have informed me:
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,*

*In yonder Tower, to over-peere the City,
And thence discover, how with most advantage
They may vex us with Shot or with Assault.*

*To intercept this inconvenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,*

And

And fully even these three dayes have I watcht,
If I could see them. Now Boy doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governors.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
He never trouble you, if I may spye them.

Exit.

Exit.

*Enter Salisbury, and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.*

Salis. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Tal. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santraile,
For him was I exchange'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salis. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children to.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had;
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstocke.

Salis. I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let us looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargr. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stand
Lords.

Glans. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Tal. For ought I see, this City must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe.

Salis. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gargr. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side stricke off?

Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedy.

In thirteene Battailes, Salisbury o'recame:

Henry the Fifth he first trayn'd to the Warres.

Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum stricke up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle;
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heaven for grace.

The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.

Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speake unto Talbot, nay, looke up to him.

Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not dye whiles

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:

As who should say, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and Nero like will,

Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:

Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and is Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd
The Dolphin, with one Joane de Puzel joyn'd, (head.
A holy Prophetesse, new risen up,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe up, and groanes.

Tal. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, lie be a Salisbury to you.

Puzel or Pussel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,

Your hearts lie stampe out with my Horses heeles,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

Convey me Salisbury into his Tent,

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum,

Exeunt.

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Joane de Puzel, dri-
ving Englishmen before her. Then enter,*

Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here she comes. He have about with thee:

Devill, or Devils Dam, He conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.

And straightway give thy Soule to him thou serv'st.

Puz. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee.

Here they fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevaile?

My brest He burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders cracke my Armes asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puz. Talbot farewell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forwith;

*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

O're-

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare up thy hongry-starved men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele.
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives backe our troupes, and conquers as the list:
So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyves and Houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like the Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countrey men, cyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all consented unto *Salisburys* death,
For none would strike a stroake in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In spite of us, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

*Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,
Alanson, and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Refcu'd is Orleance from the English wolves:
Thus *Joane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divinest Creature, bright *Astrae's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next:
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recover'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they shall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Joane* not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will devide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endless prayse.

A stately Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.
In memorie of her wen she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urne more precious
Then the rich-jewel'd Coffe of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festivals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceive
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Servitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkenesse, raine, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to us:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzel* whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long:
If underne ath the Standard of the French
She carry Armor, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Nor altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George. A Talbot.

*The French leape o're the walles in their shirts. Enter
severall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reigneir,
halfe ready, and halfe unready.*

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie so?

Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Ne're heard I of a valier enterprize

M

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Basf. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alanf. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Iane.

Basf. Tut, holy *Iane* was his defensue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,
Make us partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Iane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevaile,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Souldiers, had your watch beene good,
This sodaine mischiefe never could have falne.

Charl. Duke of *Alanfon*, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alanf. Had all our Quarters beene as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Basf. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Iane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new Flat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a *Talbot*, a *Talbot*:
they flye, leaving their Cloathes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit, *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Center of this cursed Towne.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule,
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrav'd the sacke of Orleans,
The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Iane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sodaine from their drowfie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapors of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a paire of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night,
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of his Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speake with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Auerngne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne unto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not prevaile with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honours beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I have heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to prove this Ladyes courtesie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyrus* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his achievements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witness with mine eares,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seene some *Hercules*,
A second *Heitor*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie:
It cannot be, this weake and wrichled shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
Ile fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now?

Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hatt by tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbot's* shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
It tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale
of Ordinance: Enter Souldiers.*

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaeth your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,

But onely with our patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
For Souldiers stomackes alwayes serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast so great a Warrior in my house. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
Poole, and others.*

Torke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Torke. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

Som. Indge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-
tweene us.

War. Betweene two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Betweene two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Betweene two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Betweene two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Betweene two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

Torke. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

Torke. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer plucke a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintaine the party of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I plucke this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are crompt from the tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Torke. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainenesse of the Case,
I plucke this pale and Majden Blossome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you plucke it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawier. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;
In signe whereof, I plucke a white Rose too.

Torke. Now *Somerfet*, where is your argument ?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Torke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No *Plantagenet* :

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

Torke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerfet* ?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet* ?

Torke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be scene.

Torke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way *Plantagenet*.

Torke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerfet*:
His Grandfather was *Lionel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England :
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root ?

Torke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any plot of Ground in Chruttendome.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes ?

And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient Gentry ?
His trespassse yet lives guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Torke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor ;
And that Ile prove on better men then *Somerfet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension :
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde us ready for thee still :
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spite of thee shall weare.

Torke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, untill I meete thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Have with thee *Poole* : Farewell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*

Torke. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure
it ?

Warw. This blot that they object against your house,
Shall be wip't out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester* :

And if thou be not then created *Torke*,

I will not live to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in signall of my love to thee,

Against proud *Somerfet*, and *William Poole*,

Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophetic : this brawle to day,

Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,

Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,

A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Torke. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalfe would plucke a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Lawier. And so will I.

Torke. Thankes gentle Sir.

Come, let us foure to Dinner : I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and laylors.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.

Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment :

And these gray Lockes, the Pursuiuants of death,

Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,

Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe,

And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.

Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,

(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)

Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,

As witting I no other comfore have.

But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come ?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come :

We sent unto the Temple, his Chamber,

And answer was return'd, that he will come :

Mort. Enough : my soule then shall be satisfied.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine,

Since *Hemie Monmouth* first began to reigne,

Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathsome sequestration have I had ;

And even since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,

Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,

Iust death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence :

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come ?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Necke,

And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,

That I may kindly give one fainting Kisse,

And now declare sweet Stem from *Torke*'s great Stocke

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd ?

Rich. First

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Discafe.

This day in argument upon a Cafe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerfet* and me :
Amongst which tearmes, heus'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbrayd me with my Fathers death ;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a leathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curst instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vfurpation most unjust,
Endevor'd my advancement to the Throne.

The reason mov'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)

I was the next by Birth and Parentage :
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third ; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke : as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives.

Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne ;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was ;
Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse,
Levied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And have install'd me in the Diademe :
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppress'd.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death :
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevaile with me :
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Vnckle is removing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Onely give order for my Funerall.

And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes;
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dys.*

Rich. And peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Counsell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buriall better then his Life. *Exit.*

Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which *Somerfet* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th' advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, *Exeter*, *Gloster*, *Winchester*, *Warwick*,
Somerfet, *Suffolke*, *Richard Plantagenet*. *Gloster* offers
to put up a Bill : *Winchester* snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?

Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Doe it without invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldest find thou hast dishonor'd me.

Thinke not, although in Writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,
Froward by nature, Enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more then well becomes
A man of thy profession, and Degree.

And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower,
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy soveraigne, is not quite exempt
From envious mallice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me : how am I so poore ?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to advance
Or raise my selfe ? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe ? except I be provok'd.

No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but he,
No one, but he, should be about the King ;
And that engenders Thunder in his brest,

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good——

Gloſt. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloſt. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And useth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:

Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or unballow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I have a sling at *Winchester*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would prevaile, if Prayers might prevaile,
To joyne your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Civill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noyse within. Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Cittie of London, pittie us:
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mitigate this strife.

1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
to it with our Teeth.

2. *Serving.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute:
skirmish againe.

Gloſt. You of my household, leave this peevisish broyle,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1. *Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead,

Begin againe.

Gloſt. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you love me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soule.
Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeld my Lord Protector, yeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what mischief, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeld.

Gloſt. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get that privileged of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Gloſt. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But prove a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd;
For shame my Lord of *Winchester* relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yeld to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.

Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my friends and loving Countrey men,
This token serveth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh loving Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloſter*,
How joyfull am I made by this Contract,
Away my Masters, trouble us no more,
But joyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Seru.* And so will I.

3. *Seru.* And I will see what Physicke the Taverne af-
fords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Sovereigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Majestie.

Glo. Wel urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumstance,
You have great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At *Eltam Place* I told your Majestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force :
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willet *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of *Yorke*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vowes obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in requerdon of that dutie done,

I gytt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*.

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall;
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Majestie.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.

Gloſt. Now will it best availe your Majestie,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France :

The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloſter* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Gloſt. Your Ships already are in readinesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue ;

This late diffention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes under fained ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last breake out into a flame,

As festred members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,

And *Henry* borne at Windsor should lose all :

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,

His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe give notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sacke the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Chels.

Pucell. *Peasants la pouvre gens de France,*
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint Dennis blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

Bastard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants :

Now she is there, how will she specifie ?

Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a

Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth Roan unto her Countreymen,

But burning fatall to the *Talbonister*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,

And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarm.

An Alarm, Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,

Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe unawares,

That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.

Exit.

*An Alarm : Excursions. Bedford brought
in sick in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without : within, Pucell,
Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread ?

I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,

Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell : doe you like the taste ?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,

I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,

And make thee curse the Harveit of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that
time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, revenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard ?

Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,

Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,

Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,

And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead ?

Damsell, Ile have a bowt with you againe,

Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir : yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,

If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament : who shall be the Speaker ?

Talb. Dar

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alanfon*, and therest.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alanf. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pefant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes,
God b'uy my Lord, we came fir but to tell you
That we are here.

Exeunt from the Walls.

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbois* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy house,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buried;
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age,

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinks I should reviuue the Souldiors hearts,
Because I ever found them as my selfe.

Talb. Vndaunting spirit in a dying brest,
Then be it so: Heavens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemie.

Exit.

*An Alarm: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn
Falstaffe, and a Captaine.*

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, in such haste?

Falst. Whither away? to save my selfe by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to save my life.

Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.

Exit.

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanfon, and
Charles flye.*

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
For I have seene our Enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to save themselves.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

*An Alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and
the rest.*

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heavens have glory for this Victory.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy Noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thankes gentle Duke: but where is *Pucell* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amorst? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleasest *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanfon, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrasive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for awhile,
And like a Peacocke sweepe along his tayle,
Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have beene guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alanf. Wee'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* devise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will intice the Duke of *Burgonie*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henries* Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alanf. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have Title of an Earledome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceive how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a marche off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French.

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie?

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucell. Brave *Burgonie*; undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucell. Look on thy Countrey, looke on fertile France;
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By waisting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
Aslookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,
See, see the pining Malady of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most unnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her wofull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of fortaine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Whom joynt thou with, but with a Lordly Nation;
That will not trust thee, but for Profits sake?

When *Talbot* hath set footing on't in France,

And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?

Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:

Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,

In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.

Seethen, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,

And joynt with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; returne thou wandring Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:

These haughty words of hers

Have batt' red me like roaring Cannon-shot;

And made me almost yeeld upon my knees.

Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:

And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.

My Forces and my Power of men are yours.

So farewell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turre and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bailard. And doth beget new Courage in our Brests.

Alanf. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiers, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres;
To doe my dutie to my Sovereigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissive loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Gloster. Yes, if it please your Majestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolv'd of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never saw your face,
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Exeunt.

Moment Vernon and Bassett.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke,
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honor as he is.

Bass. Why what is he? as good a man as Yorke.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witness take ye that.
Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile unto his Majestie, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after mee'te you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Torke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the Crowne upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the sixth.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you clef't no other King but him;
Esteeme none friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, to helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste unto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meet thee next;

To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legge,
Which I have done, because (unworthily)

Thou was't installed in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Dastard, at the battell of Poitiers,

When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men:

My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,

Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.

Then iudge (great Lords) if I have done amisse:

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill becomming any common man:

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres:

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse.

But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-Borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom;

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now my Lord Protector view the Letter,

Sent from our Vncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? *(To the King.)*

Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Supercription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's heere? *I have upon especiall cause,*

Mov'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes upon,

Forsoaken your pernicious Faction,

And ioynd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.

O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become my foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talke with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content my Liege? Yes: but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Sovereigne.

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Torke. This is my Sernant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speake,

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime

And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with carping tongue,

Vpbraid me about the Role I weare,

Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaves

Did present my Masters blushing cheekes:

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:

With other vile and ignominious tearmes.

In confusion of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,

I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)

For though he seeme with forged queint conceits

To set a glosse upon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,

Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Torke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of Yorke, wil out,

Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord what madnesse rules in braine-

licke men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such factions amulations shall arise?

Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selves, and be at peace,

Torke. Let this disention first be tryed by fight,

And then your Highnesse shal command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but us alone.

Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

Torke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, methinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exit. It grieves his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quit to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be provok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and chiefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
Imore incline to Somerset, then Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettyly (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

Yorke. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affaires must now be managed.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Manet Exeter.

Exit. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voyce:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
It eare we should have seene decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factiousbandying of their Favourites,
But that it doth preface some ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkinde devision. *Exit.*
Then comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

*Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.*

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux, Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall unto the Wall. *Sounds.*

Enter Generall aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captaine) calls you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
Ten thousand French have tane the Sacrament,
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meetes thee in the face:
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy prayse,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the proceffe of his sandy houre,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a faire off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemy:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curses.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay :
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of us my Friends.
God, and *S. George, Talbot* and Englands right,
Prosper our Colors in this dangerous fight. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
with Trumpet, and many Souldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot*: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for
(Burdeaux

Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by at Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chevalier :
God comfort him in this necessity :
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction :
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux *Yorke*,
Else farewell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbot's* place,
So should we save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward :
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mess. O send some succour to the distressed Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we lose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We lose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* soule,
And on his Sonne yong *John*, who two hours since,
I met in travaile towards his warlike Father ;
This heaven yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Grave :
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That hundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.

Maine, Bloys, Poitiers, and Towres, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay. *Exit.*

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to losse :
The Conquest of our scarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the first : Whiles they each other crosse,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse. *Exit.*

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now :
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with : the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this unheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure :
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-match forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir *William*, whither were you sent?

Luc. Whither my Lord, from bought and sold *L. Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold advertisement,
Cries out for noble *Yorke* and Somerset,
To beate assailing death from his weake Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody sweate from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honour,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation :
Let not your private discord keepe away
The levied succours that shall lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yields up his life unto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles*, and *Burgundie*,
Alanson, *Reignard*, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *Yorke* set him on, *Yorke* should have sent him
ayde.

Luc. And *Yorke* as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *Yorke* lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Love,
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Luc. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot* :
Never to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Luc. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled :
And flye would *Talbot* never though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Luc. His fame lives in the world. His shame in you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake unable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boarding Starres,
Now thou art come unto a Feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger :
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone,
John. Is my name *Talbot* ? and am I your Sonne ?

(shall)

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbot's* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slaine.

John. He that flies so, will ne're returne againe.

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for feare.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortality,
Rather then Life, preferv'd with Infamy.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from this stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine divide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For live I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye.

Exeunt.

*Alarm: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Sonne
is bewm'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.*

Talb. Saint George, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despite of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talb. When from the *Delphin's* Crest thy Sword struck
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire (fire,
Of bold-fac't Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quickn'd with Youthfull Splice, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson, Orleans, Burgundie,*
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weary *John*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battaille, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalry?
Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much foily is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Morther dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy flay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peasant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subject of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glory you have wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbot's* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbot's* foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet
Thou *leonus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prov'd, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

*Alarm: Excursions. Enter old
Talbot led.*

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivity,
Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrinke, and on my Knee;
His bloody Sword he brandisht over mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tending my ruine, and assay'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Fury, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaille of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *leonus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot borne.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Ta. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despite shall scape Mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speake

Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
 Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no:
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
 Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have;
 Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* grave. *Dyes*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard,
 and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpes of *Talbots* raging wood,
 Did flesh his puny-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
 But with a provd Majestick high scorne.
 He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
 To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
 See where he lyes inhered in the armes
 Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
 Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not Wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? 'Tis a meere French word:
 We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
 I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
 Great Earle of *Walsford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vichinfield*,
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingsfield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
 Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshall to our King *Henry* the sixt,
 Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeed:
 The Turke that two and fifty Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.
 Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
 Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our freete,
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
 Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.

Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
 It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Give me their Bodies; that I may beare them hence,
 And give them Buriall, as befeemes their worth.
Puc. I thinke this upstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
 He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
 For Gods sake let him have him; to keepe them here,
 They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. He beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
 be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what y wilt.
 And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
 All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot* is slaine. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
 The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
 They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
 To have a godly peace concluded of,
 Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 And stablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
 It was both impious and unnaturall,
 That such immanity and bloody strife
 Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
 And surer binde this knot of amitie,
 The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
 A man of great Authority in France,
 Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowry.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
 And fitter is my study, and my Bookes,
 Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
 Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,
 So let them have their answers every one:
 I shall be well content with any choyce
 Tends to Gods glory, and Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
 And call'd unto a Cardinals degree?
 Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
 If once he come to be a Cardinall,
 Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
 Have bin consider'd and debated on,
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maister,
I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene,

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leysure,
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
He either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,
Reignier, and Ione.*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
ping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And returne againe unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your power in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them if they turne to us,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scouts.

Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak,
Scout. The English Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Env. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Puc. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. Alarm. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelkes and Periapts,
And ye choyse spirits that admonish me,
And give me signes of future accidents.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Thunder.

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence over-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
He lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to helpe me now,

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite,

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England give the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they for sake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

*Excursions. Burgundy and Yorke fights hand to
hand. French flye.*

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Curse*, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

Tor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Torke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.

Tor. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

*Alarm. Enter Suffolke with Margaret
in his hand.*

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beauty, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suf. And Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downy Cignets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath hir wings:
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going.*

Oh stay: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne upon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Faine would I wooe her, yet I dare not speake:
He call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Eye *De la Pole*, disfigure not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
Is Beauties Princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her love?

M. Why speake'st thou not? What ranfom must I pray?

Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not heare.

Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talkes at random: sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:

Suf. He win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my Kings? Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betwene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leasure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a secret to reveale.

Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have bene captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave, in base servility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto mee?

Suf. He undertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand
And set a precious Crowne upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my ———

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henries* wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To wooe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l crave a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the Walles.
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and unapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord;
Consent, and for thy Honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely liberty.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?

Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.

Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suite?

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliver her,
And those two Counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for signe of plightd faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of France, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.

And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this case.

He over then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry* were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke ever have of *Margaret*. *She is going.*

Suf. Farewel sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed,

But

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No loving Token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withall. *Kisse her.*

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treasons lurke.
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise,
Behinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Made naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shephard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah *Jone*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I sought every Countrey farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Jone*, sweet daughter Ile die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descend'd of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so,
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship,

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yor. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye *Jone*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Jone*.

Puc. Pezant avant. You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now curst be the time
Of thy nativity: I would the Milke

Thy mother gaveth thee when thou suck'dst her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.

Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a field,
I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doe'st thou deny thy Father, curst Drab?

O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*

Yor. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shephard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings,
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,

To worke exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits,
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of divels.

No misconceived, *Jone* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whole Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.

Yor. I, I away with her to execution.

War. and hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrells of pitch upon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Jone* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought:
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?

Yor. She and the Dolphin have bin jugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go to, we will have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that injoy'd my love.

Yor. *Alanson* that notorious Machevile?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intollerable.

Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I thinke she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's signe she had beene liberall and free.

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischeefe and Despaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves. *Exit.*

Enter Cardinall.

Yor. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
You fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and th'aspiring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matters.

Yor. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Souldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne,
And sold their bodies for their Countries benefir,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By treason, Falshood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The utter losse of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Tor. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voice,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am posselt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquish't,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Tor. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are daily scene
By our proceeding in Hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serves.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Tor. Then sweare Allegance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang up your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt.

*Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loves settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Provokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Sphipwracke, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To love, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwife, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Margaret* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispence with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authority in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberall dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich:
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.

But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.

And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlocke forced, but a Hell,
An age of discord and continuall strife?

Whereas

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerlesse feature, joynd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King:
For *Henry*, sonne unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in love:
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,
I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarmis both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thought.

Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminare my greefe. *Exit*.
Glo. I, greefe I feare me, both at first and last. *Exit Gloucester*.
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*.

FIN IS.



The



The second Part of King Henry the Sixt,

vwith the death of the Good Duke H V M F R E Y.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Bedford on the one side.

The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In presence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, *Alanson*,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliver up my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hand, that are the Substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that ever Marquesse gave,
The Fairest Queene, that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Love
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replcate with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpaty of Love unite our thoughts.

Que. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liefest Sovereigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
And over joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisedomes Majesty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Qu. Margaret, Englands happines.

Quee. We thanke you all.

Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betwene our Sovereigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eightene moneths concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French K.
Charles, and *Wissam de la Pole* Marquesse of *Suffolke*, Ambassador for *Henry* King of England, That the said *Henry* shal
espouse the Lady *Margaret*, daughter unto *Reignier* King of
Naples, *Sicillia*, and *Ierusalem*, and Crowne her Queene of
England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of *Anjou*, and the Countie of *Maine*
shall be releas'd and delivered to the King her father.

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnkle of Winchester, I pray reade on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the
Dutchesse of *Anjou* and *Maine*, shal be releas'd and delivered
over to the King her Father, and shal be sent over of the King of
Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without having any
Dowry.

King. They please us well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cousin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
Ith parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths
Be full expy'd. Thankes Vnkle Winchester,
Gloster, *Yorke*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerset*,
Salisbury, and *Warwicke*.

We thanke you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let us in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exeunt King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manent the rest.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* mult unload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henry* got:

Have you your selves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Received deepe ſcarres in France and Normandy:
Or hath mine Vncke *Beauford*, and my ſelfe,
With all the Learned Counſell of the Realme,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Councell houſe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſſe in his infancy,
Crowned in Paris in deſpight of foes,
And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counſell dye?
O Peeres of England, ſhamefull is this League,
Fatale this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had never bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance:

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill,

Gla. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:

But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſſe of his purle.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:

But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant ſonne?

War. For greefe that they are paſt recovery.

For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Maine*? My ſelfe did win them both:
Thoſe Provinces, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dieu.

Yor. For *Suffolkes* Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould have torne and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large ſummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolke* ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſts and Charges in transporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in France, and ſterv'd in France
Before——

Car. My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Wincheſter I know your minde.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike:
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I ſee thy fury: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and ſay when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be loſt ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the Engliſh Crowne:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wiſe and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preſerve the good Duke *Humfrey*.
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why ſhould he then protect our Sovereigne?
He being of age to governe of himſelfe.

Cofin of *Somerſet*, joyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
Wee'll quickly hoyſe Duke *Humfrey* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſſe will not brooke delay,
He to the Duke of *Suffolke* preſently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. *Cofin* of *Buckingham*, though *Humfryes* pride
And greatneſſe of his place be greefe to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beſide,
If Gloſter be diſplac'd, hee'll be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I *Somerſet* will be Protector,
Deſpite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While theſe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the Realme.

I never ſaw but *Humfrey* Duke of Gloſter,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſcene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruſſian, and demeane himſelfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my ſonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſſe, and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateſt favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.
And Brother *Yorke*, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civill Diſcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſſe
The pride of *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall,
With *Somerſets* and *Buckinghams* Ambition,
And as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humfries* deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe *Warwicke*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Yor. And ſo ſayes *Yorke*,
For he hath g. cateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then lets make haſte away,
And looke unto the maine?

Warw. Vnto the maine?

Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,
That *Maine*, which by maine force *Warwicke* did winne
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:

Main

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. Enter Yorke.

To ke. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?

'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone:
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, and Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Altham* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:

Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuills* parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I spy advantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prye into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henry* surfetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queene,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at jarres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Eli. Why droopes my Lord like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
Wee'le both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that brakes a stick of Glosters grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sat in Seate of Majesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crown'd,
Where *Henry* and Dame *Margaret* kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elianor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile kepe my dreames unto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto *S. Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hum. I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with us? *Ex. Hum.*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble mind:
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these redious stumbling blockes,
And smoothe my way upon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.

Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hum.*

Hum. Iesus preserve your Royall Majesty.

Eli. What saist thou? Majesty: I am but Grace.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and *Humus* advice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margaret* *lordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bolingbrooke* the Conjuror?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hum. This they have promised, to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elienor. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Questions:
When from Saint Albons we doe make returne;
Wee'll see those things effected to the full:
Here *Hume*, take this reward; make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit Elienor.

Hum. Hume must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seale up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecy.
Dame *Elienor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Devill.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elienor*'s aspiring humor)
Have hyred me to under-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Conjurations in her brayne.
They say, A crafty Knave do's need no Broker.
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of crafty Knaves.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last.
Hume's Knavery will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all.

Exit

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armors
Man being one.*

1. *Pet.* My Maisters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
man, Iesu bleffe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him: Ile be the first sure.

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector.

Quee. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications
to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and t'please your Grace, against *John
Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Ma, for keeping my House,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suf-
folke, for enclosing the Commons of Melford. How
now, Sir Knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Towneship.

Pet. Against my Maister *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the
Crown.

Quee. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say,
hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Pet. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Maister
said, That he was; and that the King was an Vsurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Maister with a Purse-
vant presently: wee'll heare more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

2. *Quee.* And as for you that love to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

Quee. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
Is this the Governement of Brittaines Ile?
And this the Royalty of *Albions* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
Vnder the surly *Glosters* Governance?
Am I a Queene in Tide and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Love,
And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were, a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content.

Quee. Beside the haught Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Turks*: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Nevis*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

Quee. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it though the Court with troupes of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Revenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe have lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac'd a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Lays,
And never mount to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
Although we fancy nor the Cardinall,
Yet must we joyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

A

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.

Yor. If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent ſhip.

Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

U Warwick. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.

Card. Ambitious *U Warwick*, let thy betters ſpeake.

U Warwick. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, *U Warwick*.

U Warwick. *U Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.

Salisb. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be prefer'd in this?

Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will have it ſo.

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe
To give his Censure: Theſe are no Womens matters.

Quee. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.

Suff. Reſigne it then, and leave thine infolence.

Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?

The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,

The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,

And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme

Have beene as Bond-men to thy Sovereignty.

Card. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Have coſt a maſſe of publike Treafure.

Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution

Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Quee. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Give me my Fanne: what, My nion, can ye not?

She gives the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beauty with my Nails,

I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.

Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place moſt Maſter weares no Breeches,
Shee ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eliano* vnreveng'd.

Exit Eliano.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Eliano*,
And liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceeds:

Shee's tickled now, her Fume can neede no ſpurs,
Shee'll gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affaires.
As for your ſpightfull falſe Objections,
Prove them; and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy ſo deale with my Soule,
As I in duty love my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Sovereigne, *Yorke* is meeſteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is moſt unmeet of any man.

Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.

First, for I cannoc flatter thee in Pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My Lord of *Somerſet* will keepe me here,

Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,

Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:

Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,

Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.

Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact

Did never Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armourer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuſe himſelfe.

Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?

King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are theſe?

Suff. Pleaſe it your Maſteſty, this is the man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treason;
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the Engliſh Crowne,
And that your Maſteſty was an Uſurper.

King. Say man, were theſe thy words?

Armo. And't ſhall pleaſe your Maſteſty, I never ſayd
nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſſe, I am
faſely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, he did ſpeake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcower-
ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

Yorke. Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I doe beſeech your Royall Maſteſty,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Ar. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I ſpake the words:
my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him
for his fault the other day, hee did vow upon his knees
he would be even with me: I have good witneſſe of this,
therefore I beſeech your Maſteſty, doe not caſt away an
honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.

King. Vnckle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:

Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the French,

Becauſe in *Yorke* this breedes ſuſpition:

And let theſe have a day appointed them

For ſingle Combat, in convenient place,

For he hath witneſſe of his ſervants malice:

This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfries* doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Majesty.

Armourer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pittie my case: the spight of my man prevaieth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerfet.* we'll see thee sent away.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bullin. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Bullin. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave us.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Jordan*, be you prostrate, and grovell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let us to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elian. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the sooner the better.

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle; And spirits walke, and Ghosts breake up their Graves; That time best fits the worke we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and feare not: whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God, Whose name and power thou tremblest at, Answer that I aske: for till thou speake, Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had said, and done.

Bullin. First of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose: But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Bullin. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bullin. What shall befall the Duke of Somersfet?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles.

Safer shall he upon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bullin. Descend to Darkenesse, and the burning Lake: False fiend avoyde.

Thunder and Lightning.

Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an inch.

What Madam, are you there? the King and Common- Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines; (weale My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elian. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True Madam, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt up close, And kept asunder: you Madam shall with us.

Stafford take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

All away.

Exit.

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinkes you watcht her A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon. (well:

Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devills Writ.

What have we here?

Reader.

The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:

But him out live, and dye a violent death.

Why this is just. *Aio Acida Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fare awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somersfet?

Let him shunne Castles,

Safer shall he be upon the sandy Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albanes*,

With him, the husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buc. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *Yorke*, To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*

To sup with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolke, with Faulknors hollowing.

Quee. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I saw not better sport these seven yeeres day; Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pytch she flew above the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No marvell, and it like your Majesty, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well;

They know their Master loves to be aloft, And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.

Gloster. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore.

Card. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.

Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?

King. The Treasurie of everlasting loy.

Card. Thy heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts Beat on a Crowne; the Treasurie of thy heart, Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth'it it so with King and Commonweale.

Gloſt. What Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptory?

Tantane animis Caeſtibus ira, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Gloſt. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your lordly Lords Protectorship.

Gloſt. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Quee. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter*.

King. I prethee peace, good *Queene*, And whet not on these too-too furious Peeres, For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Gloſt. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloſt. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne person answer thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Evening,

On the East side of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeve me, Cousin *Gloſter*, Had not your man put up the Foule so suddenly, We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword,

Gloſt. True Vnckle, are ye advis'd?

The East side of the Grove:

Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloſter*?

Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

Ile shave your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall faile.

Card. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomackes Lords:

How irkeſome is this Musicke to my heart?

When such Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compoſe this strife,

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What means this noyſe? Fellow, what Miracle dost thou proclaime?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint *Albones* Shrine, Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his sight, A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prais'd, that to beleeving Soules Gives Light in Darkenesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Proceſſion, To present your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

Gloſt. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, haſt thou beene long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blind, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeed was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Gloſt. Hadst thou beene his Mother, thou could'st have better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwicke in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore soule, Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee: Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Quee. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Devotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Devotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:

Who said; *Symon*, come: come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce, To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloſt. How long haſt thou beene blind?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Gloſt. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare,

Gloſt. Maske, thou lov'st Plummes well, that would'st venture for

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made mee climbe, with danger of my Life.

Gloſt. A subtil Knave, but yet it shall not serve: Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albon*.

Gloſt. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as blood.

Gloſt. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simp. Blacke forsooth, Coale-blacke, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did be never see.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gloſt. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Maſter, I know not.

Gloſt. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not;

Gloſt. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, Maſter.

Gloſt. What's thine owne Neme?

Simp. *Saunders Simpcox*, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Gloſt. Then *Saunders*, ſit there,
The lying Knave in Chriſtendome.
If thou haſt bene borne blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the ſeverall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.

My Lords, Saint *Albans* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe?

Simp. O Maſter, that you could?

Gloſt. My Maſters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd Whippes?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.
Exit.

Gloſt. New fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to ſave your ſelfe from Whipping,
leape me over this Stoole, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt have you find your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that ſame Stoole.

Bead. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bepreſt ſo long;

Que. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne.

Gloſt. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloſt. Let them be whipt through every Market Towne
Till they come to Barwicke, from whence they came.
Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloſt. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacy

Of Lady *Eliſonor*, the Protector's Wife,
The Ring-leader and head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerously againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Faſt,
Rayſing up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſſe Privy Councell,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.

Card. And ſo my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe have vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what miſchiefes worke the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.

Que. *Gloſter*, ſee here the Tainture of thy Neſt,
And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe, thou wert beſt.

Gloſt. Madam, for my ſelfe, to heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry I am to heare what I have heard.

Noble ſhe is: but if ſhe have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and converſ't with ſuch,
As like to Pytch, deſile Nobility;
I baniſh her my Bed, and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath diſ-honored *Gloſters* honeſt Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repoſe us here:
To morrow toward London, backe againe,
To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,
And call theſe foule Offenders to their Anſweres;
And poyle the Cauſe in Juſtice equall Scales, (vailes,
Whoſe Beame ſtands ſure, whoſe rightfull cauſe pre-
Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*,
Our ſimple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe Walke, to ſatiſfie my ſelfe,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to *Englands* Crowne.

Salis. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Nevills* are thy Subjects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeven Sonnes:
The firſt, *Edward* the Blacke-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of *Clarence*: next to whom,
Was *John* of *Gauſt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
The fifth, was *Edward Langley*, Duke of *Yorke*;
The ſixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodſtocke*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
William of *Windsor* was the ſeventh, and laſt,
Edward the Blacke-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of *Lancaster*,
The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of *John* of *Gauſt*,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to *France*, from whence ſhe came,
And

And him to Pumfret ; where, as all you know,
Harmeslesse King *Richard* was murdered traiterously :

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.

Torke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right :
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salis. But *William* of *Hatfield* dyed without an Heire.

Torke. The third Sonne, Duke of *Clarence*,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of *March* :
Edmond had Issue, *Roger* Earle of *March* ;
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eliano*r.

Salis. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I have read, layd clayme unto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King ;
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

Torke. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire unto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*,
Who wasto *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes sonne ;
By her I clayme the Kingdome :
She then was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of *March*,
Who wasthe Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Philip*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King. (this?)

Warw. What plaine proceeding is more plaine then
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth Sonne, *Torke* claymes it from the third :
Till *Lionels* issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stocke.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Sovereigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long live our Sovereigne *Richard*, *Englands*
King.

Torke. We thanke you Lords :
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be itayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster* :
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of *Suffolkes* insolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the Shepheard of the Flocke,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey* :
'Tis that they seeke ; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *Torke* can prophecy.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off ; we know your mind
at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of *Warwicke*,
Shall one day make the Duke of *Torke* a King.

Torke. And *Nevill*, this I doe assure my selfe.
Richard shall live to make the Earle of *Warwicke*
The greatest man in *England*, but the King.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the
Duchesse.*

King. Stand forth Dame *Eliano*r *Cobham*,
Glosters Wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, backe againe :
From thence, unto the place of Execution ;
The Witch in *Smithfield* shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madam, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the Ile of *Man*.

*Eliano*r. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Gloster. *Eliano*r, the Law thou seest hath judged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes.
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majestie give me leave to goe ;
Sorrow would follace, and mine Age would cease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*.
Ere thou goe, give up thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be.
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And *Lanthorne* to my feete :

And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belov'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Quee. I see no reason, why a King of yeres
Should be to be protected like a Child ;
God and King *Henry* governe *Englands* Realme :
Give up your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe ? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe :
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine ;
And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell good King : when I am dead and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Quee. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* *Queene*,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme : two Pulls at once ;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.

Suff. Thus drowpes this lofty *Pyne*, & hangs his sprays
Thus *Eliano*r's Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Torke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Majestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your highnesse to behold the fight.

Quee. I, good my Lord : for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things sit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Torke. I never saw a fellow worse bestead.
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The servant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that he is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him. and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sacke; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come ifaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Pren.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be mertry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale with my Master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Salis. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forsooth.

Salis. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thumpe*.

Salis. *Thumpe*? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of *Torke*, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downe-right blow.

Torke. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

Tory fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

Torke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemie in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, evermore succeeds Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clocke?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punish't Duchesse: Vnneath may she endure the Flinty Streets, To treade them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind abrooke The abject People, gazing on thy face, With envious Lookes still laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheelles, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare My teare-stay'd eyes, to see her Miserie.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elian. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their harefull lookes, And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloster. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

Elian. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe:

For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land:

Me thinkes I should not thus be led along, Mayl'd up in shame, with Papers on my backe,

And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce To see my teares, and heare my deepe-set groanes.

The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I treade.

Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this shamefull yoke?

Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke upon the World, Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?

No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.

Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfrefes* Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing stocke To every idle Rascall follower.

But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame, Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death

Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all

With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,

And *Torke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest, Have all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings.

And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But feare not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,

Nor never seeke prevention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aymest all awry.

I must offend, before I be attained:

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,

So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.

Wouldst thou have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*;
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Gloſt. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leave; and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sher. And't please you Grace, here my Commission
And Sir *Iohn Stanley* is appointed now, (stays:
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloſt. Must you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your
Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may live to doe you kindeſſe, if you doe it her.
And to Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

Elian. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
well?

Gloſt. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloſt.

Elian. Art thou gone too? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death:
Death, at whose Name I oft have bene afear'd,
Because I with'd this Worlds eternity.

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no favour;
Onely convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be us'd according to your State.

Elian. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humphreyes* Lady;
According to that State you shall be us'd.

Elian. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast bene Conduct of my shame.

Sheri. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.

Elian. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?

Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.

Elian. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Cardinal, Suffolke, Yorke,
Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,
to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from us now.

Quee. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Majesty he beares himselfe,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himselfe.

We know the time since he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,

Immediately he was upon his Kne,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.

But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,

When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye;

And passeth by with stiffe unbowed Kne,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grinne,

But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,

And *Humphrey* is no little Man in England.

First note, that he is neere you in descent,

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicy,

Respecting what a rancorous mind he beares,

And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your Royall Person,

Or be admitted to your highnesse councill.

By flattery hath he wonne the Commons hearts:

And when he please to make Commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weedes are shallow-rooted,

Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,

And choake the Herbes for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I beare unto my Lord,

Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:

Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.

My Lord of *Suffolke*, *Buckingham*, and *Yorke*.

Reprove my allegation, if you can,

Or else conclude my words effectuell.

Suff. Well hath your highnesse scene into this Duke:

And had I first bene put to speake my mind,

I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,

Vpon my Life began her divellish practises:

Or if he were not privy to those Faults,

Yet by reputing of his high descent,

As next the King, he was successiue Heire;

And such high vaunts of his Nobility,

Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sicke Duchesse,

By wicked meanes to frame our Sovereignes fall.

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,

And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.

The Fox barks not, when he would steale the Lambe.

No, no, my Sovereigne, *Gloſter* is a man

Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,

Devise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,

Levy great summes of Money through the Realme,

For Souldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknowne,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,

To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,

Is worthy praise: but shall I speake my conscience,

Our Kinsman *Gloſter* is as innocent,

From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,

As is the sucking Lambe, or harmlesse Dove:

The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given,

To dreame on evill, or to worke my downefall.

Quee. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affi-

Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd, (ance)

For he's disposed as the harefull Raven.

Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For he's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.

York. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. All happinesse unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloucester*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou wert more loyal then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of high Treason here.

Gloucester. Well *Suffolke*, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:

A heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mud,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Sovereigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By means whereof, his highnesse hath lost France.

Gloucester. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for *England*.
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my use,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: marry a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needy Commons,
Have I dispurst to the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Gloucester. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

York. In your Protectorship, you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.

Gloucester. Why 'tis well knowne, that whiles I was Pro-
Pitty was all the fault that was in me: (rector,
For I should melt at an Offendorsteares.
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that flee'd poore passengers,
I never gave them condigne punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sione, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, untill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of *Gloucester*, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloucester. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this lland happy,
And prove the Period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.

But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.

Beauford red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolke* cloudy Brow his stormy hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue,
The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose over-weening Arme I haue pluckt backe,
By false accuse doth leuell at my life.

And you, my Sovereigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour haue stirr'd up
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemy:

I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse life.

I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale unto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Sovereigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Que. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Gloucester. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeed,
Bestrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leave to speake.

Back. He'll wrest the fence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloucester. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch
Before his Legges be firme to beare his body.
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that may feare were false, ah that it were;

For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloucester.*

King. My Lords, what to your wilddomes seemeth best,
Doe, or undoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queens. What, will your highnesse leave the Parlia-
ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery:

For

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
 Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:
 And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
 That ere I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowring Starre now envies thy estate?
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
 Doe seeke subversion of thy harmelesse Life.
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
 Even so remorselesse have they borne him hence:
 And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,
 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe nought but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Even so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
 With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none.

Quee. Free Lords:
 Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a slowring Banke,
 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
 Beleeve me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid us from the feare we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthy pollicy,
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my mind, that were no pollicy:
 The King will labour still to save his Life,
 The Commons haply rise, to save his Life;
 And yet we have but triviall argument,
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man alive, so faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.
 But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolke*,
 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
 Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were set,
 To guard the Chicke from a hungry Kyte,
 As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Quee. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madam 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
 To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
 Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 By nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flocke,
 Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimfon blood,
 As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reason to my Liege.
 And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
 Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtlety,
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit.
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Quee. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
 For things are often spoke, and feldome meant,
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my Sovereigne from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolke*,
 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And Ile provide his Executioner,
 I tender to the safety of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Quee. And so say I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
 Is skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amaine,
 To signifie, that Rebels there are up,
 And put the Englishmen unto the Sword,
 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
 Before the Wound doe grow incurable;
 For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craves a quicke expedient stop.
 What counsaile give you in this weighty cause?

Yorke. That *Somerfet* be sent a Regent thither:
 'Tis meet that luckye Ruler be employ'd,
 Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-set pollicy,
 Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
 He never would have stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
 I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy skinne.
 Mens flesh preserv'd so whole, doe feldome winne.

Quee. Nay then, this sparke will prove a raging fire,
 If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
 No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerfet* be still.
 Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou bene Regent there,
 Might haply have prov'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
 take all.

Somerfet. And in the number, thee, that wishest
 shame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, try what your fortune is.
 Th'uncivill Kernes of *Ireland* are in Armes,
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To *Ireland* will you leade a Band of men,
 Collected choycely, from each County some,
 And try your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.

Suff. Why, our Authority is his consent,
 And what we doe establish, he confirms;
 Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords.
 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
 But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
 Thathenceforth he shall trouble us no more:
 And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that event.

Yorke. My

York. My Lord of *Suffolke*, within foureteene dayes
At *Bristow* I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suff. Ile see it truely done, my Lord of *York*. *Exeunt.*
Musket York.

York. Now *York*, or never, Steele thy fearfull thoughts
And change misdoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enjoying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. (thought,
Faster then Spring-time showres, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignity.
My braine, more busie then the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies:
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickely done,
To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
I feare me, you but warme the starved Snake,
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts,
'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,
I will stirre up in *England* some blacke Storme,
Shall blow ten thousand Soules to heaven, or hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Doe calme the fury of this mad-bred Flawe:
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of *Ashford*,
To make Commotion, as full well he can;
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I seene this stubborne *Cade*
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being reluc'd, I have seene
Him caper upright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells:
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the Enemy,
And undiscover'd, come to me againe,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This devill here shall be my substitute,
For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the House and Clayme of *York*.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
And reape the Harvest which that Rascall sow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
Murther of Duke Humfrey.*

1. Runne to my Lord of *Suffolke*: let him know
We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe; what have we done?
Didst ever heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Heere comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my house,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Have you layd faire the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone!

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Somerset, with Attendants.*

King. Goe call our Vackle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places; and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vackle *Gloster*,
Then from true evidence, of good esteeme,
He be approv'd in practise culpable.

Que. God forbid any Malice should prevayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content me
much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vackle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Que. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Judgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Que. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead.

Som. Reare up his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Que. Run, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* open thine eyes

Suff. He doth revieve againe, Madam be patient.

King. Oh heavenly God.

Que. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Sovereigne, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolke* comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a Ravens Note,
Whose dismall tunne berett my Vitall powres:

And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first conceived sound?

Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,

Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,

Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.

Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:

Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyranny

Sits in grim Majesty, to fright the World.

Looke not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet doe not goe away; come Basiliske.

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

For in the shade of death, I shall find joy;

In life, but double death, now *Gloster*'s dead.

Que. Why doe you rate my Lord of *Suffolke* thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,

Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes;

Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would be blind with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away.
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappy,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamy.

King. Ah woe is me for *Gloster*, wretched man.

Quee. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort shut in *Glosters* Tombe?
Why then Dame *Eliane* was ne're thy joy.

Erect his Statue, and worship it,
And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.
Was I for this nye wrack'd upon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from *Englands* banke
Drove backe againe unto my Native Clime.

What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind Shore.

What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards *Englands* blessed shore,
Or turne our Sterne upon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murderer,
But left that hatefull office unto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy unkindnesse.

The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,

Might in thy Pallace, perish *Eliane*,
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate us backe,
I stood upon the Hatches in the storme:

And when the dusky sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of the Lands view,
Iooke a costly Jewell from my necke,

A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:

And even with this, I lost faire *Englands* view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,

For losing ken of *Albions* wished Coast,
How often have I tempted *Suffolkes* tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconstancy)

To sit and watch me as *Africanus* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy,

Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Eliane*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost live so long.

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many
Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereigne,
That good Duke *Humfray* Traiterously is murdered

By *Suffolkes*, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* means:
The Commons like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter up and downe,
And care not who they sling in his revenge.
My selfe have calm'd their spleenfull mutiny,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwicke*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
And comment then upon his sodaine death.

Warw. That shall I doe my Liege: Stay *Salisbury*
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perfwade my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfrays* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For judgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I goe to chafe his paly lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my love unto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, unfeeling:
But all in vaine are these meane Obssequies,

Bed put forth.

And to survey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Sovereigne, view this
body.

King. That is to see how deepe my grave is made,
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to live
With that dread King that tooke our state upon him,
To free us from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
I doe beleue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemne tongue:
What instance gives Lord *Warwicke* for his vow?

War. See how the blood is fetled in his face.
Oft have I scene a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.

But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
His hayre up rear'd, his nostrils stretcht with struggling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugg'd,
Like to the Summers Come by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murder'd heere,
The least of all these signes were probable.

Suff. Why *Warwicke*, who should doe the Deed to death?
My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope for, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd *D. Humfrays* death.
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well scene, he found an enemy.

Quee. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfrays* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttockes Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soare with unbloudied Beake?
Even so suspitious is this Tragedy.

Que. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with calfe,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, prow'd Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke *Hamfryes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

Que. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty thousand times.

Warw. Madam be still: with reverence may I say,
For every word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignity.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed,
Some sterne untutor'd Churle; and Noble Stocke
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soveraignes presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st.
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardy;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Give thee thy hyre, and thy Soule to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some service to Duke *Hamfryes* Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest plate then a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell just;
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steele,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Que. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor have we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwicke*, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty Soveraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salis. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your mind.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire *Englands* Territories,
They wil by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Hamfry* dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Love and Loyalty,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue,
That flyly glyded towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmelesse slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
With whose invenomed and fatall sting,
Your loving Vnckle, twenty times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An Answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht hinds,
Could send such Message to their Sovereigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender loving care;
And had I not bene cited to by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophecy,
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolkes* means.
And therefore by his Majesty I sweare,
Whose farre-unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Que. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.

No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease unto my Wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I sweare, it is irrevocable:
If after three dayes space thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.

Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with me,
I have great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Que. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you company:
There's two of you, the Devill made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heavy leave.

Queene.

Que. Fye Coward woman, and 'foft hearted wretch.
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suff. A plague upon them : wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract :
I, every joynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And even now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke;
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste :
Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypress Trees :
Their cheefest Prospect, murthering Basilisks :
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings :
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell——

Que. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them upon thy selfe.

Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would never let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Que. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares ;
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woefull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke upon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my griefe,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want :
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished my selfe :
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Goe, speake not to me; even now be gone,
Oh goe not yet. Even thus, two friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

Suff. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three timesthrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou hence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heavenly company :
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With every severall pleasure in the World :
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more : Livethou to joy thy life;
My selfe no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vanx.

Que. Whither goes Vanx so fast? what newes I
prethee?

Vanx. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardiuall Beauford is at point of death :
For sodainely a greivous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the ayre,
Blaspheiming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost
Were by his side : Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Que. Goe tell this heavy Message to the King. *Exit.*
Aye me ! What is this World ? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeve I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee ?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares ?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradie-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad.
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes :
To have thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth :
So should'st thou either turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death :
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Que. Away : Though parting be a fretfull corosive,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.

To France sweet Suffolke : Let me heare from thee :
For wheresoever thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suff. I goe.

Que. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A Jewell lockt into the woefulst Caske,
That ever did containe a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Barke, so sunder we :
This way fall I to death.

Que. This way for me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the
Cardinall in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord ? Speake Beauford to thy
Sovereigne.

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile give thee England's Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of evill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereigne speakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me unto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed ? Where should he dye ?
Can I make men live where they will or no ?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Alive againe ? Then shew me where he is;
Ile give a thousand pound to looke upon him,
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands upright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall moover of the heavens,
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie meddling Fiend,
That layes strong siege unto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke despaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heavens blisse,
Hold up thy hand, make signall of thy hope:
He dyes and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let us all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lien. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Tides
That dragge the Tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowlie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graves; and from their misty lawes,
Breathe foule contagious darkness in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Here shall they make their rancome on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Master, this Prisoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

1. Gent. What is my rancome Master, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Lien. What thinke you much to pay 1000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throat, for dye you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-poynd with such a pettie summe.

1. Gent. Ile give it sir, and therefore spare my life.

2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whism. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Lien. Be not so rash, take rancome, let him live.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whis. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why starts thou? what doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrightes me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my Birth,
And told me that by water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Vvis. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blurre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world,

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.

Whis. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled up in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lien. But Iove was never slaine as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowlie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a jaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feasted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voiding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my comming forth?
This hand of thine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whis. Speake Capitaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swaine?

Lien. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lien. Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

Lien. *Peole*, Sir *Peole*? Lord,
I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and durt
Troubles the silver Spring, where England drinke:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphries* death,
Against the senselesse windes shalt grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having neither Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By divelish policy art thou growne grear,
And like ambitious Sylla over-gor'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to France.
The false revolting Normans thorough thee,
Disdaine to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath slaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home:
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Nevils* all,
Whose dreadfull swords were never drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rising up in Armes.
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with revenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striving to shine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus*.
The Commons heere in Kent are up in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Vpon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Capitaine of a Pinnace, threats more
Then *Burgulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives;
It is impossible that I shalld dye

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me :

I goe of Message from the Queene to France :

I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu. Water : W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt have cause to feare before I leave thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope?

i. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough :

Vs'd to command, untaught to pleade for favour.

Farre be it, we should honour such as these

With humble suite : no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven; and to my King;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Then stand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare :

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more :

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonians.

A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slave

Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Caesar*. Savage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Walter with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for these whose ranfome we have let,

It is our pleasure one of them depart :

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and livelesse bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

i. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare unto the King :

If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that living, held him deere. *Exit.*

Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.

Benis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they have bene up these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then:

Benis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meane to dresse the Common-wealch and turne it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came up.

Benis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-craftsmen.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Benis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Benis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a brave minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Bevis* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Benis. He shall have the skinnies of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benis. Then is sin stricke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throte cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Ben. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *Iohn Cade*, so term'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, and sold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith the field is honourable, and there was he borne, under a hedge: for his Father had never a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Woa. He need not feare the sword, for his Coate is of prooffe.

But. But me thinkes he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfe peny Loaves sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoopcs, and I will make it Felony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Majestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should undoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees wax: for I did but scale once to a thing, and I was never my owne man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clarke.

Weaver. The Clarke of Chattram: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Woa. We tooke him setting boyes Coppies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjuror.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honor: unlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clarke. *Emanuel.*

But. They use to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like an honest plain dealing man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he is a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently; Rise up Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows; Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reigne: For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crowne.

Staf. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman stolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, and the bricke are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speakes he knowes not what?

All. I marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Bro. Jacke Cade, the D. of Yorke hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my selfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Henry* the fift, (in whose time boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall reigne, but Ile be Protector over him.

Butcher. And furthermore wee'll have the Lord *Sages* head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And faine to goe with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it up, Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: and more then that, he can speake French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then: I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevayle, Assaile them with this Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traytors that are up with *Cade*, That those which flye before the battell ends, May even in their wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me: Now shew your selves men, 'tis for Liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheepe and Oxen, and thou behaved'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst bene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus wil I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deserv'st no lesse. This Monument of the victorie will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword born before us.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft have I heard that greefe softens the mind,

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on revenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells
Supplication?

King. He fend some holy Bishop to intreate:
For God forbid, so many simple foules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody warre shall cut them short,
Will parly with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But stay, He reade it over once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandring Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the fame?

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to have thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolkes* death?
I feare me (Love) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not halfe have mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my Love, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mes. The Rebells are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calls your Grace *Vsurper*, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Pezants, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawiers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now alive,
These Kentish Rebells should be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye him and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they joyntly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succour us.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not to Kentish Rebells.

Buc. Trust no body for feare you be betraid.

Say. The trust I have, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The *L. Maior* craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebells.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe.

The Rebells have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Matthew Goffe*.

Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exeunt.

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
The first yeere of our raigne,
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l never callee *Iacke*
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarums. *Matthew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.

Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company,

Cade. So firs: now go some and pull down the Savoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

But. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that
word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.

Iohn. Masse 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath
stinkes with tosted Cheefe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall bee
the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to have biting Statutes
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,
which sold the Townes in France, He that made us pay
one and twentie Fiftenees, and one shilling to the pound,
the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it tentimes: Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of Normandie unto Mounſier *Bafimecu*, the Dolphin of France? Be it knowne unto thee by these preſence, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beefome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traitorouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where-as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be uſ'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will bee proved to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Juſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwere. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe thy could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeed) onely for that cauſe they have bene moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hole and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their ſhirt too, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeakes Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare me wher'e you will:

Kent in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
I ſterm'd the civill ſt place of all this Ile:
Sweet is the Country, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pittie.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recover them would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I alwayes done,
Prayers and Teares have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned Clarkeſ,
Becauſe my Booke preſerr'd me to the King;
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven,
Unleſſe you be poſſeſt with divelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck Thoſe that I neve ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' eare, and that will make 'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes, Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes:

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of a hatchet.

Dicke. Why doſt thou quiver man?

Say. The Palfie, and not feare provokes me.

Cade. Nay he noddeth at us, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be even with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended moſt?

Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Cheſts fill'd up with extorted Gold?

Is my apparrell ſumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?

Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,

This brest from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorse in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it be but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a familiar under his Tongue, he ſpeake not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countreymen, If when you make your praiſes, God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelves:

How would it fare with your departed ſoules?

And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, unleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Mayden-head ere they have it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take up commodities upon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giving up
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoyle of the Citie untill night;
For with theſe borne before us, in ſteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, and at every Corner
Have them kiſſe. Away. *Exit.*

*Alarm, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,
and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete; downe Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noyſe is this I heare?

Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley?

When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countymen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap and say, God save his Majestic;
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and passe by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave?
And you base Pezants, doe ye beleewe him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leave me at the white-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome: but you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slaverie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with bur-
thens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light upon you
all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoyle,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes already in this civill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villains* unto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoope unto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Fearher so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, haies them
to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave me de-
solate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
in despight of the divels and hell, have through the verie
middest of you, and heavens and honor be witness, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, make me betake mee to
my heeles. *Exit.*

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,
To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and
Somerset on the Terras.*

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine moneths olde.
Was never subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majesty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Country:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your severall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armies are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way claim'd, and boarded with a Pyrate,
But now is *Cade* driven backe, his men dispiere'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meet him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmond* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismiss'd from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeeld my selfe to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to governe better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reigne.

*Exeunt.
Enter*

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambition: sic on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five dayes have I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I hungry, that if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good; for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have bene dry, & bravely marching, it hath serv'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord who would live turmoyle in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what envy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize mee for a stray, for entring his Fee-simple without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles in spight of me the Owner, But thou wilt brave me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Brave thee? I by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee to. Look on me well, I have eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore nail, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne're be sayd, while England stands, That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesler: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words, Let this my sword report what I speech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or, cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chaine of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech love on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Here they fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand divelles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Herald's coate, To emblaze the Honor thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: for I that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me heaven be my judge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head, Which I will beare in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunk for Crows to feed upon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drumme and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes Yorke to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head. Ring, Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah *Santa Majestas*! who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it. A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule, On which Ile tesse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me? The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne, Should raise so great a power without his leave? Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarle can I speake, my Choler is so great. Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abject termes.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,

On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.

I am farre better borne then is the King:

More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.

But I must make faire weather yet a while,

Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong.

O Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,

That I have given no answer all this while:

My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.

The cause why I have brought this armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Torke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Buc. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner?

Torke. Then Buckingham, I do dismisse my Powers.
Souldiers I thanke you all: disperse your felues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Sovereigne, vertuous *Hemie*,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Love,
He send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may dye.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Ascendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arme in Arme?

Torke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe unto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

Tor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:

Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how just art thou!
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majestie.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loves the King.

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.

King. *Iden*, kneele downe, rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a bountie,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Tor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,
Which durst not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:

Thy hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt the browes of mine;
Whose Smile and Frowne, like *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Give place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Torke. Wold'st have me kneele? First let me aske of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:

Sirrah, call in my sonnes to be my baile:
I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,
They'l pawne their Swords for my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Torke. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge:
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.

Clif. Health and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

Tor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry looke:
We are thy Sovereigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakest me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad?

King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that fastious pate of his.

Qu. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall give their words for him.

Tor. Will you not sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we heere?

Tor. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stake my two brave Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres:
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

*Enter the Earles of Warwick, and
Salisbury.*

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l baitethy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. Oft have I scene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betwene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of service will you do,

If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yorke. Nay we shal heate you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heede least by your heate you burne your selves.

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

If it be banisht from the frosty head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes unto the grave with milckie age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heire to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

Ki. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare unto a sinne:

But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To doe a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimoine,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death and dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst conjure up to day:
And that Ile write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houses Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Newils* Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaves in spight of any storme,
Even so affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

To Clif. And so to Armes victorious noble Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

To Clif. Foule stigmatike, that's more then thou
canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

Yor. Hold Warwicke: seek thee out some other chace,
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,
It greeves my soule to leave thee unassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?

Why dost thou pause?

Yorke. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.

Yorke. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin Corronne les oeuvres.* *Dies.*

Yor. Thus Warre hath given thee peace, for 'thou art still,
Peace with his soule, heaven if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldiers flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-love: nor he that loves himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heaven together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and petty sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordained (O deere Father)
To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The Silver Livery of advised Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chayre-dayes, thus
To dye in Russian battell? Even at this fight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to doe with pitty,
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abfirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* beare,
So beare I thee upon my manly shouldiers:
But then, *Aeneas* bare a living load;

Nothing

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. Solye thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
King. Can we out-run the Heavens? Good *Margaret*
stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor flye:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum afarre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stoppt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But flye you must: Vncurable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your reliefe, and we will live
To see their day, and then our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwick,
and Souldiers, with Drum & Colours.*

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor have we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I hope him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will, in his old feeble body.
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th' Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard*.
God knowes how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the Writs go forth.

What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them I may before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to us befall.

Exeunt.

FFNFS.





The third Part of King Henry the Sixt vvith the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.

*Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Norfolk, Mount-
agne, Warwick, and Souldiers.*

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
P. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y North,
He flyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike cares could never brooke retreat,
Chear'd up the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breast
Charg'd our maine Battailles Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I clef't his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of *Wiltshires*
Whom I encountred as the Battels joyn'd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plant. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerfet*?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.

Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurpes,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet *Warwicke*, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.

Nor. Wee'le all assist you: he that flies, shall dye.

Plant. Thanks gentle *Norfolke*, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe up.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let us winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of *Yorke*, be King,

And bashful *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize,
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwicke* shake his Bells.
He plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee *Richard*, clayme the English Crowne.

*Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.*

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdy Rebell sits,
Even in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere,
To aspire unto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his tonnes, his favorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in
Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, and such is he:
He durst not sit there, had your Father liv'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assaile the Family of *Yorke*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have troopes of Souldiers at their becke?

Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly
flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of *Exeter*, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to use:
Thou factious Duke of *Yorke* descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am my Sovereigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.

Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne.
In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

Warw. True *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.

Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

Warw. And *Warwicke* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Westm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lives
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. Vрге it no more, lest that in steed of words,
I send thee, *Warwicke*, such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stirre.

Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne his worthless
Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
And seiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.

Warw. Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you lose:
Father teare the Crowne from the Usurpers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

Moun. Good Brother,
As thou lov'st and honorest Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
King will flye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to
speake.

Warw. *Plantagenet* shall speake first: Heare him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?
No: first shall Warre in people this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.

Warw. But prove it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rose against him, being his Sovereigne,
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere prejudicial to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will revolt from me, and turne to him.

Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all.

Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and prowd,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.

Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart.

Plant. *Henry* of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right unto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And ore the Chayre of State, where now he sits,
Write up his Title with usurping blood.

*He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers
shew themselves.*

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liv'st.

Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enjoy the Kingdome after my decaise.

Clifford. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your
Sonne?

Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Westm. Bafe, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.

Clifford. How hast thou injur'd both thy selfe and us?

Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I.

Clifford. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queene these
Newes.

Westm. Farewell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no sparke of honor bides.

Northumb. Be thou a prey unto the house of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this unmanly deed.

Clif. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exeter. They seeke revenge, and therefore will not
yeeld.

Henry. Ah *Exeter*.

Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my Sonne,
Whom I unnaturally shall dis-inherite.

But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine heires for ever,
Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath,
To cease this Civill Warre: and whilst I live,

To honor me as thy King, and Sovereigne:
Neither by Treason nor Hostility.

To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War. Long live King Henry: *Plantagenet* embrace him.

Henry. And long live thou, & these thy forward Sonnes.

Plant. Now *Torke* and *Launcester* are reconcil'd.

Exit. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sonet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

War. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.

Hen. And I with griefe and forrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exit. Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away.

Henry. *Exeter*, so will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Hen. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Quee. Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid,
And never seene thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then made that savage Duke thine Heire,
And disinherited thine onely Sonne.

Priv. Father, you cannot disinherite me:
If you be King, why should not I succede?

Hen. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwicke and the Duke enforce't me.

Que. Enforce't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast undone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n unto the House of *Torke* such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance,
To entaile him and his Heires unto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwicke is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety findes
The trembling Lambe, environned with Wolves.
Had I bene there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should have tof'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my Sonne is disinherited.

The Northerne Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And utter ruine of the House of *Torke*.
Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, wee'll after them.

Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

Hen. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Que. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Priv. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Que. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Hen. Poore Queene,

How love to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an empty Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write unto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exit. And I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Exit.

*Enter Richard, Edward, and
Mountague.*

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, give mee leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yor. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edw. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yor. About what?

Rich. About that which concertes your Grace and us,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Yor. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of *Launcester* leave to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Yor. I tooke an Oath, that he should quietly reigne.

Edw. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

Yor. I shall be, if I claime by open Warre.

Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you'll heare mee speake.

Yor. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,

That hath authority over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did usurpe the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is *Edzium*,

And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Joy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de

Even in the luke-warme blood of *Henry's* heart.

Yor. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on *Warwicke* to this Enterprife.

Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You *Edward* shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Witty, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privy to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such
post?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend beere to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Tor. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountagne* shall poste to London,
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Moun. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leave.

Exit Mountagne.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Tor. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happy houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege us.

John. Shee shall not neede, wee'll meete her in the field.

Tor. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.

A Woman's Generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edw. I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaille straight.

Tor. Five men to twenty: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victory.
Many a Battaille have I wonne in France,
When as the Enemy hath bene tenneto one:
Why should I not now have the like successe?

Alarum. *Exit.*

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutl. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saves thy life.
As for the Brat of this accused Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Cliff. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
Ile open them.

Rutl. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatening Looker:
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutl. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Cl. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chaynes,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *Torke*,
Is as a Fury to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore----

Rutl. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pittie me.

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutl. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clif. Thy Father hath.

Rutl. But 'twas ere I was borne:
Thou hast, one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Ah, let me live in Prison all my dayes,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Cl. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore
dye.

Rutl. *Dij faciant laudis summa sis ista tna.* *Din.*

Cl. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust upon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both, *Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.*

Tor. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me,
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like, Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardiest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and give no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I have seene a Swan
With boothlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with over-matching Waves.

A short Alarm within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their fury.
The Sands are numbred, that make up my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.*

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland;
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more rage:
I am your But, and I abide your Shot.

North. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd unto my Father.
Now Phaulcon hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Tor. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Theeves, all hopelesse of their Lives,
Breathe out Invectives 'gainst the Officers.

Tor. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Que. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumberland.

North. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betwene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so strives the Woodcooke with the
Gynne.

Northumberland. So doth the Conny struggle in the
Net.

Tor. So triumph Theeves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld, with Robbers so o're-match.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him
now?

Que. Brave Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dick, your Boy, that with his gumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke *Torke*, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Mad issue from the bosome of the Boy,
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Torke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee grieve, to make me merry, *Torke*.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Stampe, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be sec'd, I see, to make me sport:

Torke cannot speake, unlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Torke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on.

I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:

I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was is adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?

As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,

Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.

Off with the Crowne: and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee
makes.

Torke. Shee-Woife of France,
But worse then Wolves of France,
Whose Tongue more poisons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evill deedes,

I would assay, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse,

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verif'd,

That Beggars moun'd, runne their Horse to death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,

But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue that doth make them most admir'd,

The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them seeme Divine,

The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the *Antipodes* are unto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, milde, pittiful, and flexible;
Thou sterne, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st thou have me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blowes up incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death,
Gainst thee fell *Clifford*, and thee false French-woman.

Northumb. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Yor. That face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have stayn'd the roses just with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more innexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse *Queene*, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crown, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My soule to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Que. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumb*land?
Thinke but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King.

Yor. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.

Quee. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may over-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Exeunt.

A March. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,
and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Clifford*s and *Notumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been tane, we should have heard the newes:
Had he beene slaine, we should have heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, untill I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaille range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, praucing to his Love?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But sever'd in a pale cleare-shining Skie.
See, see they joyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I thinke it cites us (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding joyne our Lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

Rich. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leave, I speake it,
You love the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavy Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too
much.

Rich. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would have entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to odds:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'ed by the irefull Arme
Of un-renting *Clifford*, and the *Queene*:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse *Queene* gave him, to dry his Cheeke,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:
And after many scornes, many soule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon,
Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyt'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Chevalry,
And trecherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish't thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy againe:
Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moisture
Scarfe serves to quench my Furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of griefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird;
Shew thy delcēt by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquesse Mountaine,
and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What fare? What
newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliverance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till a'l were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares,
And now to adde more meature to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flocks of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was advertis'd
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailles joyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Reward:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King unto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post halte, are come to joyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundy,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But n're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall Richard, dost thou beare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
Tis love I beare thy glories makes me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall wee go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes;
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helms of our Foes
Tell our Devotion with revengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountaine:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes,
But never once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;
Ne're may he live to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou failest (as God forbid the houre)
Must Edward fall, which perill heaven forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard Mountaine:
Sray we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewne it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up Drums, God and S. George for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mef. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant Host,
And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland and
Yong Prince, with Drumme and
Trumpetes.*

Que. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of York,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That fought to be incompast with your Crowne,
Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold revenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pittie must be layd aside:
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would usurpe their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth lick?
Not his that spoiles her yong before her face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her backe.
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doves will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did levell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a loving Sire,
Thou Being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:
Which argued thee a most unloving Father.
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them even with those wings,
Which sometime they have us'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their owne lives in their yongs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy
Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter say unto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
My carlesse Father fondly gave away.
Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successefull Fortune steale thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But Clifford tell me, did'st thou never heare,
That things ill got, had ever bad successe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
He leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah Cousin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth grieve me that thy head is beere.

Que. My Lord cheere up your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson, Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave,
He draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, use it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Que. I good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore He stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolke, Mountaigne, and Soldiers.

Ed. Now perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem upon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Sovereigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too,
Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne?

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords give signall to the fight.

War. What say'st thou Henry,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speake)

Quee. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwick, dare
When you and I, met at S. Albons last,
Your legges did better service then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford drove me thence,

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently,
Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swolne heart
Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and heare
me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priviledg'd to speake.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnleath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes upon his tongue.

Ed. Say *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand men have broke their Fast to day,
That ne're shall dine, unless thou yeeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head.
For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.

Ed. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:
Helen of Greece was fairer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Memlaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.

His Father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That wash't his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,
And we in pittie of the Gentle King,
Had slept our Claime, untill another Age.

Cl. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,
We set the Axe to thy usurping Rote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
Wee'l never leave, till we have bewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Ed. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference.
Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Qu. Stay *Edward*.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Have robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heaven, or strike ungentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clouded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of
good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Out hap is losse, our hope but sad despaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes us.
What counsaile give you? whither shall we flye?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce;
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, revenge; Brother revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horse because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jest, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God above,
Ile never Pawse againe, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me measure of Revenge.

Ed. Oh Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine.
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker downe of Kings,
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foesthis body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my wearry armes:
I that did never weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:
Once more sweet Lords farewell.

Cl. Yet let us altogether to our Troopes,
And give them leave to flye, that will not stay:
And call them Pillars that will stand to us:
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Fore-

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt.*

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wer't thou inviron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe,
And so have at thee.

They Fight, Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwick, single out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood prevailes; and then the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the victory:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To sit upon a hill, as I doe now,
To carve out Dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres bring about the Day,
How many Dayes will finish up the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the Times:
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, must I take my Rest:
So many Houres, must I Contemplate:
So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes have bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haire, unto a Quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?
Gives not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that feare their Subjects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, under a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him,

Alarm. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (unwares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting such Events.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke; preit by his Maister:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands, of Life bereaved him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shal wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pittous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man! lea ye the Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; see, see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that kille mine Eye, and Heart.
O pittie God, this miserable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Woe above woe: griefe, more then common griefe;
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
O pittie, pittie, gentle heaven pittie:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The Fatal Colours of our striving Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for these wofull chances,
Mis-thinke

Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever sonne, so rewd a Fathers death?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?

Hen. Was ever King so greiv'd for Subjects woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

For from my heart, thine image ne're shall go.

My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, having no more,

As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have murdered where I should not kill. *Exit.*

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much overgone with Care;

Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Fris. Fly Father, flye; for all your Friends are fled.

And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:

Away, for death doth hold us in pursuite.

Que. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-maine:

Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Having the fearfull flying Hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands

Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exit. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

Not that I feare to stay, but love to goe

Whither the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt.*

Alowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,

Which whiles it latted, gave King *Henry* light.

O Lancaster! I feare thy overthrow,

More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:

My Love and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,

And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melt,

Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning misproud Yorke;

And whither flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?

And who shines now, but *Henries* Enemies?

O Phœbus! had'st thou never given consent,

That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery Steds,

Thy burning Carre never had scorch'd the earth.

And *Henry*, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of Yorke,

They never then had sprung like Sommer Flies:

I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,

Had left no mourning Widdowes for our death,

And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.

For what doth cherriish Weeds, but gentle ayre?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Bootlesseare Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds?

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:

The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie:

For at their hands I have deserv'd no pittie.

The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:

Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the rest,

I itab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Souldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breathe we Lords, good fortune bids us pause,

And smoothe the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:

Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,

That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust

Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves:

But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

(For though before his face I speake the word)

Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Grave.

And wherefoere he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford grones*

Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?

A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battaile's ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,

But set his murth'ring knife unto the Roote,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,

Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:

In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,

Measure for measure, must be answer'd.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowe to our house,

That nothing sung but death, to us and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismall threatening sound,

And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke his understanding is bereft:

Speake *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?

Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,

And he nor sees, nor heares us, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counterfet,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our Father.

Cl. If so thou think'st,

Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults:

Cl. While we devise fell Tortures for thy faults:

Rich. Thou didd'st love Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

Ed. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee.

Cl. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,

Swear as thou was't wont.

Rich. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard,

When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule.

If this right hand would buy but two howres life,

That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose unslatched thirst

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie.

War. I, but he's dead. Off with the Traitors head,

And reare it in the place your Fathers stand,

And now to London with Triumphant march,

There

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise agine:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares.
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Brittany Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes
in their hands.*

(our selves:

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile stay above the hill, so both may shoot,

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knees will call thee *Cesar* now;
No humble suites prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sin. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize upon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the fowre Adversaries,
For Wife men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a-while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to crave the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:

And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with moving words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pittied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to give:
Shee on his left side, craving ayde for *Henry*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:
While Warwicke tels his Title, smoothes the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edward*s place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ft of Kings & Queens?

King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:

And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk'ft, as if thou wer't a King,

King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For (as we thinke)
You are the king, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworne in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemy.

King. But did you never sweare, and breake an Oath.

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Countrey, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?

Si. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were king.

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathe, for of that sinne,
My milde intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King *Edward*.

King. So would you be againe to *Henry*,
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obey'd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld unto.

Exeunt.

Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.

Rich. Yea, is it so:

I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

Cl. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay,
May it please your Highnesse to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall please you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Cl. I feare her not, unlesse she chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell me.

Cl. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather give her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall have foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords give us leave, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your Children?

Wid. I, full as dearly as I love my selfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service.

King. What service wilt thou doe me, if I give them?

Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee pleyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Cl. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Task?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to love a King.

Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subject.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.

Wid. I take my leave with many thousand thanke.

Rich. The March is made, she seales it with a Curtsie.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Love, I meane, my loving Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.

What Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My love till death: my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such love.

Wid. Why then you meane not as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceive my minde.

Wid. My minde will never graunt what I perceive
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.

King. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honesty shall be my Dower,
For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you dismisse me, either with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:

No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shes knits her Browes.

Clarence. Hee is thee bluntest Wooer in Christendome.

King. Her Looks doe argue her replete with Modesty,
Her Words doe shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty,
One way, or other, she is for a King,
And shee shall be my Love, or else my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a subject fit to jeast withall.

But farre unfit to be a Sovereigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld unto:

I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cavill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my sonnes should call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sonnes:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Cl. When hee was made a Shriver, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two have had.

Richard. The Widow likes it not, for shee looks sad.

King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marry her.

Cl. To whom my Lord?

King. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

King. Well, jeast on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow goe you along: Lords use her honourably

Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will use Women honourably.
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,
The lustfull *Edwards* Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a Promontorie,
And spies a farre-off shore, where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
Saying hee'le lade it dry, to have his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so farre off,
And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ile make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accomplish twenty Golden Crownes.
Why Love forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,
To shrinke mine Arme up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountaine on my Back,
Where sits Deformity to mocke my Body;
To shape my Legges of an unequall size,
To dis-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an un-lick'd Beare-whelp,
That carries no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-bear such,
As are of better Person then my selfe:
Ile make my Heaven, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, 'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lives stand betweene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thorny Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling desperately to finde it out,
Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my selfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile slay more gazers then the Basiiske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
Deceive more slyly then *Ulysses* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And set the murtherous *Machevill* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
Lewis sits, and riseth up againe.*

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with us: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.

Mar. No, mighty King of France: now *Margaret*,
Must strike her saile, and learne a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dishonour layd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
deepe despaire?

Mar. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lew. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*
Yield not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
Over all mischance.

Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Mar. Those gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leave to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlorne;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward* *Henries* Heire,
Am come to crave thy just and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our people, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selves in heavy plight.

Lew. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more we stay, the stronger growes our
Foe.

Lew. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our pre-
sence?

Marg. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* greatest
friend.

Lewis. Welcome brave *Warwicke*, what beings thee
to France? *He descends. She arises.*

Marg. I, now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is he that moves both Winde and Tyde.

Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sovereigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and unfayned Love)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity:
And lastly, to confirme that Amity
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.

Warw. And gracious Madam, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kisse you Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soveraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessity:
For how can Tyrants safely governe home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heavens are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret*.

Edw. And why not Queene?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did usurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then she is Queene.

Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disannulls great *John* of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our *Henry* lineally descends,

War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten;

Me thinks these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speake against thy Liege
Whom thou obeyd'st thirty and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death: and more then so, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death;
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life upholds this Arme,
This Arme upholds the House of *Lancaster*.

Warw. And I the house of *Torke*.

Lew. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with *Warwicke*.

They stand aloofe.

Mar. Heavens grant, that *Warwicks* words bewitch
him not.

Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me even upon thy conscience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I payne my Credit, and mine Ho-
nor.

Lew. But is he gracious in the peoples eye?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

Lew. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love,
Vnto our Sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seemes,
As may besee me a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe have often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Love was an externall Plant;
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdain,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lew. Now Sister, let us heare your firme resolve.

Bona. Your graunt, or your deny, shall be mine,
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I have heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted judgement to desire.

Lew. Then *Warwicke*, this:

Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowry shall be counter-poy's'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.

Prin. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make voyd my suit:
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.

Lew. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*,
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving ayde, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland*, at his ease;

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Where

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse *Warwicke*, Peace,
Proud setter up, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy slye conveyance, and thy Lords false love.

Poste blowing a horn within:

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

Lew. *Warwicke*, this is some poste to us, or thee.

Enter a Poste.

Poste. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. *Speaks to Warwicke.*
Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Mountague.*
These from our King, unto your Majesty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, these for you, *To Margaret.*
From whom, I know not.

They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.

Prince Edw. Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were
netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. *Warwicke*, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene?

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with unhop'd joyes.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lew. What? has your King marryed the Lady *Grey*?
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?
Dare he presume to scorne us in this manner?

Mar. I told your Majesty as much before:
This proveth *Edwards* Love, and *Warwicke*'s honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of *Yorke*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor lost for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Mar. *Warwicke*,

These words have turn'd my Hate, to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his unfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few Bands of chosen Souldiors,
He undertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by *Warre*.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from hi n,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* live,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule despaire?

Bona. My quarrell, and this English Queens, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, joynes with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
Therefore at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have ayde.

Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all, at once,

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is sending over Maskers
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, goe feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile un-Crowne him, er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Poste.

Lew. But *Warwicke*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:
And as occasion serves, this Noble Queene
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply,
Yet ere thou goe, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile joyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, she is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwicke*,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That onely *Warwicke*'s daughter shall be thine.

Pri. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.

He gives his hand to Warwicke.

Lew. Why stay we now? These souldiers shalbe levied,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admirall
Shalt waft them over with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by *Warres* mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt.

Manet Warwicke.

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull *Warre* shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow,
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne.
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,
But seeke Revenge on *Edwards* mockery.

Exit.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choyce?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis farr e from hence to France,
How

How could he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?

Sam. My Lords; forbear this talke: here comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now brother of *Clarence*,

How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensive, as halfe malecontent?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of *Warwicke*,
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement;
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwicke*, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:
Yet hasty Marriage seldom proveth well.

King. Yes Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I should with them sever'd,
Whom God hath joyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
That yoke so well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your dislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerset* and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this New Marriage.

King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strength'n'd this our Commonwealth
Gainst forraine stormes; then any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe,
England is safe, if true within it selfe?

Mount. Yes, but the safer, when'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, then trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safety lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done wel
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your loving Bride;
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wives Sonne,
And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for your selfe,
You shew'd your judgement:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King.
And not be ty'd unto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my State to Title of a Queene,
'Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe have had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Love, forbear to fawne upon their frownes:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feelee the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Post.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
from France?

Post. My Sovereigne Liege, no Letters, and few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brieve, tell their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.

What answer makes King *Lewis*, unto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France is sending over Maskers,
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, ur'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower shortly,
He weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?

For I heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwicke* to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile overtake him, ere he long.

King. Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Post. I, gracious Sovereigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicke* Daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder;

Clarence will have the yonger.

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwicke* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your selfe.
You that love me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not I :

My thoughts ayme at a further matter :

I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke*?

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen :

And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.

Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe

Goe levy men, and make prepare for Warre ;

They are already, or quickly will be landed :

My selfe in person will straight follow you. *i*

Exeunt Pembroke, and Stafford.

But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Montague*

Resolve my doubt : you twaine, of all the rest,

Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance :

Tell me, if you love *Warwicke* more then me ;

If it be so, then both depart to him :

I rather with you foes, then hollow friends.

But if you minde to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly Vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as he proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edwards* cause.

King. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Rich. I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so : then am I sure of Victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no howre,

Till we meet *Warwicke*, with his forraine powre.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwicke, and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiers.*

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to us.

Enter Clarence, and Somerset.

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes :
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends ?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwicke*,

And welcome *Somerset* : I hold it cowardize,

To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart

Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Love :

Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,

Were but a fained friend to our proceedings :

But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.

And now, what rests? but in Nightes Coverture,

Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His Souldiers lurking in the Towne about,

And but attended by a simple Guard,

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,

Our Scouts have found the adventure very easie :

That as *Vlysses*, and stout *Diomedes*,

With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds ;

So we, well cover'd with the Nightes blacke Mantle,

At unawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,

And seize himselfe : I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but onely to surprize him.

You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,

For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed ?

1. Watch. Why, no : for he hath made a solemne Vow,
Never to lye and take his naturall Rest,
Till *Warwicke*, or himselfe, be quite suppress.

2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.

3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent ?

1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefest friend.

3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his cheife followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field ?

2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3. Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.

If *Warwicke* knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. Watch. Vnlesse our Halberds did shut up his passage.

2. Watch. I : wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes ?

*Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
and French Souldiers silent all.*

War. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:
Courage my Masters : Honor now, or never :

But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. Watch. Who goes there ?

2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.

*Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and
set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,
Warwicke and the rest following them.*

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

*Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire : Richard
and Hastings flye over the Stage.*

Som. What are they that flye there ?

Warw. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them goe, heere is the Duke.

King Edw. The Duke ?

Why *Warwicke*, when we parted,

Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrace'd me in my Embassade,

Then I degraded you from being King,

And come now to create you Duke of *York*.

Alas, how should you governe any Kingdome,

That know not how to use Embassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one Wife,

Nor how to use your Brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the Peoples Welfare,

Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies ?

King Edw.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of *Clarence*,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.
War. Then for his mind, be *Edward* *Englands* King.

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeed: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of *Torke*:
When I have fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellowes,
He follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of *Torke*.

They leade him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *Exeunt.*

Oxf. What now remains my Lords for us to doe,
But march to London with our Souldiers?

War. I, that's the first thing that we have to doe,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne.

Exit.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?

Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befallne King *Edward*?

Riv. What losse of some pitch battell
Against *Warwicke*?

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereigne slaine?

Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayed by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of *Torke*,
Fell *Warwicke*'s brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These Newes I must confesse are full of griefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day.

Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder lives decay:
And I the rather waine me from despaire
For love of *Edward*'s Off-spring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King *Edward*'s Fruite, true heyre to th' English Crowne.

Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwicke* then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head:
Guesse thou the rest, Kings *Edward*'s friend must downe.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
He hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,

To save (at least) the heire of *Edward*'s right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,
If *Warwicke* take us, we are sure to dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stands the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I have advertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his usuall game,
He shall here find his friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now brother of *Gloster*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner,

King Ed. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Well guest beleeve me, for that was my meaning,

King Edw. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

King Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou goe along?

Hunt. Better doe so, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoe.

King Edw. Bishop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwicke*'s frowne,
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

King Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regall seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My feare to hope, my sorrowes unto joyes.
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may prevaile,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

King Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?
Nay, be thou sure, He well requite thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmony,
They quite forget their losse of liberty.

But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punish't with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.

King. *Warwicke* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands.
Now joyne your hands, and with your hands your
That no dissention hinder Government: (hearts,
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will leade a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Sovereignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoake together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

War. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your cheife affaires,
Let me intreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be sent for, to returne from *France* with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My joy of liberty is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Sovereigne, with all speed.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to have so tender care?

Somer. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of *Richmond*.

King. Come hither, *Englands* Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Countries blisse.
His lookes are full of peacefull Majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must helpe you more, then you art hurt by me.

Enter a Poile.

War. What newes, my friend?

Poile. That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,
And fled (as he heares since) to Burgundy.

War. Unlavorious newes: but how made he escape?

Poile. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

War. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sovereigne, to provide
A salve for any sore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manent Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*:
For doubtlesse, *Burgundy* will yeeld him helpe.
And we shall have more Warres before't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittainy,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmity.

Oxf. I: for if *Edward* possess the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittainy.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings,
and Soldiers.

Edw. Now brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh us amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne:
Well have we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundy.
What then remaines, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh Haven, before the Gates of *Torke*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboardments must not now affright us:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to us.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of Torke,
and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords.
We were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the Gates, for safety of our selves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

Edw. But, Master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of *Torke*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no
lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone. *Rich.*

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
He'll soone find meanes to make the Body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.

Mayor. I, say you for the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.

Rich. A wife stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.

Hast. The good old man would faine that all were well.
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soon perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Mayor: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeild me up the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.

For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow me.

*March. Enter Mountgomery, with Drumme
and Souldiers.*

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

Edwar. Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,
As every loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomery*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us march away.

The Drumme begins to March.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them backe, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Clayme:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.

Rich. And fearelesse minds clymbe soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Sovereigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldier, make thou proclamation.

Flourish.

Sound.

Soul. *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mount. And whoso'er gainsayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws down his Gauntlet.

All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes brave *Mountgomery*,
And thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, Ile requite this kindnesse.

Now for this Night, let's harbor here in *Torky*:
And when the Morning Sunne shall raise his Carre
Above the Border of this Horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.

Ah froward *Clarence*, how evill it becometh thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwicke*,
Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence,
Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hasty Germanes, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to *London*,
And many giddy people flocke to him.

King. Let's levy men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster up: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt stirre up in *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with mee.

Thou brother *Mountague*, in *Buckingham*,
Norhampton, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to heare what thou command'st
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.

My Sovereigne, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyt in with the Ocean,

Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in *London*, till we come to him:

Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Sovereigne.

King. Farewell my *Hester*, and my *Troyes* true hope.

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse hand.

King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I scale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Country*. *Exeunt.*

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordship?

Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not slopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delays,
My pittie hath bene baime to heale their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing teares.

I have not bene desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great Subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love *Edward* more then me?

No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:

And

And when the Lamb faunes upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never cease to follow him.

Shouts within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exe. Harke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime us King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall sucke them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory *Warwicke* now remains:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amaine towards Coventry.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwicke, the Mayor of Coventry, two
Messengers, and others upon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess. 1. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?
Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

Mess. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.

Enter Somerville.

War. Say Somerville, what sayes my loving Sonne?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somer. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two houres hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

Somer. It is not his, my Lord, heare Southam lyes:

The Drum you Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.

War. Who should that be? belike unlook'd for friends.

Somer. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish.

*Enter Edward, Richard,
and Souldiers.*

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

Rich. See how the surly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.

War. Oh unbid spight, is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,

Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Kne,

Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confesse who set thee up, and pluckt thee downe,

Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Rich. I thought at least he would have said the King,

Or did he make the least against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,

He doe thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwicke*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:

And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,

And Henry is my King, *Warwicke* his Subject.

Edw. But *Warwicke*'s King is Edwards Prisoner:

And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but answer this,

What is the Body, when the head is off?

Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-cast,

But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten;

The King was flyly finger'd from the Decke:

You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,

And tenne to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwicke* still.

Rich. Come *Warwicke*,

Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:

Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other, fling it at thy face,

Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,

Have Winde and Tyde thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coale-blacke hayre,

Shall, whiles thy head is warme, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,

Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.

Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt

Will issue out againe, and bid us battaile;

If not, the City being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victory,

My mind presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their Lives unto the House of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along

Of force enough to bid his brother Battaille:

With whom, an upright zeale to right, prevails

More then the nature of a Brothers love.

Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this means?

Looke here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my Fathers House,

Who gave his blood to lyme the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, *Warwicke*,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnaturall,

To bend the farall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath :
To keepe that Oath, were more impiety,
Then *Isephab*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserve well at my brothers hands,
I here proclaime my selfe thy mortall foe :
With resolution, wherefoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends :
And *Richard*, doe not frowne upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd
Then if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

Warw. Oh passing Traytor, perjur'd and unjust.

Edw. What *Warwicke*,

Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence :

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee Battaille, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victory. *Exeunt.*

March. *Warwicke* and his company followes.

*Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing
forth Warwicke wounded.*

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seeke for thee,
That *Warwicks* Bones may keepe thine company.

Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, freind, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Torke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whose Armes gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Ioves* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle
Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Treasons of the World:
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liv'd King, but I could digge his Grave?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
And live we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power
Even now we heard the newes, ah, could'st thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lov'st me not: for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead,

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And said, Co nmend me to my valiant Brother
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,
I well might heare, delivered with a groane,
O farewell *Warwicke*.

War. Sweet rest his Soule:

Flye Lords, and save your selves,

For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.

Here they beare away his Body.

Exeunt.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the rest.*

King. Thus farre our fortune keepe an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory:

But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,

I spy a blacke suspicious threatening Cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,

Ere he attaine his casefull Westerne Bed:

I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene

Hath rays'd in Gallia, have arrived our Coast,

And, as we heare, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,

And blow it to the Source from whence it came,

Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours up,

For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirty thousand strong,

And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:

If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,

That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.

We having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,

And as we march, our strength will be augmented:

In every County as we goe along,

Strike up the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

*March. Enter the Queene, young Edward,
Somerset, Oxford, and
Souldiers.*

Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse

But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.

What though the Mast be now blowne over-board,

The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,

And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that he

Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,

With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much,

Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rocke,

Which industry and Courage might have sav'd?

Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.

Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And

And *Montague* our Top-Mast : what of him ?
 Our slaught' red friends, the Tackles : what of these ?
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor ?
 And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast ?
 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings ?
 And though unskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
 For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge ?
 We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
 But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
 From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wracke.
 As good to chide the Waves, as speake them faire.
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea ?
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-sand of Deceit ?
 And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke ?
 All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
 Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while :
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
 Bestride the Rocke, the Tyde will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
 This speake I (Lords) to let you understand,
 If case some one of you would flye from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More then with ruthlesse Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.
Prin. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
 Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
 Infuse his Breast with Magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
 I speake not this, as doubting any here :
 For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
 He should have leave to goe away betimes,
 Least in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
 If any such be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.
Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
 And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
 Oh brave young Prince : thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live againe in thee ; long may'st thou live,
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.
Que. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Ready to fight : therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no lesse : it is his Policy,
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readinesse.
Que. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence,
 and Soldiers.*

Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny Wood
 Which by the Heavens assistance, and your strength,
 Must by the Roots be hew'ne up yet ere Night.
 I need not adde more fuel to your fire,
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out :
 Give signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Que. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
 My teares gaine-say : for every word I speake,
 Yee see I drinke the water of my eye.
 Therefore no more but this : *Henry* your Sovereigne
 Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State usurp'd,
 His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,
 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent :
 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
 You fight in Iustice : then in Gods Name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and give signall to the fight.

Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.

Exeunt.

*Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,
 Oxford, Somerset.*

Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous Broyles.
 Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight :
 For *Somerset*, off with his guilty Head.
 Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Que. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
 To meet with Ioy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
 Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life ?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us heare him speake.
 What ? can so young a Thorne begin to pricke ?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For bearing Armes, for stirring up my subjects,
 And all trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prin. Speake like a Subject, prowd ambitions *Torke*.
 Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
 Religne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
 Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
 Which (Traytor) thou would'st have me answer to.

Que. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolv'd.
Rich. That you might still have worne the Petticoat,
 And ne're have stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prin. Let *Aesop* fable in a Winters Night,
 His Curriish Riddies sorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heaven, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Que. I thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold.

Prin. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
 rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all undutifull :
 Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
 And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
 I am your better, Traytors as ye are.

And thou usurp'd my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou ? take that, to end thy agony.

Rich. *Stabs him.*

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with perjury.

Clar. *Stabs him.*

Que. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Offers to kill her.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich.

Rich. Why should she live, to fill the World with words?

Edw. What? doth she sworne? use meanes for her recovery.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother: Ile hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Clar. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Exit.

Que. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy. Can't thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!

They that stabb'd *Cesar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,

If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child,

And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Child.

What's worfe then Murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Canniballes,

How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:

You have no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a Child,

Looke in his youth to have him so cut off.

As derthmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

King. Away with her, goe beare her hence perforce.

Que. Nay, never beare me hence, dispatch me heere:

Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* doe it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not doe thee so much ease.

Que. Good *Clarence* doe, sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Clar. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do

Que. I but thou usest to forswear thy selfe. (it?)

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou not? Where is that divels butcher *Richard*

Hard favor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almesdeed.

Petitioner for Blood, thou ne're pul'st backe.

Edw. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence.

Que. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit. Queene.

Edw. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in post, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower?

Edw. He's fodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London;

And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,

By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Exit.

Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenants on the Walls.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 'Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:

Good *Gloster*, and good devill, were alike,

And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirrha, leave us to our selves, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreacklesse shepherd from the Wolfe:

So first the harmelesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,

And next his Throate, unto the butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Rossini* now to Acte?

Rich. Suspition always haunts the guilty mind,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath beene limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Have now the fatall Object in my eye,

Where my poore yong was limb'd, was caught, and kild.

Rich. Why what a peevish Foole was that of Creet,

That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dadalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,

Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'd our course,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.

Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy selfe, the Sea

Whole envious Gulfe did swallow up his life:

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,

If murthering Innocents be Executing,

Why then thou art an Executioner,

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first thou did pre-

Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a Sonne of mine: (sime,

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans sigh, and many a Widdowes,

And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands fate,

And Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,

Shall rue the houre that ever thou was't borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an evill signe,

The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,

Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And if the rest be true, which I have heard,

Thou cam'st _____

Rich. Ile heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech,

Stabs him.

For this (among't the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,

O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee.

Dyes.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that with the downefall of our house.

If any sparke of life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that have neither pitty, love, nor feare,

Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:

For I have often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legs forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,

And seeke their Ruine, that usurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cride

O Iesus blesse us, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
 Then since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother:
 And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the light,
 But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
 Ile throw thy body in another roome,
 And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome.

Exit.

Enter *King*, *Queene*, *Clarence*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,
Nurse, and *Attendants*.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
 Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
 What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
 Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
 For hardy and undoubted Champions:
 Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
 And two Northumberlands: two braver men,
 Ne're spurr'd their Courcers at the Trumpets sound.
 With them, the two brave Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mounta-*
 That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon, (*guz*)
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept Suspition from our Seate,
 And made our footstoole of Security.
 Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
 Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
 Have in our Armors watcht the Winter night,
 Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
 That thou might'st repofesse the Crowne in peace,
 And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blast his Harvest, if your head were laid,
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heave,
 And heave it shall some waight, or breake my backe;
 Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, love my lovely Queene,
 And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty,
 I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Clar. I thankes Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rt. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st
 Witnesse the loving kisse I give the Fruite:

To say the truth, so *Indus* kist his master,
 And cryed all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
 Having my Countries peace, and brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and *Ierusalem*,
 And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
 And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
 Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
 Sound Drummes and Trumpets, farewell sowre annoy,
 For heere I hope begins our lasting joy. Exeunt omnes.

F F N 7 S.





The Tragedy of Richard the Third: vvith the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung up for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in steed of impunting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearefull Adversaries,
He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loves Majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogges bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day shou'd *Clarence* closely be mew'd up:
About a Prophecie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.
Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard

That waites upon your Grace?

Cl. His Majestie tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to the Tower.

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Grandfathers.
O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
If followes in his thought that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moov'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence*'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is delivered.
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heaven, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for his delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Livery:
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(Of what degree soever) with your Brother.

f

Rich.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treason man; We say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble queene
Well strooke in yeeres, faire and not jealous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the *Queenes* Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to doe.

Rich. Naught to doe with Mistris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to doe it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cl. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Rich. We are the *Queenes* abjects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoever you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Meane time have patience.

Cl. I must perforce: farewell. *Exit Cl.*

Rich. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands,
But who comes heere? the new delivered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord,

Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholly,
And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by Saint Iohn, that newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evill diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greevous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heaven.

He in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to busle in,
For then, He marry *Warwicks* youngest daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixth with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honorable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herle;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster,
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I invoke thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes:
O curfed be the hand that made these holes:
Curfed the heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Childe, Abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his unhappinesse.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.
An. What blacke Magitian conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villains set downe the Corse; or by S. Paul,
He make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gm.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand thou when I commaund :
Advance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne upon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anne. What do you tremble ? are you all affraid ?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Divell.
Avant thou dreadfull minister of Hell ;
Thou had'st but power over his Mortall body,
His soule thou canst not have : Therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Divell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell :
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames :
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foule Deformitie :
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy deeds inhumane and unnaturall,
Provokes this Deluge most unnaturall.

O God ! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his death :
O Earth ! which this Blood drink't, revenge his death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead.
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou dost swallow up this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pity.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast,

An. O wonderfull, when divels tell the truth !
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry :

Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of a man)
Of these knowne evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such despaire, I should accuse my selfe.

An. And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine :
But dead they are, and divellish slave by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is alive.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st.

Queene Margarets saw

Thy murd'rous Faulchion spoking in his blood :

The which, thou once did'st bend against her brest,

But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt, upon my guilelesse Shoulders.

An. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody minde,
That never dream'd it on ought but butcheries :
Did'st thou not kill this King ?

Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,

Then God grant me too

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede :

O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous,

Rich. The better for the King of heaven that bath him.

An. He is in heaven where thou shalt never come.

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-
ther :

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

An. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber.

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keene encounter of our wits,

And fall something into a slower method.

Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,

As blamefull as the Executioner ?

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect :

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one houre in your sweet bosome.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,

These Nayles should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.

Rich. These eyes could not endure thy beauties wrack,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that : It is my day, my life.

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrell most innaturall,

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,

To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,

Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

An. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could.

An. Name him.

Rich. Plantagenet.

An. Why that was he.

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he ?

Rich. Heere :

Why dost thou spit at me ?

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

Rich. Never came poyson from so sweet a place.

An. Never hung poyson on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.

An. Would they were Basilisks, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once.

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine, from mee have drawne such Teares ;

f 2 For

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorsefull teare,
 No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
 To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd *Clifford* shooke his sword at him.
 Nor when thy Warlike Father like a Childe,
 Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe
 That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
 Like Trees bedash'd with raine: In that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorne a humble teare:
 And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
 I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
 My Tongue could never learne sweet smoothing word.
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
 Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
 And let the foule fourth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly begge the death upon my knee.

He layes his brest open; she offers at it with his sword.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
 But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
 Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong *Edward*,
 But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on.

She falls the Sword.

Take up the sword againe, or take up me.

An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.

An. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy rage:

Speake it againe, and even with thy word,
 This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
 Shall for thy love, kill a farre truer Love,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

An. Well, well, put up your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope?

An. All men I hope live so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how thy Ring compasseth my Finger,
 Even so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
 Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poore devoted Servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirme his happynesse for ever.

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designses,
 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repayre to *Crosbie House*
 Where (after I have solemnly interr'd
 At *Chertsey Monast'ry* this Noble King,
 And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares)
 I will with all expedient duty see you.

For divers unknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart and much it joyes me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserve:
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gen. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord?

Rich. Now to *White Friars*, there attend my coming
Exit Comse.

Was ever woman in this humour Woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humor wonne?
 Ile have her but I will not keepe her long.
 What? I that kill'd her husband, and his Father,
 To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
 The bleeding witnessse of my hatred by,
 Having God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I no friends to backe my suite withall,
 But the plaine Divell and dissembling lookes?
 And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
 Hah!

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord whom I (some three moneths since)
 Stab'd in my angry mood, at *Tewkesbery*?
 A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
 Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt) right Royall,
 The spacious word cannot againe afford:
 And will she abase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
 On me, whose All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
 On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
 My Dukedome, to a Beggery denier!
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
 My selfe to be a marvellous proper man.
 Ile be at Charges for a looking-glasse,
 And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
 To study fashions to adorne my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with my selfe,
 I will maintaine it with some little cost,
 But first Ile turne yon fellow in his Grave,
 And then returne lamenting to my Love.
 Shine out faire Sonne, till I have bought a glasse,
 That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queens Mother, Lord Rivers,
 and Lord Gray.*

Riv. Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Majesty
 Will soone recover his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray.

Gray. Noother harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glouster*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Majesty joyfull, as you have bin.

Qu. The Countesse *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Derby*.

To your good prayer, will scarce y say, Amen.

Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding thee's your wife,

And loves not me, be you good Lord assur'd,

I have not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleve
The envious slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds

From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement.
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines unto the King,

That I (forfooth) am sterne, and love them not?

By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,

That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge,

Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,

I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,

With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor Grace:

When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace

(Whom God preserve better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:

The King on his owne Royall disposition,

(And not provok'd by any Sutor else)

Ayming (belike) at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.

Since everie Iacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother

You envy my advancement, and my friends: Glouster,

God grant we never may have neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you.

Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,

My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie

Held in contempt, while great Promotions

Are daily given to ennoble those

That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.

I never did incense his Majestie

Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have bin

An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull injurie,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane

Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.

Riv. She may my Lord, for —

Rich. She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knowes not so?

She may do more fir then deny ing that:

She may helpe you to many faire preferments,

And then deny her ayding hand therein,

And lay those Honors on your high desert.

What may she not, she may, I marrie may she.

Riv. What marrie may she?

Rich. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,

A barcheller, and a handsome stripling too,

I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:

By heaven, I will acquaint his Majestie

Of those grosse taunts that oft I have endur'd.

I had rather be a Countrie servant maide

Then a grart Queene, with this condition,

To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,

Small joy have I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lefined be that small, God I beseech him,

Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?

I will avouch't in presence of the King:

I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.

'Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Divell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'd'st my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,

And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesbury.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,

I, or your Husband King:

I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:

A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,

A liberall rewarder of his Friends,

To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.

Margaret. I and much better blood

Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the house of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you: was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, slaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God revenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* lost and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riv. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little joy enjoys the Queene thereof,
For I am she and altogether joylesse:
I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing that which yon have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Reblls.

Ab gentle Villaine doe not turne away. *(sight)*

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by abode.

A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you allegiance:
This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurpe are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scornes drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Roseland*:
His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are false upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse that ere was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophecied revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you al your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curse prevaile so much with Heaven,
That *Henries* death, my lovely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the Cloudes and enter Heaven?
Why then give way dull Cloudes to my quicke Curses.
Though not by warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales;
For *Edward* our Sonne that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene.

Out-live thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:

Long may'st thou live, to waile thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.

Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,

And after many length'n'd howres of griefe,

Dye neither Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne

Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his naturall age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Have done thy Charme, I hatefull wither'd Hagge.

Q. M. And leave out thee? stay Dog, for I shalt heare me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,

And then hurle downe their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.

The worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,

Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liv'st,

And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:

No sleepe close up that deadly Eye of thine,

Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame

Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Divells.

Thou elvish mark'd, abortive rooting Hogge,

Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativitie

The slave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:

Thou slander of thy heave Mothers Wombe,

Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,

Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested.

Rich. *Margaret.*

Q. M. *Richard.*

Rich. Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for noreply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*

Q. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your selfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,

Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse this paysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy franticke Curse,
Least to thy harme, thou move our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

R. Were you wel serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serve me well, you all should doe me duty,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects:

O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your young Nobilitie can judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.
Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-
quesse.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more : but I was borne so high :
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade : alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall Darkenesse folded up.

Your ayerie buildeth in our ayeries Nest :
O God that seest it do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.

Euc. Peace, peace for shame : If not for Charity.

Mar. Virge neither charity, nor shame to me :
Vncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still live my sorrowes rage.

Buc. Have done, have done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee :
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house :
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood :
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one heere : for Curses never passe
The lips of those that breathe them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge :
Looke when he fawnes, he bites ; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell have set their markes on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me

For my gentle counsell ?

And sooth the divell that I warne thee from.

O but remember this another day :

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow :

And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse :

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at liberty.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Mar. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now :
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed :
He is frank'd up to fanning for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Riv. A vertuous, and a Christian like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Rich. So do I ever, being well advis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you;
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with me.

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.

The secret Mischiefes that I set abroad,

I lay unto the greivous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeede have cast in darknesse,

I do beweepe to many simple Gulls,

Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,

And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,

That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.

Now they beleeve it, and withall whet me

To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*.

But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,

Tell them that God bids us doe good for evill :

And thus I cloathe my naked Villanie

With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,

And seeme a Saint, when most I play the divell.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my executioners,

How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,

Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

Vil. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Rich. Well thought upon, I have it heere about me :

When you have done, repayre to *Croisy* place ;

But first be sodaine in the execution,

Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade ;

For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes

May move your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd :

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes
fall Teares.

I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to day ?

Cl. O, I have past a miserable night,

So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights,

That as I am a Christian faithfull man,

I would not spend another such a night

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes :

So full of dismall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me.

Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,

And in my company my Brother *Glouster*,

Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,

Vpon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befallne us. As he pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) over-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyle of water in mine eares,
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes :
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon :
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, unvalewed Jewels,
All scattered in the bottome of the Sea:
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deepe?

Cl. Me thought I had, and often did I strive
To yeeld the Ghost : but still the envious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre :
But smother'd it within my panting buike,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?

Cl. No, no, my dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule,
I past (me thought) the Melancholly flood,
With that sowre Ferrie-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-law renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud : What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury :
Seize on him Furies, take him unto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such heddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleeve, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No marvell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinks) to heare you tell it.

Cl. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now give evidence against my Soule)
For *Edward*'s sake, and see how he requites me.
O God ! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone :
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night :

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restless Cares :
So that betweene their Titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st
thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hi-
ther on my Legges.

Bra. What so breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
He to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: :
Fare you well.

2 What shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1 No: he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Why he shall never wake, untill the great Judge-
ment day.

1 Why then he'll say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2 The urging of that word Judgement, hath bred
kinde of remorse in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, having a Warrant.

But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

2 So I am, to let him live.

1 Hee backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with-
in me.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conscience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glosters purse.

1 When he opens his purse to give us our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2 'Tis no matter, let us goe: There's few or none will
entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Hee not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
Swear, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
Neighbours Wife, but it detests him. 'Tis a blushing
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keepe it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that meansto
live well, endeavours to trust to himselfe, and live with-
out it.

Tis

1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the divell in thy minde, and beleve him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent device; and make a fop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, we'll reason with him.

Cl^a. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cl^a. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cl^a. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cl^a. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

1 My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cl^a. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?

Your eyes doe menace me: why looke you pale?

Wholent you hither? Wherefore doe you come?

2 To, to, to ———

Cl^a. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Cl^a. You fearfully have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to doe it.

Wherein my friends have I offended you?

1 Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cl^a. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cl^a. Are you drawne forth among a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict up

Voto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death?

Before I be convict by course of Law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 What we will doe we doe, upon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cl^a. Errorous Vassals, the great King of Kings

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou shalt doe no murder, Will you then

Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand

To hurle upon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,

Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,

Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raines Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't sworn to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou urge Gods dreadfull Law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?

Cl^a. Alas I for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publicly,

Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:

He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister;

When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,

That Princely Novice was stricke dead by thee?

Cl^a. My Brothers love, the Divell, and my Rage:

1 Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,

Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cl^a. If you doe love my Brother, hate not me:

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,

And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiv'd,

Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Cl^a. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to him from me.

1 I so we will.

Cl^a. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke

Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,

He little thought of this divided Friendship:

Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Millstones, as he lessoned us to weepe.

Cl^a. O do not slander him, for he is kinde,

1 Right, as Snow in Harveft:

Come, you deceive your selfe,

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you heere.

Cl^a. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 Why so he doth, when he delivers you

From this earths thraldome, to the joyes of heaven.

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cl^a. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,

To counsaile me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,

That you wil warre with God, by murthering me?

O first consider, they that set you on

To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Cl^a. Relent, and save your soules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes sonne,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as your selves came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge

Were you in my distresse?

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl^a. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divellish.

My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy lookes:

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*

He drowne you in the Malmesey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:

How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands.

Of this most greivous murther. *Enter 1. Murderer*

1 How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me

not? By heaven the Duke shall know how slacke you

have beene.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother ;
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

Exit.

I. *Mur.* So doe not I: goe Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile goe hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his buriall :
And when I have my meede, I will away ;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King sick, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why so: now have I done a good dayes worke.
You Peeres, continue this united League :
I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.

And more to peace my soule shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I scale my true hearts Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart.

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this :
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you ;
You have beene factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe doe it unfeignedly.

Que. There *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him :

Hastings, love Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of love, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, scale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love,
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me : This doe I begge of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

Embrace.

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy Vow, unto my sickely heart .
There wanteth now our brother Gloster heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereigne King & Queene
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day :

King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day :
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire love of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres,

Rich. A blessed labour my most Sovereigne Lord :
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a Foe : if I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :

'Tis death to me to be at enmity :
I hate it, and desire all good mens love,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service.

Of you my Noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd betweene us.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me :
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scars* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I doe not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soule is any jot at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night :
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Que. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
Ny Sovereigne Lord, I doe beseech your Highnesse
To take our brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence ?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead ?
You doe him injury to scorne his Coarse.

all that.

King. Who knowes not he is dead ?
Who knowes he is ?

Que. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this ?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest ?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead ? The order was reverst.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercury did beare :
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That come too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from suspicion.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Sovereigne for my service done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unlesse your Highnesse heare me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou requests.

Der. The forfeit (Sovereigne) of my servants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolke*.

King. Have I a tongue to doome my Brothers death ?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd at my feet: and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in love?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deere Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe colde night?
Alth'is from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde:
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Intage of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (unjustly too) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (ungracious) speake unto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Have beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.
Ahpore Clarence. *Exeunt some with K. & Queen*
Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you nor,
How that the Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death?
O! they did urge it still unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you goe,
To comfort *Edward* with our company?
Buc. We wait upon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Duch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do you weepe so oft? And beat your Brest?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Sonne?
Boy. Why do you looke on us, and shake your head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dut. My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth love you wel:
Incapable and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnckle *Gloster*

Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queene,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheekes:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me deere as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizer hide deepe vice.
He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Harke, what noyse is this?

*Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
Rivers & Dorset after her.*

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
He joyne with blacke despaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe become an enemy.
Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our swift winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new kingdome of ne're-changing night.
Dut. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I have bewept a worthy Husbonds death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely femblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one false Glasse,
That grieves me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
To over-go thy woes, and drowne my cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for your Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left unmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be unwept.
Qu. Give me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*? and hee's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Dut. What stayes had I but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was never widdow had so deere a losse.
Chil. Were never Orphans had so deere a losse.
Dut. Was never Mother had so deere a losse.
Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes.
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she :
These Babes for *Clarence* weepe, so doe not they.
Alas ! you three, on me threefold distrest :
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungratefull,
With dull unwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent :
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonne : send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* grave,
And plant your joyes in living *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of us have cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre :
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Dor. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy breast,
Love Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing ;
I marvell that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-sorrowing-Peeres,
That beare this heave mutuell load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Love :
Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,
We are to reape the harvest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splitred, knit, and joyn'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherisht, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marry my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horse beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all,
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd :
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To give your censures in this businesse? *Exeunt.*

Manent Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who ever journies to the Prinne,
For Gods sake let not us two stay at home :

For by the way, Ile sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deare Colin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whither away fo fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my selfe :
Heare you the Newes abroad?

1. Yes, the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady, feldome comes the better :
I feare, I feare, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Give you good merrow sir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good King *Edwards* death?

2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Government.

Which in his nonage, counsell under him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then governe well.

1. So stood the state when *Henry* the sixt
Wes crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famously enrich'd

With politike grave Counsell ; then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3. Better it were they all came by his Father :

Or by his Father there were none at all :

For emulation, who shall now be neereft,
Will touch us all too neere, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Gloster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud :

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst : all will be well,

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their cloakes ;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand ;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night ?

Vntimely stormes, make men expect a Dearth :

All may be well ; but if God sort it so,

'Tis more then we deserve, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare :

You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heavily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a divine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

Ensuing

Pursuing danger: as by prooffe wee see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leave it all to God, Whither away? -

- 2 Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.
- 3 And so was I: Ile beare you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Arch-bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene,
and the Dutchesse.*

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost overtane him in his growth.

Yor. I Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dut. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster,
Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leislurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembered,
I could have given my Vnckles Grace, a flour,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crutt at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have beene a byting jest.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y^e wast borne.

Yor. If'twere not she, I cannot tell whotold me.

Qu. A parlous Boy: go to, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers have eares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeves me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The summe of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and a welkfe Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accursed, and unquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often up and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to joy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleane over-blowne, themselves (the Conquerors,)
Make warre upon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Bloud to bloud, selfe against selfe: O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thither beare your Treasure and your Goods,
For my part, Ile resigne unto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.*

Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Sovereigne
The weary way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet divid'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Major of London comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo. Major. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happy dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this, have met us on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I,
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Have taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings* you goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Car. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weake Oratory
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.

Buc. You are too fencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age.
You breake not Sanctuary, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*

Prin. Good Lords, make all the speedy hast you may.
Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojorne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'it best unto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Julius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prin. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buc. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posterity,
Even to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wife, so young, they say doe never live long.

Prin. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

aside.

Prin. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
He tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buc. What, my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I live untill I be a man,
He win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our Noble Bro-
ther?

Yor. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prin. I, Brother, to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *Yorke*?

Yor. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Yor. I pray you, Vnckle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prin. A Begger, Brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy, it is no griefe to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, He give my Cousin.

Yor. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yor. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you, as you call
me.

Glo. How?

Yor. Little.

Prin. My Lord of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talker:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorne he gives his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
Myselfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What,

Yor. What, will you goe unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prin. My Lord Protector will have it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yor. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prin. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord: and with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, goe I unto the Tower.

Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manent Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buc. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke
Was not incensed by his subtil Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way,
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter,
To make William Lord Hastings of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buc. What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will not
hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Buc. Well then, no more but this:

Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower;
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided Councels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him (Catesby)
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
Tomorrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle Kisse the more.

Buc. Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.

Exit Catesby.

Buc. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceive
Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots?

Rich. Chop off his Head:

Something wee will determine:

And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earldome of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was posselt.

Buc. He claime that promise at your Graces hand.

Rich. And looke to have it yeilded with all kindeesse:
Come, let us suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mes. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mes. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lords Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious
Nights?

Mes. So it appeares, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had ras'd off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And withall speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule divines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe retume unto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the separated Councell:
His Honnor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will use us kindly.

Mes. He goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeve will never stand upright,
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?

Doest thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hast. He have this Crown of mine cut frō my shoulders,
Before He see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his party, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ile give my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Maisters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maisters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedy.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*; and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may jeast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these severall Counsels, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And never in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

St. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from Londō,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I prove a needlesse Coward.

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you:

Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are behcaded.

St. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that have accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day thofe Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was:

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercy fellow: there drinke that for me.

Throws him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor.

Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriving worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject dy,
For truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this heere-after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out,

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fattall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guilty Closure of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,

We give to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is false upon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,

For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Soane.

Riv. Then curs'd shee *Richard*,

Then curs'd shee *Buckingham*,

Then curs'd shee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for us:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is now expir'd,

Riv. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let us heere embrace,
Farewell, untill we meet againe in Heaven.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others,
at a Table.*

Hast. Now Noble Peere, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buc. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buc. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his
minde.

Buc. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in love.

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile give my Voice,
Which I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I have beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might have beene concluded.

Buc. Had you not come upon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings,* no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere give consent
His Maisters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royalty of Englands Throne.

Buc. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Dar. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these Strawberries.

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's never a man in Christendome
Can lesse hide his love, or hate, then hee.

For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelyhood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Mary that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That doe conspire my death with divelliish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Hast. The tender love I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th' Offendors, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witness of their evill,
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.

Rich. If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs, thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,
I will not dine, untill I see the same.

Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done:

Exeunt.

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

*Manent Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the
Lord Hastings.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and favour.

Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
Ready with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.

Hast. O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
I prophecy the fearefull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, leade me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were diltraught, and mad with terror?

Buc. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspicion, gallly Lookes:
Are at my service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby*, gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buc. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buc. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buc. God and our Innocency defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Lovell*.

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lov'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmlesse Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The History of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane his Conversation with *Shores* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainer of suspects.

Buc. Well, well, he was the covertst sheltred Traitor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleieve,
Wert not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtil Traitor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Ma. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safety,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warne false Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buc. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistrresse *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traitor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and waile his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall serve,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Bu. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farewell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hys him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardy of *Edward* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houfe.
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxury,
And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht unto their Servants, Daughter, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controll, lust to make a prey.

Nay for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, Noble *Torke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buc. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thrive wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buc. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Lovell with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take some privy order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be to day read or'e in *Pauls*.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleven houres I have spent to write it over,
For yester-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five houres *Hastings* liv'd,
Vntainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is so grosse,
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he fees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be scene in thought.

Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Deputy in France,
Th'unfariate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his owne Bastardy,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
Your Bounty, Vertue, faire Humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
And when my Oratory drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God save Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word;
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Major, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld up their Caps,
And some tenne voyces cry'd, God save King Richard:
And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause, and chearefull shewt,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
Would they not speake?
Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Major is here at hand, intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Delcant:
And be not easily wonne to our requests,
Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Major knocks.

Enter the Major, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Major and Aldermen,
In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace:

Cates. Ile signifie so much unto him straight. Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed:

But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Divines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happy were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Major. Marry God defend his Grace should say us
nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him.
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfitt love,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit.
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

Ma. See where his Grace stands, tween two Clergy mē.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable eare to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apology:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,
And all good men, of this ungovern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I have done some offence,
That semes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You

Buc. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Buc. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majestically,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock:
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Countries good,)
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamy,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnessse, and deepe Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solícite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Governement of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust Cause come I to move your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoke of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty Sea,
Then in my Greatnesse cover to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left us Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triviall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady *Lacy*,
Your Mother lives a Witnesse to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
Even in the after-noon of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pírch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to blesse us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true derived course.

Mayor. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buc. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I am unfit for State, and Majesty:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it, as in love and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child-your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tenderesse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and down-fall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

Cates. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares?
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, whether, I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
say it.

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King *Richard*, Englands worthy King.

All. Amen.

Buc. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd

Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so molt joyfully we take our leave.
Rich. Come, let us to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset,*

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes us heere?
My Neece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, thee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

An. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

An. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maister Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?

Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lo. d protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.

An. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Lieu. No, Madame, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beare,
Or else I twoone with this dead-killing newes.

An. Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.

Dorf. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,

And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wife care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift advantage of the howres:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. Tor. O ill disperfing Winde of Misery,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vpavoided Eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.

An. And I with all unwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God save the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I envie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

An. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Hermies* Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say, I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed:
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subje. of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For never yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart a dieu, I pittie thy complaining.

An. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leave
of it.

Duch. Yorke. Go to *Richmond*, to *Dorset*, to *Anne*, to the
Queene, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts possesse thee;
I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eighty odde yeeres of sorrow have I seene,
And each howres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me unto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Envie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old fullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Sound

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*

Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
Is King *Richard* seated:

But shall we wear these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?

Buc. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,

To try if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives, thinke now what I would speake.

Buc. Say on my loving Lord.

Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord,

Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* lives.

Buc. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That *Edward* still should live true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buc. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buc. Give me some little breath, some pause, deare Lord,

Before I positively speake in this:

I will resolve you herein presently.

Exit Buck.

Cates. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And unrespective Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tyrrell*.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*

The deepe revolving witty *Buckingham*,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, untyr'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the *Marquess Dorset*

As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,

That *Anne* my Wife is very grievous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, give out,

That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much upon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murder her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deale upon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:

Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. My Lord, I have consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. *Stanley*, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke
unto it.

Buc. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd
Th' Earledome of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possesse.

Rich. *Stanley* looke to your Wife: if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my just request?

Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did prophecy, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little preevish Boy.
A King perhaps.

Buc. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the veine. *Exit.*

Buc. And is it thus repayes he my deepe service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone

To *Brenock*, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did fuborne
 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tenderneffe, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
 A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
 But oh the Divell, there the Villaine stopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To beare these tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Sovereigne Lord.
Rich. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
 Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
 For it is done.
Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrell* soone, and after Supper,
 When thou there shalt tell the processe of their death.
 Meane time, but thinke how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take leave.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* have I pent up close;
 His daughter meanly have I matcht in marriage,
 The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
 Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
 At yong *Elizabeth* my Brothers daughter,
 And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratchffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
 bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
 And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
 Then Buckingham and his rash levied Strength.
 Come, I have learn'd, that feastfull commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay.
 Delay leades impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggery:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Loves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
 Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
 We must be breefe, when Traitors brave the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 Heere in these Confinnes slyly have I lurkt,
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction, am I witnesse to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes!
 My unblowne Flowers, new appearing sweets:
 If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
 Hover about me with your ayery wings,
 And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hover about her, say that right for right
 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voyce,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe?
 Why didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Henry* dyed, and my swee Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall living ghost,
 Woos Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by life usurpt,
 Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
 Rest thy unrest on Englands lawfull earth,
 Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'st as soone afford a Grave,
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
 Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
 Give mine the benefit of signcure,
 And let my greefes frowne on the upper hand
 If sorrow can admit Society.
 I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him;
 I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
 And *Richard* kill'd him.
 From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
 A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
 That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
 That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
 That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
 Thy wombe let loose to chase us to our graves.
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Preyes

Preyes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others none.

Dur. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Heis blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reserv'd their Factor, to buy foules,
And send then thither: But at hand, at hand
Insues his pittious and unpittied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To have him sodainly convey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queene,

The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
To be the ayme of every dangerous Shor;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:
A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?
Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God save the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but Thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst usurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpethe just proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, even heere I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farewell *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curles, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with living woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My word are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*

Dur. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Cliens Woes,
Avery succeders of intestine joyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them have scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dur. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'digo with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dur. O she, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-slave, where are my Children?

Dur. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

Dur. Where is kinde *Hastings*?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heavens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

Flourish.

Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me sayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dur. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe:

Dur. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dur. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dur. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breese (good Mother) for I am in hast.

Dur. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dur. No by the holy Rood, thou know'it it well,
Thou can'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greivous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious;
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull, Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but *Hunsfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace

To Breakefast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend your Madam.
Strike up the Drumme.

Dur. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Heare me a word :

For I shall never speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance

Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror :

Or I with griefe and extreame Age shall perishe,

And never more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greivous Curse,

Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more

Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,

And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory :

Bloudy thou art, bloudy will be thy end :

Shame serves thy life; and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Quee. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to
Abides in me, I say Amen to her. (curse)

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Quee. I have no more sonnes of the Royall blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes :

And therefore leuell not to hit their lives.

Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,

Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious.

Quee. And must she dye for this ? O let her live,

And let corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,

Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed :

Throw over her the vaile of infamy,

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princess.

Quee. To save her life, Ile say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

Quee. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loc at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

Quee. No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All unavoyded is the doome of Destiny.

Quee. True : when avoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins ?

Quee. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend :

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand soever lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy hea (all indirectly) gave direction.

No doubt the murr'd Knive was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.

But that still use of griefe, makes wilde griefe tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes :

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of failes and tackling reft,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.

Quee. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discovered, that can doe me good ?

Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle Lady

Quee. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory,

Quee. Flatter my sorrow with report of it :

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,

Canst thou devise to any child of mine.

Rich. Even all I have ; I, and my selfe and all,

Will I withall indow a child of thine :

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drownest the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou supposhest I have done to thee.

Quee. Be breife, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.

Quee. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What doe you thinke ?

Quee. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule

So from thy soules love didst thou love her Brothers,

And from my hearts love, I doe thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :

I mean that with my soule I love thy daughter,

And doe intend to make her Queene of England.

Quee. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King.

Rich. Even he that makes her Queene.

Who else should be ?

Quee. What, thou ?

Rich. Even so : How thinke you of it ?

Quee. How canst thou wooe her ?

Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Quee. And wilt thou learne of me ?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Quee. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,

A paire of bleeding hearts : thereon ingrave

Edward and *York*, then haply will she weepe :

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy father, sleept in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kerchiefe, which say to her did dreynie

The purple sappe from her sweet brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds :

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)

Mad'st quicke conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this is not the way

To win your daughter,

Quee. There is no other way,

Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Quee. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,

Having bought love, with such a bloody spoile.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended :

Men shall deale unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-houres gives leysure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter :

If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter :

A Grandams name is little lesse in love,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother ;

They are as Children but one step below,

Even of your mettall, of your very blood :

Of all one paine, save for a night of groanes

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.

Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearefull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, brother:
Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repair'd with double Riches of Content.

What? we have many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you have shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.

Goe then (my Mother) to thy Daughter goe,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a *Wooers* Tale.

Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Sovereignty: Acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage joyes;
And when this Arme of mine hath chaltied
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
And she shall be sole Victoresse, *Cæsars Caesar*.

Que. What were I best to say, her Fathers brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I wooe for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Love,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeeres?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids

Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title ever last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her faire lives end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as heaven and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Sovereigne, am her Subject low.

Qu. But she your Subject, lothes such Sovereignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurp.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly honor;

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Vertue;

Thy Crowne usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou wouldst sweare to be believ'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, is selfe-misus'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heaven.

Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all:

If thou didst feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-folowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What canst thou sweare by now?

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my selfe have many teares to wash
Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngovern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affaires
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light? nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.
In her, consists my happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee,
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoyded, but by this:
It will not be avoyded, but by this.

Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Atturney of my love to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I have bene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found, in great Designes.

Qu. Shall I be tempt'd of the divell thus?

Rich. I, if the Divell tempt you to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe?

Rich. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*

Rich. Beare her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereigne, on the Western Coast
Rideth a puissant Navy: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends;
Vnarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them backe.
Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayde
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of *Norfolke*
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

Rich. *Catesby* come hither, post to *Salisbury*.

When thou com'st thither: Dull unmindefull Villaine.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your highnesse pleasure
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cat. I goe: Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at *Salisbury*?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe?

Rat. Your highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My mind is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with the hea-
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. (ring,

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy tale the neereſt way?
Once more, what newes?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereigne, but by guesse.

Rich. Well, as you guesse.

Stan. Stir'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*.
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſt?

What heire of *Yorke* is there alive, but we?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorke*'s heire?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Vnleſſe for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Vnleſſe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him backe?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the Western Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stanley. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what doe they in the North,
When they should ſerve their Sovereigne in the West?

Stan. They have not beene commanded, mighty King
Pleaſeth your Maieſty to give me leave,
Ile muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace.
Where, and what time your Maieſty ſhall pleaſe.

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not truſt thee.

Stan. Most mighty Sovereigne,
You have no cauſe to hold my frienſhip doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

Rich. Goe then, and muſter me: but leave behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or elſe his heads aſſurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I prove true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Sovereigne, now in *Devonſhire*,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilford*s are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ſtriketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes,

Meſſ. The newes I have to tell your Maieſty, is,
Is, that by ſudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whicher.

Rich. I cry thee mercy;
There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviced friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath beene made, my Lord.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Sir Thomas Lovell*, and Lord *Marqueſſe Dorset*,
'Tis ſaid, my Leige, in *Yorkeſhire* are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſſe,
The Brittain Navy is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.

Richmond in *Dorſetſhire* ſent out a Boat
Vnto the ſhore, to aſke thoſe on the Bankes,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his party: he miſtruſting them,
Hoy'd ſayle, and made his courſe againe for Brittain.

Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battell might be wonne and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone : commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath hartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now ?

Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

Der. What men of Name resort to him.

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London doe they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hyc thee to thy Lord : I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my mind-
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led
to Execution.*

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him ?

Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foule injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Doe through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not ?

Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falso to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish't to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs :
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarets curse falles heavy on my necke :
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse :
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement :
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosomes : This foule Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne :
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheereily on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to us.

Blun. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare
Which in his deepest need will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolk, Ratcliffe,
and the Earle of Surrey.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bosworth field;
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes :
Ha, must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow ? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath defied the number of the Traitors ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account :
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.
Vp with the Tent : Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction :

Let's

Let's lacke no Discipline. make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exiunt.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Rich. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard:
Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limeach Leader to his severall Charge,
And part in just proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir William Brandon*,
And you *Sir Walter Herbert* stay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) doe for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, doe you know?

Blunt. Vnlesse I have mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lyes halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good meanes to speak with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.

Blunt. Vpon my selfe, my Lord, Ile undertake it,
And so God give you quiet rest to night.

Rich. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to morrowes Businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?

Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a Clocke.

King. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Inke and Paper:

What, is my Beaver easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull Watch, chooseth trusty Centinels.

Nor. I see my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit.

Rich. Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivaunt at Armes
To *Stanley's* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surray for the field to morow:
Look that my staves be sound, & not too heavy. *Ratcliffe.*

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cock shut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing up the Souldiers.

King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Mind that I was wont to have.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.

Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leave me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derb. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Richm. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flaky darkenesse breakes within the East.
In brieft, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being scene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his fathers sight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearefull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Love,
And ample interchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell upon:
God give us leysure for these rites of Love.

Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well,

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile strive with troubled noyse, to take a Nap.
Left leaden slumber prize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exiunt. Manes Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Look e on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heavy fall,
Th' usurping Helms of our Adversaries:
Make us thy ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, ch defend me still.

Sleepes.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the sixth.

Gh. to Ri. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow:
Thinke how thou slab'st me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury; Despaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Anointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Despaire, and dye,
Henry the sixth, bids thee despaire and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fullsome Wine :
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death :
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, despaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke doe pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret : despaire, and dye.
Grey. Thinke upon *Grey*, and let thy soule despaire.
Vaugh. Thinke upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, despaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake.
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Bosome,
Will conquer. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty : guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* ; despaire, and dye.

Hast. *To Richm.* Quiet untroubled soule,
Awake, awake :
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower :
Let us be laid within thy bosome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death :
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee despaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe *Richmond*,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, doe bid thee flourish ;

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fillles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaille, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, despaire and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe :
Dreame of Successe, and happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghosts of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne :
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the bataile thinke on *Buckingham*,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire ; despairing yeeld thy breath,

Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde ;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde :
God, and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Give me another horse, bind up my Wounds :
Have mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh

What ? doe I feare my Selfe ? There's none else by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere ? No ; Yes, I am :
Then flye ? What from my selfe ? Great reason : why ?
Left I Revenge. What ? my selfe upon my selfe ?
Alacke, I love my selfe. Wherefore ? For any good
That I my selfe, have done unto my selfe ?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my selfe.
I am a villaine : yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy selfe speake well : Foole doe not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand severall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a severall Tale,
And every Tale condemnes me for a Villaine ;
Perjury, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,
All severall sinnes, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty,
I shall despaire, there is no Creatue loves me ;
And if I dye, no soule shall pitty me.
Nay, wherefore should they ? Since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought, the soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there ?

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I : the early Village Cocke
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadows to night
Have stroke more terror to the soule of *Richard*.
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents ; Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrink from me.

Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent.*

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich. Cry you mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen
That you have tane a tardy sluggard heere ?

Lords. How have you slept my Lord ?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That ever entred in a drowfie head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies *Richard* murther'd
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory :
I promise you my heart is very jocond,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords ?

Lord. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leysure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon : yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against.
Had rather have us winne, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you doe sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you doe fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you stoe fight in safegard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you doe free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpet boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

King. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Ratc. That he was never trained up in Armes.

King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Ratc. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clocke there. *Clockes strikes.*

Give me a Kalender: who saw the Sunne to day?

Ratc. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should have brav'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*

Ratc. My Lord.

King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre upon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heaven
That frownes on me, lookes sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shall be ordred.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid't:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well-wingd with our cheifest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.

What think'st thou Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction warlike Sovereigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Lockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.

King. A thing devised by the Enemy.
Goe Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
For conscience is a word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bravely, let us too't peli mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.
What shall I say more then I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, Run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having Lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other.
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Milke-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shooes in Snow:
Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
Lash hence these over-weening Raggies of France,
These famish'd Beggars, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?

Ravish our daughters? *Drum as a fore off.*

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battaile, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome.
Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
Onr Ancient word of Courage, faire Saint George
Inspire us with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victory sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposit to every danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter

Enter Richard.

Rich. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Care. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a horse.

Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye :
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

*Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight,
Richard is slaine.*

*Retreat, and Flownilb. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the
Crowne, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends ;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee : Loc,
Heere these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* living ?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side ?

*Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.*

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Souldiers fled,
That in submission will retorne to us,
And then as we have tane the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heaven upon this faire Conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their Enmity :
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen ?
England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe ;
The brother blindly shed the Brothers blood ;
The father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne ;
The Sonnes compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire :
All this divided *Torke* and *Lancaster*,
Divided, in their dire Division.

O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance, conjoyne together :
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood :
Let them not live to taste this Lands increase,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace
Now Civill wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen ;
That she may long live here, God say, Amen. *Exeunt.*

Ff N 7 S.





The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh; Things now,
That bears a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, fall of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pity, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May heere find Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so agree,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their stalling
Richly in two short houres, Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Mosley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be deceiv'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fights is, beside forseyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living: Thinke you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: then, in a moment, see
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, He say,
A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aburgavenny.

Buckingham.

Bood morrow, and well met. How have yee
Since last we saw in France? (done)
Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Heathfull, and ever since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Arde

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embrace, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one above it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'd incomparable; and th'ensuing night
Made it a foole, and beggar. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As presence did present them: him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wage his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond

Beyond thoughts Compassie, that former fabulous Story
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was beleev'd.

Buc. Oh you goe farre.

Nor. As I beloug to worship, and affect
In honor, honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser lose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue to.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:
Once certes, that promises no Element,
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. Al this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The divell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To doe in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take up the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun;
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his selfe-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? the devill is a Niggard,
Or ha's given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the divell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the privy o'th' King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as gear a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I doe know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke their backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greevingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and us, not valeswes
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboated
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out.
For France hath slaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be said
It reaches farre, and where'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my counsell,
You'll find it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rocke
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certain
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Card-
nall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buckingham and
Buckingham on him, both full
of disdain.*

Car. The Duke of *Buckingham*s Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Here so please you.

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, and *Buckingham*
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall and his Train.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I reade in's lookes
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this instant
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to'th' King:
He follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question:
What 'tis you goe about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horle, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. He to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This *Ipwich* fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advi'd;
Heat not a Farnace for your foe so hot
That it doe singe your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, waists it: be advi'd;
I say againe, there is no English soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe:
If with the lap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buc. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Iuly*, when
We see each graine of gravell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.
Buc. Toth' King Ile say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall ray'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty: Th' interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake it wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buc. Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinal
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
Toth' old dam Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. He Privily
Deales with our Cardinall, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pay'd with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his owne advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buc. No, not a sillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.

Enter *Brandon*, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high Treason, in the name
Of our most Sovereigne King.

Buc. Loe you my Lord,
The net has falne upon me, I shall perishe
Vnder device, and practise.

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. 'Tis his highnesse pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit't part, black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburghany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know,
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councillour.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbes o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*.

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is false; The ore-great Cardinall
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure even this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scæna Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinalls shoul-
der: the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall
places himselfe under the Kings seate on
his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' levell
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before us
That Gentleman of *Buckingham*, in person,
Ile heare him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

A noise with crying roomes for the Queene, usher'd by the
Duke of *Norfolke*. Enter the Queene, *Norfolke* and
Suffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his Seate,
takes her up, kisses and placeth her
by him.

Quee. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; halfe your Suit
Never name to us; you have halfe our power:

The other moiety ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Quee. Thanke your Majesty
That you would love your selfe, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the point
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine proceed.

Quee. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance; There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Molt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Master (not
Whose Honor heaven shield from soile; even he escapes
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, have put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lacke of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent to th'teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State: and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Quee. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sovereigne would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kind let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Quee. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The subjects grieve
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to belevied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slave
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer benefesse.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voyce, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges: if I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As ravenous Fishes doe a Vessel follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride up
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State Statues onely.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And sicke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we rake
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th Timber:
And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the grieved Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Sarr.*

Enter Surveyor.

Quee. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And never seeke for ayde out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then ever they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders, and when we
Almost with ravish'd listning, could not find
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become a blacke,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fote-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was usuall with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Sturgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
Revenge upon the *Cardinall*.

Card. Please your Highnesse, note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not friended by his will to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My karned Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliver all with Charity.

Kin. Speake on;

How grounded he his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophecie of *Nicholas Henton*.

Kin. What was that *Henton*?

Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux Fryer*,
His Confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of Sovereignty.

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint *Laurence Poulney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would prove perfidious
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the Commissions Seale,
He solemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly enfold; neither the King nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To the love o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your Noble Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

Kin. Let him on. Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Divels illusions
The Monke might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this so farre, untill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleev'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Lovells* heads

Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sir. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*.

(vant,

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-
The Duke retain'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Vsurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor,

Card. No, Madam, may his Highnesse live in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all.

(say't?

Kin. Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evill us'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irrefolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.

L.Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should juggle
Men into such strange Mysteries?

L.San. New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd,

L.Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noses had been Councillours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State so.

L.San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

L.Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th' have worne out Christendome; how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Cham. What is't for?

Lou. The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors,

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monfieurs
To thinke an English Courtier may be wife,
And never see the *Louure*.

Lou. They must eyther
(For to run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wisedome, renounccing cleane
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blistred Breeches and those types of Travell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there I take it,
They may *Cum Privilegio*, weare away
The Lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. 'Tis time to give him Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so catching.

L. Cham. What a losse our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lovell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the illye whorsons
Have got a speeding trick to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. San. The Divell fiddle 'em.
I am glad they are going,
'For sure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And have an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shalt not while I have a stumpe.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.

Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,
His dewes fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine.
Men of his way, should be most liberall,
They are set heere for examples.

L. Cham. True they are so;
But few now give so great ones:
My Barge staves;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboyes. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a
longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests
at one Doore; at another Doore enter
Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter *L. Chamberlaine*, *L. Sands*, and *Lovell*.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford*.
San. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should find easie penance,

Lou. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe Bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betweene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your Leave sweet Ladies
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely feared: Gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall *Wolsey*, and takes his State.
Card. Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Fiend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thankses,
And save me so much talking,

Card. My Lord *Sands*,

I am beholding to you : cheere your neighbour :
Ladies you are not merry ; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then we shall have 'em,
Take us to silence.

An.B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play :
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam :
For 'tis to such a thing.

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card. What's that ?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce.

And to what end is this ? Nay, Ladies, feare not ;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't ?

Serv. Anoble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme ; th' have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remov'd.

You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

*Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and graciously salute
him.*

A noble Company : what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speake no English, thus they praide
To tell your Grace : That having heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere, they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leave their Flockes, and under your faire conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Revels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They have done my poore house grace :
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Chooſe Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd : O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Whisper.

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves Gentlemen ; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.

King. Ye have found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly, you doe well Lord.
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should judge now unhappily.

Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlaine,
prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that ?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,
One of her Highnesse women.

King. By Heaven she is a dainty one, Sweet heart,
I were unmanerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the Banket ready
I'th' Privy Chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I feare too much.

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies ev'ry one : Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you : Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doors.

1. Whither away so fast ?

2. O, God save ye :

Ev'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. Ile save you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there ?

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty ?

1. Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd upon't.

2. I am sorry for't.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it ?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar ; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still nor guilty, and alleadged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary;
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought *viva voce* to his face ;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *John Car*,
Confessor to him, with that Divell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1. The same,
All these accus'd him strongly which he faine
Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not ;
And so his Peeres upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life : But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe ?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreemly,
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First *Kildares* Attendure ;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remov'd,
Earle *Surrey* was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That trick of State
Was a deepe envious one.

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it ; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde employment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o'my Conscience
Wish him ten faddom deepe : This Duke as much
They love and doate on : call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tis taves before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell ; Sir Nicholas
Vaux, Walter Sands, and common people, &c.*

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus have come to pittie me ;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traitors judgement,
And by that name must dye ; yet Heaven beare witness,
And if I have a Conscience, let it sinke me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T'has done upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians :
(Be what they will) I heartily forgue 'em ;
Yet let 'em looke they glorie not in mischief ;

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More then I dare make faults.

You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes ; whom to leave
Is onely bitter to him, only dying :
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Leade on a Gods name.

Lovell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with :
No blacke envy shall make my Grave.
Commend me to his Grace :

And if he speake of *Buckingham* ; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven : my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings ; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares ;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his Rule be ;
And when old Time shall leade him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill up one Monument.

Lov. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming : See the Barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham* : now, poore *Edward Bohun*,
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant : I now scale it ;
And with that blond will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against *Vturping Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister*,
Being distrest ; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell ; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seaventh succeeding, truly pittying
My Fathers losse ; like a most Royall Prince
Restor'd me to my Honours : and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy ; at one stroke ha's taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one ; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father :
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes, both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd most :
A most unnaturall and faithlesse Service.
Heaven ha's an end in all : yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receive as certaine :
Where you are liberrall of your loves and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loofe ; for those you make friends,
And

And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it calls
I feare, too many curles on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an ensuing evill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1. Let me have it;
I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and Katherine?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, peesest him with a scruple
That will undoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this businesse.

1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meere to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in private more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

MY Lord, the Hor'es your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and unaine power rooke
em from me, with this reason: his master would be serv'd be-

fore a Subject, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouths
Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him have them; hee
will have all I thinke.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor.
folke and Suffolke.*

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King implay'd?

Cham. I left him Private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norf. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norf. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinalls doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
Het's never know himsele else.

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her
That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel: tis most true,
These newes are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance; I would not
Or this imperious man will worke us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, to lle stand,
If the King please: his Curfes and his blessings
Touch me alike: th' are breath I not beleve in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other businesse, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me elsewhere: Besides
You'l finde a most unfit time to disturbe him:
Heath to your Lordships.

Norfolk. Thanks my Good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (selves)

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:

Go to; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vse us, and it: my good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;

I would your Grace would give us but an howre
Of private conference.

Kin. We are busie; goe.

Nor. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

Exeunt Norfolk, and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace ha's given a President of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?
The Spaniard ride by blood and favour to her,
Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse,
The Tryall, just and Noble. All the Clearkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Have their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement,
Invited by your Noble selfe hath sent
One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
This just and learned Priest, Cardinall *Campeius*
Whom once more, I present unto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclave for their loves,
They have sent me such a Man, I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding: You my Lord
Cardinall of *Torke*, are joyn'd with me their Servant,
In the unparciall judging of this Businesse. (ted)

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquaint-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty, ha's alwayes lov'd her
So deere in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Scholler's allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you,
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispers.

Cam. My Lord of *Torke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Cam. Belceve me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not sticke to say, you envie him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greev'd him;
That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heav'ns peace be with him:

That's Christian care enough: for living Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will have none so neere else. Learne this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Blacke-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this waigthy businesse.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I muste leave her. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Majesty and pompe, the which
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first to acquire. After this Proccesse,
To give her the avaunt, it is a pitty
Would move a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her,

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies severing.

Old La. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pitty drop upon her; verily
I swear, tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a glistering griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie;
You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which guifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiverell Conscience, would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

An. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth: you would not be a Queene?

An. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three pence bow'd now would hire
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you, (me,
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Have you limbs
To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made, plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weake
Ever to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little England
You'll venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it valewes not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceive I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duly hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham Lady;

I shall not faile t' approve the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile? I le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune: have your mouth filld up,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of *Pembrooke*?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood ajot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and we forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What heere y' have heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me — *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets.

*Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two
Scribes in the habite of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely,
Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bear-
ing each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman Usher bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at armes, bearing a
Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Silver Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
two Noble men, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals sit
under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some di-
stance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Consistory. Below them
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.*

Card.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly bene read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't so, proceed.

Scri. Say, *Henry K.* of England, come into the Court.

Crier. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.

Cries. *Katherine* Queene of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feete. Then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me right and iustice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I have bene to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subject to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? when was the houre
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to minde,
That I have bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And proceesse of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine Honour aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my love and Duty
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let fowl'st Contempt
Shut doore upon me, and so give me up
To the shap't kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; and an excellent
And unmatched Wit, and Iudgement, *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, advis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have heere Lady.

(And of your choice) these reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
He turne to sparkes of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleve
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.

Wol. I do proteste

You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet
Have stood to Charity: and displayd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdomes,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory;
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falshood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You (gracious Madam) to unthinke your speaking,
And to say no more.

Quee. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weake
To oppose your cunning. Yare meeke, & humble-mouth'd,
Your signe you place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: But your Heart
Is cawm'd with Arrogance, Spleene, and Pride.
You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favors,
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) serve your will; as't please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause fore his Holinesse,
And to be judg'd by him.

She Cries to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tri'd by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine. Q. of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Vth. Madam, you are call'd backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Vpon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that; Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenessse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soveraigne and Pious, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne:
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

Vol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnesse,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfide) whether ever I
Did breach this businesse to your Highnesse, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like the Village Curres,
Bark when their fellowes doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more justifi'd? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this businesse, never desir'd
It to be stir'd; but oft have hindred, oft
The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinall to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mov'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; give heede
My Conscience first receiv'd a tendernesse,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of *Bayon*, then French Ambassador,
Who had bene hither sent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th' Progresse of this businesse,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did requite a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yea with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings, did throng
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not
Be glad in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
By this my Issues faile, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wilde Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
Toward this remedy; whereupon we are
Now present heere together: that's to say;
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,
By all the reverend Fathers of the Land.
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How under my oppression I did reeke
When I first mov'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Ledge.

Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnesse,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,
And did intreat your Highnesse in this course,
Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this present Summons untelicited.
I left no reverend person in this Court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales: therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primest Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnesse,
The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnessse,
That we adiourne this Court further day,
Meane while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends unto his holinesse.

Kin. I may perceiue
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbelov'd Servant *Craumer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake up the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.*

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working:

SONG.

O Rpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring; as Sunne and Showres,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, and griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

*Enter a Gentleman.**Queen.* How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?*Gent.* They wil'd me say so Madam.*Queen.* Pray their Graces.

To come neere: what can be their businesse
With me, a poore weake woman, false from favour,
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should be good men, their affaires are righteous,
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

*Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.**Wol.* Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houwife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience
Deserves a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe,
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinon set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Card. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas (Regina serenissima.)**Queen.* Good my Lord, no Latin;

I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in: (ous:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistisake;
Beleeve me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'ft sinne I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity should breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honest men) our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Service, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye prove so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
In such a point of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of gravity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I have beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me have time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman friendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings love with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit: can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare give me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst Highnesse pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And live a Subject? Nay forsooth my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Country Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall o' the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall upon ye.

Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into envy.

Que. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Iustice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banisht me his bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely by Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchednesse? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this:

Cam. Your feares are worse.

Qu. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne're dream'd a loy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)
Yet will I adde an honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.

Que. My Lord,
I dare not make my selfe so guilty,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wiled me to; nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.

Card. Pray heare me.

Qu. Would I had never trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angels Faces; but Heaven knowes your hearts.
What shall become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most unhappy Woman living.
Alas (poore Wench) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almost no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
He hang my head, and perish.

Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it;
We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
For goodnesse sake, consider what you doe,
How you may hurt your selfe: I, utterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they love it. But to stubborn Spirits,
They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.
I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinke us,
Those we profess, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.

Cam. Madam, you'l finde it so:
You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, ever casts
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loves you,
Beware you loose it not: For us (if you please
To trust us in your businesse) we are ready
To use our utmost Studies, in your service.

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgive me;
If I have us'd my selfe unmannerly,
You know I am a Woman lacking wit
To make a seemely answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majestie,
He ha's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers
While I shall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
Bestow your Counsell on me. She now begs
That little thought when she let footing heere,
She should have bought her Dignities so deere *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine more new disgraces,
With these you beare already.

Suf. I am joyfull
To meete the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres
Have uncontent'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his access to'th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Suf. Sir,
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once every houre.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Suf. How came
His practises to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Suf. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,

And

And come to th' eye o'th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeve it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares unrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature, I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Disgest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leave,
Ha's left the cause to'th' King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Nor. But my Lord
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeve)
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardiaall.

Nor. Observe, observe, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gav't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th' inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leave me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen*?
No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbrooke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th' bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung up
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scadule.

Sur. I would'twer something y would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood heere observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes upon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into salt gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We have scene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwittingly)
Forsooth an inventorie, thus importing
The severall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich stufes and Ornaments of Household, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's heavens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His Contemplations were above the earth,
And fixt on spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whispers Lovell, who goes
to the Cardinall.*

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God bleſſe your Highneſſe.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly ſtuffe, and beare the Inventory,
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde, the which
You were now running o're: you have ſcarſe time
To ſteale from Spirituall leysure, a brieſe ſpan
To keepe your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To thinke upon the part of buſineſſe, which
I beare i'th' State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which perforce
I her fraile ſonne, among ſt my Brethren mortall,
Muſt give my tendance to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Car. And ever may your Highneſſe yoake together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.

King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good dedde to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word upon you. Since I had my Office,
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Havings, to beſtow
My Bounties upon you.

Car. What ſhould this meane?

Sir. The Lord increaſe this buſineſſe.

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay withall
If you are bound to us, or no. What ſay you?

Car. My Sovraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Shower'd on me daily, have bene more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes require, which went
Beyond all mans endeavors. My endeavors,
Have ever come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Have bene ſo, that ever more they pointed
To 'th' good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me (poore Vnderſerver) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyalty
Which ever ha's, and ever ſhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The fowlneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Love, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Loves particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do profeſſe,
That for your Highneſſe good, I ever labour'd
More then mine owne: that art, have, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken;
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breaſt,
For you have ſeene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you have.

*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throw after him ſmiling, and whiſpering.*

Car. What ſhould this meane?
What ſodaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper ha's undone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedom
And ſee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Divell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?
The Letter (as I live) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ to's Holineſſe. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting, I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man ſee me more.

*Enter to Woolſey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke, the
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.*

Nor. Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, and to Confine your ſelfe
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſters,
Till you heare further from his Highneſſe.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority ſo weighty.

Suf. Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feele
Of what courſe Mettle ye are molded, Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courtes, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maister) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Car. It must be him selfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these forty houres, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarler sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policy,
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him:
Whil'ft your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,
Abolv'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Iury, and foule Cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honesty, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Royall Maister,
Dare mate a founder man then Surry can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou should'st feele
My Sword it's life blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larkes.

Car. All Goodnesse

Is poison to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobility, our Issues,
(Who if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile startle you
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in Charity against it,

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Wol. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:

I thanke my Memory, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty Cardinall,
You'll shew a little Honesty.

Wol. Speake on Sir,

I dare your worst Objections: If I blush;
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
Have at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*,
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(by what meanes got, I leave to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the meere undoing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,

Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I foreive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power Legative within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th' compasse of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to us,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man, to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossomes.
And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke under me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their raine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can the Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am false indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillet, out of pittie, taken
A load, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right use of it.

Card. I hope I have:

I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God bleesie him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's somewhat sodain.

But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highnesse favour, and do Iustice
For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
May have a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Crammer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voice is now
Onely about her Coronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O Cromwell,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever.

No Sun, shall ever usher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwell*,
I am a poore false man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maister. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may never set) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will stirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull service perish too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,

Must I then leave you? Must I needes forgo
So good, so Noble, and so true a Maister?
Beare witness, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Card. *Cromwell*, I did not thinke to shed a teare
In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwell*,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy Maister must it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and feare not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (*O Cromwell*)
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.

Serve the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. *O Cromwell, Cromwell*
Had I but serv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I serv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies,

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Card. So I have. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, passe from her Coronation.

y 2

2 'Tis

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall joy.

2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure have shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Never greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hands.

1 Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may read the rest.

I I thanke you Sir: Had I not knowne those customes,
I should have beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; fixe miles off
From Amptill, where the Princesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearence, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent
Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kymmington,
Where she remaines now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queene is comming.

He-boyes.

The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
 - 2 *Then two Judges.*
 - 3 *Lord Chancelor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
 - 4 *Quiristers singing.* Musicke
 - 5 *Maioir of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
 - 6 *Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.*
 - 7 *Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.*
 - 8 *A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
 - 9 *The Old Dutchesse of Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Quenes Trainee.*
 - 10 *Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*
- Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, *A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Trainee beleeve me: These I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Yes.

2 Heaven bleesse thee.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honor over her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Those men are happy,
And so are all, are neere her.
I take it, she that carries up the Trainee,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolk.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere ranknesse of their joy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to us?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
To a prep'r'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat downe
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Beleeve me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
As the throwdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew up, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had beene lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
And make'em reele before'em. No man living
Could say this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choyfett Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together fung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Featt is held.

1 Sir.

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byshops

Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.

2 He of Wincester

Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3 All the Land knowes that:

How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 *Thomas Cromwell*,

A man in much esteeme with th' King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maister o' th' Jewell House,
And one already of the Privy Councell.

2 He will deserve more.

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen ye shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
He tell ye more.

Both. You may command us Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betweene Griffish,
her Gentleman Vber, and Patience
her Woman.*

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffish*, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaded Branches bow to th' Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me *Griffish*, as thou lead'st me,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolsey*.
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thinke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gave no care too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffish*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he slept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sicke sodainly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot
With all his Covent, honorably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse
Purs'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himsele
Foretold should be his last, full Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He give his Honors to the world agen,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

- *Kath.* So may he rest,

His faults lye on him:

Yet thus farre *Griffish*, give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was, a man
Of an unbounded stomacke, ever ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symony, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Mens evil manners, live in Brasse, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse
To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good *Griffish*,

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall.

Though from an humble Stocke, undebutedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:
Lofty, and lowre to them that lov'd him not:
But to those men that fought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most Princely: Ever witnesse for him
Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwillling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though unfinish'd) yet so Famous,
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
That Christendome shall ever speake his Vertue.
His Overthrow, heap'd Happiness upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Blessednesse of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as *Griffish*.
Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made me
With thy Religious Truth, and Modesty,
(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffish*,
Cause the Musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my Knell; whilst I sit meditating.

On that Caelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musicke.

Grif. She is asleepe: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reverend Curtisies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Charges, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of rejoycing, & holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast a thousand beames upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Musicke ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace —

Kat. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To use so rude behauiour. Go to, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messenger.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne service to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke given in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loves: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well; and a little
To love her for her Mothers sake: that lov'd him:
Heaven knowes how deerely.

My next poore Petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lye) but will deserve
For Vertue, and true Beauty of the Soule,
For honesty, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven I will.

Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, 'good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honor; strew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grave: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although unqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas:
Whether so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lov. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. He take my leave.

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell: what's the matter?
It seemes you are in haste: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seeks its patch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They lay in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit she' goe with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Lady do's
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir.
Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
Till Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,
Till Cranmer Cromwell, her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graves.

Lov. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd in Kingdome: as for Cromwel,
Beside that of the Jewell-House, is made Maister
O'th Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe have ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have
Incens'd the Lords o'th Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Hereticke, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved
Have broken with the King, who hath so farre
Given eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace:
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefs,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be convented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little Charles,
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now Lovell, from the Queene what is the Newes?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your Highnesse
Most hartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Suf. God fately quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Travaile, to the gladding of
Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember
Th' estate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night.

Exit Suffolke.

Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Vs.

Lov. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. Lovell, come to stay.
Ha? I have said. Be gone.

Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
I have Newes to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeve at what I speake,
And am right sorry to repeat what followes.
I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard

Heard many greivous. I do say my Lord
Greivous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe;
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of us
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumniou: tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

Kin. Stand up, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

Kin. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not ever
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaves as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things have bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periu'd Witnesse, then your Maister,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liv'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leape of danger,
Ane woore your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

Kin. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more prevaile, then we give way to:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Faile not to use; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to us
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's strangled all his Language in his teares.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make: my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

Kin. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliver'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege;
And of a lovely Boy; the God of heaven
Both now, and ever blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queene
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

Lad. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbysshop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Ho?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes; my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peice of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. *Exit Buts.*

Cran. 'Tis Butts.

The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a follow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Butts, at a Window
above.*

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Butts?

Buts.

Buiss. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Buiss. There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purlevants,
Page-s, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Buiss*) there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours,

The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cromer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisedome, you that best should teach us,
Have misdeem'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords, for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mowthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
Out of our easinesse and childish pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;
Farewell all Physicke; and what followes then?
Commoions, uprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The upper *Germany* can decerely witnesse:
Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Crom. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirres against,
Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publike peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (ment,

Gard. My Lord, because we have businesse of more mo-
We will be shor't with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
And our consent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Crom. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away. That I shall cleare my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discovers
To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How ever faulty, yet should finde respect
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M^r Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may wor't
Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found I say.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbeare for shame my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be convaid to th' Tower a Prisoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne unto us: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Card. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I goe like a Traitor thither?

Card. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripe of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'Twold fall upon our selves.

Nor. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certaine,
How much more is his Life in valve with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Dively
And his diciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate,

Card. Dread Sovereigne.

How much are we bound to Heaven,
In dayly thankes; that gave us such a Prince;
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sodaine Commendations
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence,
They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace; —

King. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding,
And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserue that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy
At Chamberdore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission,
Bid ye so farre forget your selves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groomer: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the utmost, had ye meane,
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cham. Thus farre

My most dread Sovereigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and use him well, hee's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I

Am for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

King. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
You shall have two noble Partners with you: the olde
Duchesse of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marquess *Dorset*? will
these please you?

Once more my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.

Card. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I doe it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (heart)

King. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true
The common voice I see is verified
Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leane your noife anon ye Rascals: doe you
take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave
your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue,
Is this a place to roate in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
He scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Ras-
kalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may is well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one sound Cudgell off foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Jay*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker;
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.

Wish. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. *Puppy*.
Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you have me doe?

Port. What should you doe,

But knock'em downe by th'dozens? Is this More fields
to muster in? Or have wee some strange Indian with the
great *Toole*, come to Court, the women so besiege us?
Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all to-
gether.

Man. The Spóones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasi-
er by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-
dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
under the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow us. There was a Habberda-
shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd upon me,
till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
her succour, which were the hope o'th'Strond where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defide'em
still, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind'em, loose shot,
deliver'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
draw mine Honour in, and let'em win the Worke, the
Divell was amongst'em I thinke surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have some of
'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance
these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaves? Y'have made fine hand fellows?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th'Suburbs? We shall have
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Port. And't please your Honour,
We are but men, and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule'em.

Cha. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all

By th'heelcs, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And heere yelye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde a way out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes,

Port. Make way there, for the Princesse.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or Ile make your head ake.

Port. You i'th'Chamberlet, get up o'th'raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior,
Garter, Crammer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshalls
Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great Stand-
ing Bowles for the Christening Guises: Then four Noble-
men bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchesse of Nor-
folke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a
Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then follows the
Marchionesse Darset, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The
Troope passe once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven
From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princesse of England *Elizabeth*.

Flourish: Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queene,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourelly fall upon ye.

King. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Standup Lord,
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My Noble Gossips, y'have beene too Prodigall,
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heaven still move about her;
Though in her Cradle, yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurfe her,

Holy

Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
 Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
 And hang their heads with sorrow:
 Good growes with her.
 In her dayes, Every Man shall eate in safety,
 Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
 God shall be truly knowne, and those about her,
 From he: shall read the perfect way of Honour,
 And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
 Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
 As great in admiration as her selfe.
 So shall she leave her Blessednesse to One,
 (When Heaven shal cal her from this clowd of darknes)
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
 That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
 Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
 His Honor, and the greatnesse of his name,
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
 To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
 Shall see this, and blesse Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Crown. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
 An aged Princess; many dayes shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
 Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
 She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
 A most unspotted Lilly shall she passe
 To th'groud, and all the World shall mourne her.

King. O Lord Archbithop
 Thou hast made me now a man, never before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker,
 I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
 I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Leade the way Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
 She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
 'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
 This little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

THE EPILOGVE.

TIs ten to one, this Play can never please
 All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
 We have frighted with our Trumpets: so 'tis cleare,
 They'l say it's naught. Others to heare the City
 Abuse'd extreemly, and to cry that's wistly,
 Which we have not done neither; that I feare

All the expected good we are like to heare,
 For this Play at this time is onely in
 The mercifull construction of good women
 For such a one we shew'd em: If they smile,
 And say twill doe; I know within a while,
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FIN IS.





The Prologue:

IN Troy there lyes the Scene : from fies of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre : Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian Bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong Immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barkes doe there disgorge
Their Warlike frautage : now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes doe pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priams six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massy Staples
And corressponfue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce ; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument ;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vauit and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle : starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play :
Like, or find fault, doe as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.



THE TRAGEDIE OF Troilus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

C All here my Varlet, Ile unarme againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere ne're be mended? (strength,

Troy. The Greekes are strong, and skilfull to their
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare:
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleffe as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. He that will
have a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening; but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesse blench at sufferance, then I doe:

At *Priams* Royall Table I sit;

And when faire *Cressida* comes into my thoughts,

So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then ever I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twaine,
Least *Hector*, or my father should perceive me:
I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helen, well goe to, there were no more comparisn be-
twene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I would

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sifter *Cassandra's* wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressida's* love. Thou answer'st she is Faire,
Pow'r't in the open Vloer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voyce,
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparisn, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,
The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense
Hard as the palme of Ploughman. This thou tel'st me;
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't. Let her be as she is,
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she
ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*; How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my Labour for my travell, ill thought
on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and
betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Because she's Kinne to me, therefore she's not
so faire as *Helen*, and she were not kin to me, she would
be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what
care I? I care not and she were a Blacke-a-Moore, 'tis all
one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I doe not care whether you doe or no. She's a
Foole to stay behind her Father: Let her to the Greekes,
and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile
meddle nor make no more i'th matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweet *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all
as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarm.

Tro. Peace you ungracious Clumors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this Argument :

It is too starv'd a subject for my Sword,
But *Pandarus* : O gods ! How doe you plague me ?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chaff, against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we :
Her bed is *India*, there she lyes, a Pearle,
Betweene our *Ilium*, and where she resides
Let it be cald the mild and wandring flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter *Aeneas*.

Aeneas. How now Prince *Troylus* ?
Wherefore not afield ?
Troy. Because not there ; this womans answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence :
What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day ?

Aeneas. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Aeneas* ?

Aeneas. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

Aeneas. Hearke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may ;

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither ?

Aeneas. In all swift hast.

Troy. Come goe we then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Cressid* and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whither goe they ?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vales,
To see the battell ; *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mov'd :
He chides *Andromache*, and strooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, he was earnest light,
And to the field goe's he ; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foresaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Man. The noise goe's this ;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Man. They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cre. So doe all men, unless they are drunke, sicke, or
have no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish
as the Beare, slow as the Elephant : a man into whom
nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht
into folly, his folly fauced with discretion : there is no
man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-
ny man an attainr, but he carries some staine of it. He is
melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, he
hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing so out
of joynt, that he is a gowty *Briareus*, many hands and
no use ; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,
make *Hector* angry ?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-

tell and strooke him down, the disdain & shame where-
of, hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Man. Madam, your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Cressid* : what doe you talke
of ? good morrow *Alexander* : how doe you Cozen ? when
were you at *Ilium* ?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came ? Was
Hector arm'd and gone ere ye came to *Ilium* ? *Helen* was
not up ? was she ?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'ne so ; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger :

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he sayes here.

Pan. True he was so ; I know the cause too, heele lay
about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus*
will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of
Troylus ; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too ?

Pan. Who *Troylus* ?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter* ; there's no comparifon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector* ? doe you
know a man if you see him ?

Cre. I, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe ? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himselfe ? no ? he's not himselfe, would a were
himselfe ; well, the gods are above, time must friend or
end : well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her bo-
dy ; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuse me,

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me ano-
ther tale when th'others come too't : *Hector* shall not
have his will this yeere.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he have his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'T would not become him, his owne's better.

Pan. You have no judgement Neece ; *Hellen* her selfe
swore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne favour (for
so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* should have too much, if she prais'd
him

him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper note.

Pan. I sweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loves him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th' other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cre. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a total.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound list as much as his brother *Heclor*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lister?

Pan. But to proove to you that *Hellen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why goe to then, but to prove to you that *Hellen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the
Prooffe, if youle proove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed she has a marvel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spye a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, *Queene Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Mistones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Heclor* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cre. And t'had beene a greene haire, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that: two and fifty haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Jupiter* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great wile going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
Itold you a thing yesterday, thinke on't.

Cre. So I doe.

Pand. He be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an 'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And He spring up in his teares, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand up here and see them, as they passe toward Illium? good Neece doe, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, He tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* above the rest.

Enter Aeneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*, is not that a brave man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrew'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th foundest judgement in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of perlon: when comes *Troilus*? He shew you *Troilus* anon, if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he doe, the rich shall have more.

Enter Heclor.

Pan. That's *Heclor*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Heclor*, there's a brave man Neece, O brave *Heclor*! Looke how he looks? there's a countenance; ist not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hackes are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, doe you see? Looke you there? There's no jesting, laying on, tak't off, who will, as they say, there be hackes.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the divell, come to him, it's all one, by Godslid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man too, ist not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will doe *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I marvell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent well, I marvell where *Troilus*; ha ke, doe you not heare the people cry *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Diaphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man Neece, hem; Brave *Troilus* the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marke him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Heclors*, and how he looks

lookes, and how he goes, O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Goe thy way *Troilus*, goe thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a *Goddesse*, he should take his choyce. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Hellen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cre. Heere come more.

Pan. Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th'eyes of *Troilus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gone, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better, man then *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Doe you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cres. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blow, unlesse it i'well past hiding, and then is past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. Your are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cres. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit *Pan.* Words, voves, gifts, teares, and loves full sacrifice, He offers in anothers enterprise:

But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,
Then in the glasse of *Pandarus*'s praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the soules joy lyes in dooing:
That she belov'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more then it is.

That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love goe so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxime out of love I teach;

"*Achievement, is command: ungain'd, beseech.*
That though my hearts Contents firme love doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. Exit.

Sonet. Enter *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Menelaus*, with others.

Agam. Princes:

What grieve hath set the laundies on your cheekes?
The ample proposition that hopes makes
In all designs, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promist largeness: cheekes and disasters
Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound Pine, and diverts his Graine
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seven yeares siege, yet *Troy* walles stand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme.
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't furred shape. Why then (you Princes)
Doe you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else
But the protractive trials of great Iove,
To finde persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wife and foole, the Artift, and un-read,
The hard and soft, seeme all akind, and kin.
But in the Wind and Tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due Observance of thy godly fear,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy lateit words.

In the reproofe of Chance,
Liest the true proofe of men: The Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile
Vpon her patient brest, making their way
With those of Noble bulke?
But let the Russian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid mountains cut's
Bounding betwene the two moyst Elements
Like *Persus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,
Whose weake untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Tostle for Neptune. Even so,
Doth valours shew, and valours worth divide:
In stormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brize
Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And flies fled under shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,
Retypes to chiding Fortune.

Ulys. *Agamemnon.*

Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and opely spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be shut up; Heare what *Ulysses* speakes,
Besides th'applause and approbation
The which (most mighty) for thy place and may,

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,
I give to both your speeches : which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in Brasse : and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to heare *Vlysses* speake.

Aga. Speake Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect ;
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthens
Divide thy lips : then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke jawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Vlyss. Troy yet upon his basis had beene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected ;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hive,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
Th'unworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, reason, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order :
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evill,
And posits like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny ?
What raging of the Sea ? shaking of Earth ?
Commotion in the Windes ? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calmes of States
Quite from their fixure ? O, when degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by degree) stand in Authentique place ?
Take but degree away, un-tune that string,
And hearken what Discord followes : each thing meets
In meere oppugnancy. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe :
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his father dead :
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlessse jarre, justice resides)
Should loose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an universall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an universall prey,
And last, eat up himselfe.

Great *Agamemnon* ;
This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking :

And this neglect of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath : so every step
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.

And 'tis this Feaver that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakenesse lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* here discover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our power is sicke.

Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)
What is the remedy ?

Vlyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Having his care full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breakes scurrill Iests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pagtants us. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on ;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and sound
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
(Such to-be-pitted, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in :) and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes unquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Wound seeme Hyperboles. At this fustie stiffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* just.
Now play me *Nestor* ; hum, and stroke thy beard
As he, being drest to some Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels ; as like, as *Ulcian* and his wife,
Yet good *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the River : and at this sport
Sir Valour dies ; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall splitall
In pleasure of my spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilityes, gifts, naturas, shapcs,
Severalls and generalls of grace exact,
Archivements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successes or losse, what is, or is not, serves
As stufte for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect :
Ajax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him ;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
A slave (whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,) To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How ranke soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They take our Policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-stall prefciencie, and esteeme no aile
But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
That doe contrive how many hands shall strike
When fittest calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batter's downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Thetis* sonnes.

Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus*.

Men. From Troy. *Enter Aeneas.*

Aga. What would you fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Aene. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Doe a faire message to his Kingly eares?

Aga. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.

Aene. Faire leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperiall looks,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. How?

Aene. I: I aske, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthfull *Phœbus*:

Which is that God in office guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.

Aga. This Trojan scornes us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they have galls,
Good armes, strong joynts, true swords, and *loves* accord
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,
Peace Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth,
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?

Aene. I Greeke, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.

Aga. He heares nought privily

That comes from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his fence on the attentive bent,
And then to speake.

Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

He tel's thee so himselfe.

Aene. Trumpet blow loud.

Send thy brasse voyce through all these lazy Tents,
And every Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.

The Trumpets sound.

We have great *Agamemnon*, heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hektor*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among't the fayr't of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loves his Mistis more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hektor, in view of Trojans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or doe his best to doe it.
He hath a Lady, wifer, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greeke did compasse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hektor* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our Lovers, Lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soule in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prove,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hektor*, if none, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hektors* Grandfire suckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one sparke of fire
To answer for his Love; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd drawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth.

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Faire Lord *Aeneas*,

Let me touch your hand:

To our Pavillion shall I leade you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent,

So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent;

Your selfe shall Feast with us before you goe,

And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Maurus Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulyss. *Nestor.*

Nest. What sayes *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne up

In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or (shedding) breed a Nursery of like evill
To over-bulke us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Vls. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How ever it is spred in generall name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossenesse little charracters summe up,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of *Lybia*, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, will with great speede of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.

Vls. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the *Troyans* taste our deer't repute
With their fin't Pallate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the successe
(Although particular) shall give a scantling
Of good or bad, unto the Generall:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subseqvent Volumes, there is seene
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choyse;
And choyse being mutuall acte of all our soules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth us all: a man distill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the cong'ring part
To steele a strong opinion to themselves
Which entertain'd, Limbes are his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directive by the Limbes.

Vls. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let us (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And thinke perchance they'll sell: if not,
The luster of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Doe not consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Vls. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes,
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lot'r'y,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'll dresse him up in voyces: if he faile,

Yet goe we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or misse,
Our projects life this shape of fence assumes;
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Vlysses*, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, goe we to him straight;
Two Curses shall tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ajax, and Therisites.

Aja. *Therisites*?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (full) all over generally.

Aja. *Therisites*?

Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the Generall run, were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare? Feele then.

Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrell beefe-witted Lord.

Aja. Speake then you whinid't leavenspeake, I will beate thee into handfomnesse.

Ther. I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy horse will sooner con an Oration, then thou learne a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th thy lades trickes.

Aja. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doe st thou thinke I have no sence thou strik'st

Aja. The Proclamation. (me thus?)

Ther. Thou art proclam'd a foole, I thinke.

Aja. Doe not Porpentine, doe not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-som't scab in Greece.

Aja. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatnesse, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou bark'st at him.

Aja. Mistresse *Therisites*.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aja. Coblofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aja. You horson Curre.

Ther. Doe, doe.

Aja. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, doe, doe, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbowes: An *Afinico* may tutor thee. Thou scurvey valiant Ass, thou art here but to thresh *Troyans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heele, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aja. You dogge.

Ther. You scurvey Lord.

Aja. You Curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudenesse, doe Camell, doe, doe.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now *Therisites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, doe you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I doe: what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I doe so.
Ther. But yet you looke not well upon him: for who
 some ever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.
Achil. I know that foole.
Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe:
Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicum* of wit he utters: his
 evasions have eares thus long. I have bobb'd his Braine
 more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-
 rowes for a peny, and his *Piometer* is not worth the ninth
 part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who weares
 his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you
 what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say this *Ajax*——
Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.
Ther. Has not so much wit.——
Achil. Nay I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom
 he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace foole.
Ther. I would have peace and quietnesse, but the foole
 will not: he there, that he, looke you there.
Ajax. O thou damn'd Curie, I shall——
Achil. Will you set you wit to a Fooles?
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.
Pat. Good words *Thersites*.
Achil. What's the quarrell?
Ajax. I had thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure
 of the Proclamation, and he railes upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, goe to, goe to.
Ther. I serve heere voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not vol-
 untary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was heere the
 voluntary, and you as under an Impresse.
Ther. E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lyes in your
 sinnewes, or else there be Liars: *Hektor* shall have a great
 catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were
 as good cracke a fusty nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me too *Thersites*?
Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was
 mouldy ere their Grandfirs had nailes on their toes, yoke
 you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the waire.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to——
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou
 afterwards.
Pat. No more words *Thersites*.
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids
 me, shall I?
Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.
Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come
 any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit
 stirring, and leave the faction of fooles. *Exit.*
Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our hof,
 That *Hektor* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
 Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
 To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
 That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
 Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
Ajax. Farewell? who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise

He knew his man.
Aja. O meaning you, I will goe learne more of it. *Exit.*
Enter Priam, Hektor, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.
Pri. After so many houres, lives, speeches spent,
 Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,
 Deliver *Helen*, and ail damage else
 (As honour, losse of time, travaile, expence,
 Wounds, friends, and what else deere that is consum'd
 In not digestion of this cormorant Warre)
 Shall be stroke off. *Hektor*, what say you too't.
Hekt. Though no man lesser feares the Greekes then I,
 As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,
 There is no Lady of more softer bowels,
 More spungy, to sucke in the sence of feare,
 More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
 Then *Hektor* is: the wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure: but modest doubt is cal'd
 The Beacon of the wife: the tent that searces
 To'th' bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* goe.
 Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
 Every tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath beene as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours
 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
 (Had it our name) the vawle of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yeelding of her up?
Troy. Fye, fie, my Brother;
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
 (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
 Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters summe
 The past proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
 With spannes and inches so diminutive,
 As feares and reasons? Fye for godly shame?
Hekt. No marvell though you bite so sharpe at reasons,
 You are empty of them, should not our father
 Beare the great sway of his affaires with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
Troy. You are for dreames and slumbers brother Priest,
 You furre your gloves with reason: here are your reasons
 You know an enemy intends you harme,
 You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
 And reason flies the object of all harme,
 Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he doe set
 The very wings of reason to his heeles:
 Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of reason,
 And flye like chidden Mercury from Iove,
 Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
 Shold have hard hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
 Makes Lovers pale, and lusty hood deject.
Hekt. Brother, she is not worth
 What she doth cost the holding.
Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis vawle'd?
Hekt. But value dwels not in particular will,
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,
 As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry,
 To make the service greater then the god,
 And the will dotes that is inclineable
 To what infectionly it selfe affects,
 Without some image of th'affected merit.
Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I avoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant
When we have spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We doe not throw in unrespective place.
Because we now ate full. It was thought meete
Paris should doe some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Greecians keepe our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'll avouch, twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, goe:)
If you'll confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapt your hands)
And cride inestimable; why doe you now
The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,
And doe a deed that Fortune never did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we have stolne what we doe feare to keepe.
But Theeves unworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

*Enter Cassandra with her haire about
her eares.*

Cas. Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I doe know her voyce.

Cas. Cry *Troyans*.

Hec. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes;
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.

Hec. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my cla mour: let us pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.
Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand,
Our fire brand Brother *Paris* burnes us all.
Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

Hec. Now youthfull *Troilus*, doe not these hie strains
Of divination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the justnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds;
Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainesicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our severall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,
And Iove forbid there should be done among't us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity,
As well my under-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on to dire a project.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pri. *Paris*, you speake
Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights;
You have the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set foot in your generous bosomes?
There not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subject. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parallell: *

Hec. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnsit to heare Morall Philosophy,
The Reasons you alledge, doe more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood,
Then to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge,
Have eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What greater debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence;
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our joynt and severall dignities.

Troy. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Heclor*,
She is a theame of honor and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.
For I presume brave *Heclor* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds renew.

Heclor. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roisting challenge sent among't
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes?
Will strike amazement to their drowisie spirits,
I was advertiz'd, their Great generall slept;
Whil't emulation in the army crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exit.

Enter Therfites solus.

Now now *Therfites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
fury? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil't he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to conjure and raise Divels, but
Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
undermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-
selves, O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art *love* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose
all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they
have, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a
Fly from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I have
said my prayers and divell, envy, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therfites.* Good *Therfites* come
in and raile.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit,
thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe upon thy selfe. The common
curse of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great
renew; heaven blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not neere thee. Let thy blod be thy direction till
thy death, then if she that hayes thee out sayes thou art a
faire coarfe, Ile be sworne and sworne upon't she never
throwded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heavens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achiel. Who's there?

Patr. *Therfites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe,
my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy selfe into my
Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*; then tell me *Patro-
clus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therfites*: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*
what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*; *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-
er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patr. Yourascall.

Ther. Peace foole, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceede *Therfites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-
fites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Derive this: come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-
chilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,
Therfites is a foole to serve such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a
foole positieve.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax, and Chalcas.*

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me
thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in
with me *Therfites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Heere is such patchery, such juggling, and such
knavery: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a
good quarrell to draw emulations factions, and bleed to
death upon: Now the dry Sarpego outhe subject, and
Warre and Lechery confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, least perchance he thinke
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

Vliss. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of a proud heart: you may
call it Melancholly if you will favour the man, but by my
head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let him show us the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nes. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Therfites*.

Vliss. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he have lost his
Argument.

Vliss. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could disunite.

Vliss. The amity that wisdome knits not, folly may
easily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Heere

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?

Vls. The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie;
His legges are legges for necessity, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did move your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
Anafter Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
(Not vertuously of his owne part beheld)
Doe in our eyes, begin to lose their glosse;
And like faire Fruit in an unholsome dish,
Are like to rot untasted; goe and tell him,
We come to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him over proud,
And under honest: in selfe assumption greater (selfe.
Then in the note of iudgement: and worthier then him-
Here tends the savage strangenesse he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And under write in an observing kind
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
Wee'll none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarf, we doe allowance give,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Aga. In second voyce wee'll not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Vlisses* enter you.

Exit Vlisses.

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Ajax. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes
himselfe a better man then I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues
the fairer; he that is proud, eates up himselfe; Pride is his
owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what ever praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the
deede in the praise.

Enter Vlisses.

Ajax. I doe hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring
of Toades.

Nes. Yet he loves himselfe: is't not strange?

Vls. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow,

Aga. What's his excuse?

Vls. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not upon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with us?

Vls. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important: posselt he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.

Vls. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

Wee'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
And never suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: save such as doe revolve
And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Colesto Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiprion*.

This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinckes up this applause.

Aja. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pass him
ore the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not goe.

Aja. And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let
me goe to him.

Vls. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrell.

Aja. A poultry insolent fellow.

Nes. How he describes himselfe.

Aja. Can he not be sociable?

Vls. The Raven chides blacknesse.

Aja. Ile let his humors blood.

Aga. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.

Aja. And all men were a my minde.

Vls. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aja. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Vls. A would, have ten sharres.

Aja. I will kneede him, Ile make him supple, he's not
yet through warme.

Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his
ambition is dry.

Vls. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Vls. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Heere is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horfon dog, that shall palter thus with us, would he were a *Troian*.

Nest. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now —

Ulf. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulf. I, or furly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Ulf. Thank the heavens L, thou art of sweet composure; Prayse him that got thee, she that gave thee sucke :

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twaine,

And give him halfe, and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeelde

To sinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praise thy wisedome,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father *Nestor*, were your dayes

As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But he as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Ulf. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keepes thicker: please it our Generall:

To call together all this state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, (come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre,) *Aiax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;

Light Botes may faile swift, though greater bulkes draw deepe.

Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I sir, When he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon anoble Gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honour and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasure friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that love Musicke.

Pa. Command. I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my L. who's there in person; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart blood of beauty, loves invifible soule.

Pa. Who? my Cofin *Cressida*.

Ser. No, sir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complementall assault upon him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts bee your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweet Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You have broken it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits,

Pan. I have businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word?

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, wee heare you sing certainly.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with mee, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweete Lord,

Pan. Go to sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob us out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly upon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I faith —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sowre offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make this excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What sayes my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, were sups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What sayes my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Pan. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, he make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

bb

Pan. You

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie? come, give me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweet Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song belove: this love will undoe us all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid*.

Pan. Love? I thut it shall yfaith.

Par. I, good now love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O loves Bow,

Shootes both Bucke and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;

Yet that which seemes they wound to kill,

Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:

So dying love lyes still,

O ho a while, but ha ha ha;

O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; yon know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fieldes: let us to *Priams* Hall To greete the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I must wooe you, To helpe unarme our *Hector*: his stubborne buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish finewes, you shall doe more Then all the Iland Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be your servant *Paris*: Yea what he shall receive of us in ductie, Gives us more palme in beauty then we have: Yea overshines our selfe.

Sweete above thought I love thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Master, at my Couzen *Cressidas*?

Man. No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Have you scene my Cousin?

Troy. No *Pandarus*: I stalke about her doore Like a strange soule upon the Stigian banks Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle *Pandarus*, From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings, And flye with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round, Th' imaginary relish is so sweete, That it enchants my sence: what will it be When that the watry pallats taste indeede Loves thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me Sounding destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse, For the capacitie of my ruder powers; I feare it much, and I doe feare besides, That I shall loose distinction in my joyes, As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow.

Exit Pand.

Troy. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosome: My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulse, And all my powers doe their bestowing loose, Like vassalage at unawarres encountring The eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babbie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now to her, that you have sworne to me. What are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you ith' files: why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter; the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith' River: go to, go to.

Troy. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but sheele bereave you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your activity in question: what billing againe? here's in witness where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire.

Exit Pand.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweet Lady in the fountaine of our love?

Cres. More

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares have eyes.

Troy. Feares make divels of Cherubins, they never see truly.

Cres. Blind feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safer footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but their undertakings, when we vow to weepe seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Mistresse to devise imposition inough, then for us to undergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrositie in love (Lady,) that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all lovers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troilus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they le stick where they are throwne.

Cres. Boldnesse comes to me now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance that ever: pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now so much But I might master it; in faith I lye: My thoughts were like unbridled children, growne Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles, Why have I blab'd? who shall be true to us When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I wooed you not, And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man; Or that the women had mens priviledge Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speake The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me, 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse: I am asham'd; O Heavens, what have I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Troy. Your leave sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning.

Cres. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Cres. Sir mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres. Let me goe and try:

I have a kinde of selfe resides with you:

But an unkinde selfe, that it selfe will leave,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speake so wisely.

Cres. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then love, And sell so roundly to a large confession, To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise, Or else you love not: for to be wise and love, Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods above.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:

And if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of love,

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decays:

Or that perswasion could but thus convince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puritie in love:

How were I then up-lifted! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

Cres. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars, who shall be most right?

True swaines in love, shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by *Troilus* when their rimes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare

Want smiles: truth tin'd with iteration,

As true as Steele, as plantage to the Moone:

As Sunne to day, as Turtle to her mate:

As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authenticke author to be cited)

As true as *Troilus*, shall crowne up the Verse,

And sanctifie the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerve a haire from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:

When water-drops have worne the stones of *Troy*;

And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities up;

And mightie States characterlesse are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Maides in love.

Vpbraid my falsehood, when they've said as false,

As Aire, as Water, as Wind, as landie earth;

As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;

Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

As false as *Cressid*.

Pand. Go to, a bargain made: scale it, scale it, Ile be the witness, here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses*, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cress. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.

And *Cupid* graut all tong-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you, Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the sight I beare in things to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traytors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and posselt conveniences, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you service am become, As new into the world, strange, unacquainted. I doe beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say, live to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'st thou of us Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, cal'd *Antenor*, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft have you (often have you, thanks therefore) Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*, I know is such a wrest in their affaires, That their negotiations all must slacke, Wanting his mannage: and they will almost, Give us a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all service I have done, In most accepted paine.

Agam. Let *Diomedes* beare him, And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall have What he requests of us: good *Diomed* Furnish you fairely for this interchange; Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dis. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vly. *Achilles* stands i'th entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him; I will come last, 'tis like hee'l question me,

Why such unplausive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I have derision medicinable, To use betweene your strangeness and his pride, Which his owne will shall have desire to drinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangeness as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greece him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not lookt on. I will leade the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with mee? You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What sayes *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achil. What does the Cuckold scorne me?

Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Ajax*?

Ajax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Pat. They passe strangely: they were us'd to bend, To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*: To come as humbly as they us'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatnesse once faine out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others, As feeble in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer; And not a man for being simple man, Hath any honor; but honor'd by those honours That are without him; as place, riches, favour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit: Which when they fall (as being slippery standers) The love that leand on them as slippery too, Doth on plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall, But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy At ample point all that I did possesse, Save these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they have often given. Here is *Vlysses*, Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vlysses*?

Vly. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vly. A strange fellow here Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted, How much in having, or without, or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath; Nor feesles not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his vertues shining upon others, Heate them, and they retort that heate againe To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange *Vlysses*:

The beautie that is borne here in the face, The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe, Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes each other with each others forme.

For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath travaill'd and is married there
Where it may see it selfe; this is not strange at all.

Uly. I doe not straine it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consulting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th' applause,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reverberates
The voice againe; or like a gate of Steele,
Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknowne *Ajax*;

Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse, (are
That has he knowes not what Nature, what things there
Most abject in regard, and deare in use.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd? O heavens, what some men doe,
While some men leave to doe!

How some men creep in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse
To see these Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on brave *Hectors* brest,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I doe believe it:
For they past by me, as misers doe by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good looke:
What are my deedes for got?

Uly. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those craps are good deedes past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soone as done: perseverance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honour bright: to have done, isto hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,
In monumentall mockerie: take the instant way,
For honor travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes;
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge a side from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;

Or like a gallant Horse false in first ranke,
Lye there for pavement to the abject, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Hoste,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;
And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,
Grasps in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewells goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud then gilt ore dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvelle not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeces begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion 'gin to catch the eye,
Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe alive,
And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous millions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacie,
I have strong reasons.

Uly. But 'gainst your privacie.
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne?

Uly. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost every graine of *Plutoes* gold;
Findes bottome in th' uncomprehensive deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unvaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soule of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can give expresseure to:
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it must grieve young *Pirrhous* now at home,
When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;
And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* wiane;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your lover speake;
The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,
And your great love to me, restraines you thus:
Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke unloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew-drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O then beware:

Those wounds heale ill, that men doe give themselves:
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Even then when we sit idely in the sunne.

Achil. Goe call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*,

He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
 T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a womans longing,
 An appetite that I am sicke withall,
 To see great *Hector* in the weedes of peace; Enter *Thersites*.
 To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour-fav'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes up and downe like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no Arithmetique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and so there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The mans undone for ever; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. Hee knowes not me: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And hee replies, thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or Seaven times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patr. Iove blesse great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come fom the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleven a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will be in when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, unlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

finewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd, And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Assle at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore *Aeneas* with a Torch, at another *Paris*, *Deiphobus*, *Antenor*, *Diomed* the Grecian, with Torches.

Patr. See hoa, who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long
 As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly businesse,
 Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Aeneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,
 Witnesse the processe of your speech within;
 You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
 Did haunt you in the Field.

Aene. Health to you valiant sir;
 During ail question of the gentle truce:
 But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
 As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
 Our bloods are now in calme; and so long health:
 But when contention, and occasion meete,
 By love, he play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
 With his face backward, in humane gentlenesse:
 Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,
 Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,
 No man alive can love in such a sort,
 The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize. Iove let *Aeneas* live
 (If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
 A thousand compleat courses of the Sunne,
 But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
 With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aene. We know each other well.

Diom. We doe, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most, despightfulst gentle greeting;
 The noblest hatefull love, that ere I heard of.
 What businesse Lord so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek
 To *Caleba's* house: and there to render him,
 For the enfrsed *Antenor*, the faire *Cressid*:
 Lets have your company; or if you please,
 Haste there before us, I constantly doe thinke
 (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
 My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality whereof, I feare
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
 Then *Cressid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so
On Lord, wee follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all.

Exit Æne.

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Even in the foule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?
My selfe, or *Menelaus*?

Dum. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her foyleure,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dis. Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,
For every false drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath funke: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

Exeunt.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere, trouble not your selfe: the morn' is cold.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call my Vnckle down;
He shall unbolt the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy fences,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troy. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me?

Troy. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too briefe. *(stays)*

Troy. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
As hidiouly as hell; but flies the graspes of love,
With wings more momentary, swifter then thought:
You will catch colde and curle me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O foolish *Cressid*, I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hearke ther's one up.

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozyn *Cressid*?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to doe—and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be
good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chippochia*, hast
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiv'd, I thinke of no such thing.
How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocks.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* have you seene here. *Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I
know you not: what newes with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more than I know, Ile be
sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should
he doe here?

Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to bee
false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must give up to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, an the generall state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to affect it,

Troy. How may atchievements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance: you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the divell
take *Antenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
upon *Antenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am
above.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prethee get thee in: would thou hadst ne're been
borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-
tleman: a plague upon *Antenor*.

Cres.

Cres. Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vnckle: I have forgot my Father: I know no touch of consanguinitie: No kin, no love, no blood, no soule, so neere me, As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine! Make *Cressida* name the very crowne of falshood! If ever she leave *Troilus*: time, and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the strong base and building of my love, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, and scratch my praised cheekes, Cracke my cleere voyce with fobs, and breake my heart With sounding *Troilus*. I will not goe from Troy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Of her deliverie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast upon: good my brother *Troilus*, Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke in to her house: Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliver her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus* A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love, And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe. Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste, And no lesse in a sense as strong As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I give my griefe: My love admits no qualifying crosse: *Enter Troilus* No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducky.

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh heart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why sittest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was never a truer rime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressid. I love thee in so strange a puritie; That the best gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the devotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envie?

Pan. I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troilus*.

Cres. Ist possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where injurie of chance Puts backe leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deere vowes, Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath. We two that with so many thousand sighes Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selues, With the rude brevitie and discharge of our Injurious time; now with a robbers haste Crams his rich theeuerie up, he knowes not how. As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up a loose adiew: And scants us with a single famisht kisse, Distasting with the salt of broken teares, *Enter Antenor.*

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Hearke, you are call'd: some say the genius so Cries, come to him that instantly must dye. Bid them have patience: she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne up by the root.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mongst the merry Greekes.

Troy. When shall we see againe? Heare me my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:

I speake not, bethou true, as fearing thee: For I will throw my Glove to death himselfe, That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation: bethou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger; Weare this Sleeve.

Cres. And you this Glove.

When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I speake it; Love: The Grecian youths are full of qualitie, Their loving well compos'd, with guift of nature, Flowing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise: How novelties may move, and parts with person. Alas, a kinde of godly jealousy; Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne: Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heavens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then?

In this I doe not call your faith in question So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heele the high Lavolt: nor sweeten talke: Nor play at subtil games; faire vertues all;

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursive divell,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Doe not thinke I will :

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are divels to our selves,
When we wil tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potencie.

Aeneas within. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let us part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Exit.

Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles other fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;
Whil'it some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare.

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is.
Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,
Ifere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Lady *Cressid*,
Soplease you, save the thanks this Prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the scale of my petition towards,
I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece :
She is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be cal'd her servant :
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge :
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doest not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy thy throat.

Diom. Oh be not mov'd Prince *Troilus* ;
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust : and know my Lord ;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be priz'd : but that you say be't so ;
Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This brave, shall oft make thee to hide thy head :
Lady, give me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selves bend we our needfull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault : come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Diom. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let us addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles :
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and single Chivalry.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in apointment fresh and faire
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a lowd note to *Troy*
Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Aja. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse ;
Now cracke thy lungs and split thy brafen pipe :
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheek
Out-swell the collicke of puffed *Aquilon* :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood :
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Ulys. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early dayes,

Enter Diom. Cres.

Aga. Is not young *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

Diom. Even she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete
Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Ulys. Yet is your kindenesse but particular; 'twere bet-
ter she were kist in generall.

Nest. And very courtly counsell : Ile begin. So much
for *Nestor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from you lips: faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

Ulys. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,
For which we loote our heads, to gild his hornes.

Patro. The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kisse evermore for him.

Mene. Ile have my kisse sir : Lady by your leave.

Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receive.

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. Ile make my match to live,
The kisse you take is better then you give : therefore no
kisse.

Mene. Ile give you boote, Ile give you three for one.

Cres. You are an odde man, give even, or give none.

Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odde.

Cres. No, *Paris* is not ; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is even with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.

Cres. No, Ile be sworne.

Ulys. It were no match, your naile against his horne :
May I sweet Lady beg a kisse of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulys. I doe desire it.

Cres. Why begge then?

Ulys. Why then for *Venus* sake, give me a kisse ;
When *Helen* is a maid againe, and his——

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's

Vlyf. Never's my day, and then a kisse of you.

Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

Nest. A woman of quicke fence.

Vlyf. Fie, fie, upon her:

Ther's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out
At every joynt, and motive of her body:
Oh these encounters so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling reader: set them downe,
For fluttish spoyle of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game.

Exeunt.

*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus,
and Attendants.*

All. The Troians Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the troope.

Aene. Haile all you state of Greece: what shall be done
To him that victorie commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Pursue each other; or shall be devided
By any voice, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Aene. He cares not, hee'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore *Achilles*; but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:
This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood,
In love whereof, halfe *Hector* stayes at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.

Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceive you.

Aga. Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Vlyf. They are oppos'd already,

Aga. What Troian is that same that lookes so heavy?

Vlyf. The youngest Sonne of *Priam*;

And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;
Not soone provok't, nor being provok't, soone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free
For what he has, he gives; what thinkes, he shewes;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heate of action
Is more vindicative then jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,
A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private soule,

Did in great Illion thus translate him to me: *Alarm.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.

Troy. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax*. *trumpets*

Diom. You must no more. *cease.*

Aene. Princes enough, so please you.

Aja. I am not warme yet, let us fight againe.

Diom. As *Hector* pleases.

Hell. Why then will I no more:

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
A couzen german to great *Priams* seede:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt us twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the finewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers: by *Love* multipotent,
Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impresse made
Of our ranke feud: but the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty armes;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus,
Cozen, all honor to thee.

Aja. I thanke thee *Hector*:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.

Hell. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will doe?

Hell. Wee'll answer it:

The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell,

Ajax. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
As feld I have the chance; I would desire
My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hec. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:

And signifie this loving interview

To the expectors of our Troian part:

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:

I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meeete us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.
But that's no welcome: understand more cleere
What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes
And formelesse ruine of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with most divine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hec. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Ag. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
 You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hell. Whom must we answer?

Ant. The Noble *Menelaus*.

Hell. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
 Mocke not, that I affect th' untraded Oath,
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus* Glove
 Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame:

Hec. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I have (thou gallant Trojan) scene thee oft
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee
 As hot as *Persus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
 And scene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th' ayre,
 Not letting it decline on the declined:
 That I haue said unto my standers by,
 Loe Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I have scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greekes have hem'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I scene,
 But this thy countenance (still lockt in Steele)
 I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
 But by great *Mars* (the captaine of us all,)
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
 And (worthy Warrior) welcome to our Tents.

Ane. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hec. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
 Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.

Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hec. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
 morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I have seen the time.

Uly. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
 When we have here her Base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour Lord *Vlysses* well.
 Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead;
 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
 In Ilion, on your Greekish Embassie.

Vly. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
 My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;
 For yonder wais that partly front your towne,
 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
 Must kisse their owne feet.

Hec. I must not beleieve you:
 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
 The fall of every Prygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.

Vly. So to him we leave it.
 Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
 After the Generall, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Vlysses*, thou:
 Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
 I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
 And quoted joynt by joynt.

Hec. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hec. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too breefe, I will the second time,
 As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

Hec. O like a booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
 But there's more in me then thou understand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
 Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
 That I may give the locall wound a name,
 And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great spirit flew. Answer me heavens.

Hec. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
 To answer such a question: Stand againe;
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hec. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not beleieve thee: henceforth guard thee well,
 For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
 But by the forge that stythied *Mars* his helme,
 Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
 His insolence drawes folly from my lips;
 But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
 Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee Cofin:
 And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
 Till accident, or purpose bring you too'r.
 You may have every day enough of *Hector*
 If you have stomacke. The generall stare I feare,
 Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.

Hec. I pray you let us see you in the field,
 We have had pelting Warres since you refus'd
 The Grecians cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?
 To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
 To night, all Friends.

Hec. Thy hands upon that match.

Ag. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
 There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
 As *Hectors* leasure, and your bounties shall
 Concurr together, severally intreat him.
 Beate lowd the Taborines, let the Trumpets blow.
 That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*

Troy. My Lord *Vlysses*, tell me I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe?

Vly. At *Menelaus* Tent, most princely *Troilus*,
 There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
 Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth;
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the faire *Cressida*.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
 After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
 To bring me thither?

Vly. You shall command me sir:
 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
 This *Cressida* in Troy, had shee no Lover there
 That wallies her absence?

Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
 A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
 She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and dooth.
 But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
 Which

Which with my Semitar lie coole to morrow :
Patroclus, let us Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy ?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes ?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll
 of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment ?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now ?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the patients wound.

Patr. Well said adversity, and what need these tricks ?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,
 thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patr. Male Varlot you Rogue ? What's that ?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten
 diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres,
 Loades a gravell i'th' backs, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and
 the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discove-
 ries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what
 mean'st thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-
 stinguishable Curre.

Ther. No ? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,
 immateriall skeine of Sleyd filke ; thou greene Sarcenet
 flap for a sore eye, thou tossell of a Prodigals purse thou :
 Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,
 diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am th' warted quite
 From my great purpose in to morrowes battell :
 Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
 A token from her daughter, my faire Love,
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
 An Oath that I have sworne. I will not breake it,
 Fall Greeke, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
 My maior vow lyes heere ; this lie obey :
 Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
 This night in banquetting must all be spent.
 Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these
 two may run mad : but if with too much braine, and too
 little blood, they do, lie be a curer of madmen. Heere's
Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves
 Quailles, but he has not so much Braine as care-wax ; and
 the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,
 the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memoriall of
 Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging
 at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, should
 wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne
 him to : to an Ass were nothing, hee is both Ass and
 Oxe ; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Ass :
 to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-
 zard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Hertling without a Roe,
 I would not care : to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire
 against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were
 not *Thersites* : for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,
 so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day spirits and fires.

*Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlysses, Ne-
 stor, Diomed, with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hec. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vly. Heere comes himselfe to guide you ?

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks generall.

Men. Good night my Lord.

Hec. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught : sweet quoth-a ? sweet sinke,
 sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those
 that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,
 Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I have important businesse,
 The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hec. Give me your hand.

Vly. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
 lie keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hec. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a
 most unjust Knave ; I will no more trust him when hee
 leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses : he will spend
 his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound ; but when
 he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-
 ous, there will come some change : the Sunne borrowes
 of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will
 rather leave to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him : they say,
 he keepe a Trojan Drab, and uses the Traitour *Chalcas*
 his tent. lie after ——— Nothing but Letcherie ? All
 incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt.*

Enter Diomed,

Dio. What are you up here ho ? speake ?

Chal. Who calls ?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke wher's you Daughter ?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses.

Uly. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. *Cressid* come forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge ?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian : hearken a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar ?

Uly. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her
 life : she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cres. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then ; and let your minde be cou-
 pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember ?

Vly. List ?

Cres. Sweet hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. lie tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne —

Cres. In faith I cannot : what would you have me doe ?

Ther. A jugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me ?

Cres. I prethee doe not hold me to mine oath.

Bid me doe any thing but that sweet Greeke.

Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold patience.
Ulf. How now Trojan?
Cres. *Diomed.*
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Cres. Hearke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madness!
Ulf. You are moved Prince, let us depart I pray you,
 Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
 To wrathfull teames: this place is dangerous;
 The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Ulf. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
 You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay?
Ulf. You have not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and all hells torments,
 I will not speake a word.
Dio. And to good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!
Ulf. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By love I will be patient.
Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Ulf. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
 You will breake out.
Troy. She stroakes his cheekes.
Ulf. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by love I will not speake a word.
 There is betwene my will, and all offences,
 A guard of patience; stay a little while.
Ther. How the divell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
 Potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye,
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith I will goe; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. Ile fetch you one.
Ulf. You have sworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.
 I will not be my selfe, nor have cognition
 Of what I feele: I am all patience.
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeve.
Troy. O beauty! where is thy Faith?
Ulf. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cres. Your looke upon that Sleeve? behold it well:
 He lov'd me: O false wench: give't me againe.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter now I have't againe.
 I will not meete with you to morrow night:
 I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Cres. O all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge;
 Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
 Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Glove,
 And gives memoriall dainty kisses to it,
 As I kisse thee.
Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.
Cres. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Enter Cressida.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did sweare patience.
Cres. You shall not have it *Diomed*: faith you shall not
 Ile giue you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whole it was?
Cres. I was one that lov'd me better then you will.
 But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all *Dianas* waiting women yonder.
 And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the divell, and wor't it on thy horne,
 It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, tis done, tis past; and yet it is not:
 I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
 Thou never shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.
Cres. You shalt not goe: one cannot speake a word,
 But it strait starts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, plea-
 ses me best.
Dio. What shall I come? the houre.
Cres. I, come: O love! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Cres. Good night? I prythee come:
Troilus farewell? one eye yet lookes on thee,
 But with my heart, the other eye, doth see-
 Ah poore our sexe; this fault in us I finde:
 The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
 What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,
 Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A prooffe of strength she could not publish more;
 Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Ulf. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Ulf. Why stay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my soule
 Of every syllable that here was spoke:
 But if I tell how these two did coact;
 Shall I not lie, in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert that rest of eyes and eares;
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,
 Created onely to calumniat.
 Was *Cressid* here?
Ulf. I cannot conjure Trojan,
Troy. She was not sure.
Ulf. Most sure she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madness?
Ulf. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood:
 Thinke we had mothers; doe not give advantage
 To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theme
 For depravation, to square the generall sex
 By *Cressida* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.
Ulf. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our
 mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, unlesse that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?
Troy. This she? no, this is *Diomedes Cressida*;
 If beauty have a soule, this is not she:

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimony;
 If sanctimony be the gods delight:
 If there be rule in unity it selfe,
 This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!
 That cause sets up, with; and against thy selfe,
 By foule authority: where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
 Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressida*:
 Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate,
 Divides more wider then the skie and earth:
 And yet the spacious bredth of this division,
 Admits no Orifice for a point as subtle,
 As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
 Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressida is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
 Instance O instance, strong as heaven it selfe:
 The bonds of heaven are slippt, dissolv'd, and loos'd:
 And with another knot five finger tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love:
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques,
 Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Ulysses. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
 With that which here his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
 In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus*; ne-er did yong man fancy
 With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
 Hearke Greeke: as much as I doe *Cressida* love;
 So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
 That Sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
 Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
 My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
 Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
 Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,
 Shall dizzie with more clamour *Neptunes* eare
 In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
 Falling on *Diomed*.

Thersites. Heele tickle it for his concupy.

Troy. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida*! false, false, false:
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And theyle seeme glorious.

Ulysses. O containe your selfe:
 Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.

Ajax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

Troy. Have with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
 Farewell revolted faire: and *Diomed*,
 Stand fast, and weare a Cattle on thy head.

Ulysses. He bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.

Thersites. Would I could meete that rogue *Diomed*, I
 would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
 this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an Almond,
 then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, full
 warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning
 divell, take them.

Exit.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

Andromache. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
 To stop his eares against admonishment?
 Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hector. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the everlasting gods, Hee goe.

Andromache. My dreames will sure prove ominous to the day.

Hector. No more I say. *Enter Cassandra*.

Cassandra. Where is my brother *Hector*?

Andromache. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
 Comfort with me in loud and deere petition:
 Pursue we him on knees: for I have dreamt
 Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
 Hath nothing beene but shapers, and formes of slaughter.

Cassandra. O, tis true.

Hector. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

Cassandra. No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hector. Begon I say: the gods have heard me sweare.

Cassandra. The gods are deate to hot, and peevish vowes;
 They are polluted offerings, more abhord
 Then spotted Livers in the sacrifice.

Andromache. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
 To hurt by being just; it is as lawfull:
 For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
 And rob in the behalfe of charity.

Cassandra. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
 But vowes to every purpose must not hold:
 Vnarme sweete *Hector*.

Hector. Hold you still I say;
 Mine honour keepe the weather of my fate:
 Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
 Holds honor farre more precious-deere, then life.

Enter Troilus.

How now yong man: mean'st thou to fight to day?

Andromache. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.

Exit Cassandra.

Hector. No faith yong *Troilus*; doffe thy harness youth:
 I am to day in vaine of Chivalry?
 Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
 And tempt not yet the bristles of the warre.
 Vnarme thee, goe, and doubt thou not brane boy,
 He stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troilus. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
 Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hector. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.

Troilus. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
 Even in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
 You bid them rise, and live.

Hector. O tis faire play.

Troilus. Fooles play, by heaven *Hector*.

Hector. How now? how now?

Troilus. For th'ove of all the gods
 Let's leave the Hermit Pity with our Mothers;
 And when we have our Armors buckled on,
 The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
 Spur them to ructall worke, reine them from ruth.

Hector. Fi: savage, fie.

Troilus. *Hector*, then tis warres.

Hector. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.

Troilus. Who should with-hold me?
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
 Beckning with fiery truncheon my retire;
 Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
 Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
 Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
 But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cassandra. Lay hold upon him *Priam*, hold him fast:
 He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hell. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,

Hell. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.

Cas. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hell. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the love you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell, deere *Hector*:

Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doe bleede at many vents:
Hearke how *Troy* roares; ho *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away.

Cas. Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leave;
Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our *Troy* deceive. *Exit.*

Hec. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee.

Alarum.

Troy. They are at it, hearke: proud *Diomed*, beleeve
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pad. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pad. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pad. A whorson tifficke, a whorson rascally tifficke,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o'th's dayes; and I have a rheume in mine eyes too, and
such an ache in my bones: that unlesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

Troy. Words, words, metre words, no matter from
the heart:

Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pad. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lachy: ignomy and shame
Persueth thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Alarum.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites in occursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomed*,
has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish yong
knaves Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helme: I would faine
see them meet; that, that same yong Trojan asle, that loves
the whore there, might fend that Greekish whore-mai-
sterly villaine, with the Sleeve, backe to the dissembling
luxurious drabbe, of a sleevelesse errant. O'th' other side,
the pollicy of those crafty swearing rascals; that stole
old Mousse-eaten dry cheete, *Nestor*: and that same dog-
foxe *Ulysses* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They set
me up in pollicy, that mungrell curre *Ajax*, against that
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre
Ajax prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime
barbarisme; and pollicy growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Soft, heere comes Sleeve, and th' other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the River Stix,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:

I doe not flye; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Have at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hell. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvy railing knave: a
very filthy rogue.

Hec. I doe beleeve thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeve me; but a
plagve breake thy necke—for fighting me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have swal-
lowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet
in a fort, lechery eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servant.

Dia. Goe, goe, my servant, take thou *Troilus* Horse;
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressida*:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaffis'd the amorous Trojan.
And am her Knight by prooffe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polixenus*
Hath beare downe *Menom*: bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.

And stands Colossus-wife waving his beame,
Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:

Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixenus* is slaine:

Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt:

Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*.

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary

Appalls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*

To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,

And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame.

There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:

Now here he fights on *Galathea* his Horse,

And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,

And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

bb 2

Before

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vlysses.

Vlyss. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantasticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win al.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*.

Exit.

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.

Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*.

Exit.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, wher's *Troilus*?

Aia. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st have my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh tritour *Diomed*!

Turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke upon.

Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes, have at you
both.

Exit Troilus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troilus*? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; have at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Trojan;

Be happy that my armes are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:

I would have beene much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas*; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

Ile frush it, and unlocke the rivets all,

But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not best abide?

Why then fyre on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroake, but kepe your selves in breath;

And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest manner execute your armes

Follow me sirs, and my proceeding eye;

It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker are at it:
now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double
hen'd sparrow; low *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the game:
ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slave and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priams*.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Ba
stard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard
in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not
bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take
heede, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the Sonne of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell
Bastard.

Bast. The divell take the coward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putrified core so faire without:

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my dares worke done; Ile take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set:

How ugly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, for-goe this, vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes strike, this is the man I seeke.

So Illion fall thou: now *Troy* sinke downe:

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine.

Retreat.

Hearke, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth

And stickler-like the Armies seperates

My halfe sapt Sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bitt: thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle:

Along the field, I will the Trojan traile.

Exeunt.

Sound Retreat.

Shout.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,
Diomed, and the rest marching.*

Ag. Hearke, hearke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol Achil

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.
Dis. The bruite is Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.
Asa. If it be so, yet bragge he let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our Tent.
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Aene. Stand heere, yet are we maisters of the field,
 Never goe home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Hector is slaine.

All Hector? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Horseshoole,
 In be itty fort, drag'd through the shamefull Field,
 Frowne on you heavens, effect your rage with speed:
 Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
 I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on,

Aene. My Lord, you doe discomfortall the Hoste.

Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so:
 I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
 But dare all imminence that gods and men,
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
 Who shall tell Priam so for Hecuba;
 Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,
 Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turne to stone;
 Make wels, and Nobles of the maides and wives;
 Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
 Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
 Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abominable Tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plaines:
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
 No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
 Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frensie thoughts.
 Strike a free match to Troy, with comfort goe:
 Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence brother, lacky, ignomy, and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pa. A goodly medicine for mine a kingbone: oh world,
 world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-
 tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set a worke, and
 how ill requited? why should our indeavour be so desir'd,
 and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what
 instance for it? let me see

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
 And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
 Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted clothes
 As many as be heere of Panders hall,
 Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at Pandar's fall:
 Or if you cannot weepe, yet give some grones;
 Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
 Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
 It should be now, but that my feare is this:
 Some galled Goose of Winchester would hiss:
 Till then, Ile sweare, and seeke about for eases;
 And at that time be queath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

FIN IS.





The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and wee'l have Corne at our owne price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority sursets one, would relieue us, If they would yeelde us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guesse they releued us humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannes that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is againe to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Raks. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede especially against *Caius Martius*.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done Famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is courteous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shows within.

What shows are those? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lov'd the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough, would al the rest were so.

Men. What workes my Countymen in hand?

Where go you with your Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2. *Cit.* Our busines is not unknowne to th'Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, we now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suiters have strong breaths, they shal know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why Maisters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2. *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your slaves, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linkd asunder, then can ever Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Thether, where more attends you, and you slander The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they nere car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsury, to support Vsurers; repeale daily any wholesome Act established against the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine up and restraine the poore. If the Warres care us not uppe, they will, and ther's all the love they beare us.

Men. Either you must Confesse your selves wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it, But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2. *Cit.* Well, He heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke To fobbe' off our disgrace with a tale: But and't please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it: That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th

I'th midd'lt a th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments
Did see, and heare, devise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer.

2 *Cit.* Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it tantingly replied
To'th discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt: even so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head'the vigilant eye,
The Counsaillor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they

Men. What then? For me, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former Agent, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a sinall (of what you have litle)
Patience awhile; you'll heare the Bellies answer.

2 *Cit.* Y're long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most grave Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers and thus answered
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the generall Food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th' teate o'th Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferiour Veines
From me receive that naturall competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.

2 *Cit.* I sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
From me do backe receive the Flowre of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you toot?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Care; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
No publike benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:

Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bars and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battel,
The one side must have baile.

Enter Cains Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curses,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence suddues him,
And curse that iustice did it. Who deserves Greatnesse,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his evill. He that depends
Vpon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these severall places of the City,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The City is well stor'd.

Men. Hang 'em: They say?

They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
Whats done it'h Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shoes. They say thers grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my Sword, I'de make a Quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em:

They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds
They vented their Complaining, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tributes to defend their vulgar wildoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

Therabbe should have first unroo't the City
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Insurrections arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mef. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Heere; whats the matter?

Mef. The newes is fir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See our best Elders.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annulus Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1. Sen. *Martius* tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volces are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius that will put you toot:
I sime in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would with me onely he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he
Vpon my party, I'de revolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
He leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tother;
Ere stay behinde this Businesse.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your company to th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we must followe
you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces have much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens steale away. Mament Sicin, & Brutus.

Sicin. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Brn. He has no equall.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Brn. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Brn. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sic. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Brn. The present Warres devoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded un-
der *Cominius*?

Brn. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better he held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th' vtmost of a man, and giddy centure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so stickes on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Brn. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action.

Brn. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is *Aufidius*.
That they of Rome are entred in our Countailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention: tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I have the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They have prest a power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Death is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether tis bent: most likely, tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vail'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2. Sen. Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commission, hye you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus*
If they set downe before's: for the remove
Bring up your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th' have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
Tis sworne betweene us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods asist you.

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1. Sen. Farewell.

2. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes*
Enter

*Enter Volunmia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them downe on two lowe stools and sowe.*

Volu. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should frelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not fel him an houre from her beholding, I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proved himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volu. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne, I therein would have found issue. Heare me 'professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Befeech you give me leave to retire my selfe.

Volu. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke *Aufidius* downe by th' haire: (As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him: Me thinks, I see him stampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Haruest man, that's task'd to mowe Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood.

Volu. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man Then gilt his Trophy. The breasts of *Hecuba* When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian swordes contending: tell *Valeria* We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens blesse my Lord from tell *Aufidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Aufidius* head below his knee, And treade upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather see the swordes, and heare a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweare tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wednesday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and over and over he comes, and up againe: catcht it againe, or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how twas, he did so fet his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammoekt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this after noone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volu. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; He not over the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volu. Why I pray you.

Virg. Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the yeaerne she spun in *Ulysses* absence, did but fill *Archie* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitty. Come you shal go with us.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and He tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Vir. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you: there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the *Volcies* have an Army forth, against whom *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their City *Coriolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in every thing heereafter.

Val. Let her alone Lady, as she is now: She will but diseafe our better mirth.

Val. In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Lady. Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnnesse out a doore, And go along with us.

Virg. No

At a word Madam; Indeed I must not, I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Coriolus: to them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes Newes: A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Mess. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lar. So, the good Horse is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lar. No, Ile not sel, nor give him: Lend you him I will
 For halfe a hundred yeares; Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?
Mess. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
 Now Mars, I prythee make us quicke in worke,
 That we with smoaking swords may march from hence
 To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast-

*They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on
 the Wallles of Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Wallles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,
 That's lesse then a little: *Drum a farre off.*

Hearke, our Drummes
 Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Wallles
 Rather then they shall pound us up our Gates,
 Which yet seeme shut, we have but pin'd with Rushes,
 They'le open of themselves. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.

There is *Aufidius*. Lift what worke he makes
 Amongst your cloven Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders ho.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare us not, but issue for'h their City.
 Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
 With hearts more prooffe then Shields.
 Advance brave *Titus*,
 They do disdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
 Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my follows
 He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
 And he shall feele mine edge.

*Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
 Enter Martins Cursing.*

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
 You shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
 Plaister you o're, that you may be abhor'd
 Farther then seene, and one infect another
 Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,
 That beare the shapen of men, how have you run
 From Slaves, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
 All hurt behind, backes red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
 Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe,
 And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
 If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wives,
 As they us to our Trenches followed.

*Another Alarum, and Martins followes them to
 gates, and is shut in.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds,
 Tis for the followers, Fortune widens them,
 Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gates.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they have shut him in. *Alarum continues*

All. To th'por I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius.*

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters: who upon the sodaine
 Clapt to their Gates he is himselfe alone
 To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,
 And when it bowes, stand' st up: Thou art left *Martius*,
 A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
 Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Souldier
 Even to *Calves* with, not fierce and terrible
 Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes; and
 The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
 Were feavourous, and did tremble.

Enter Martins bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol. Looke Sir.

Lar. O tis *Martius*.

Ler's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Silver. *Exeunt.*
Alarum continues still a farre off.

Enter Martins, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these movers, that do prize their hours
 At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones,
 Irons of a Doir, Dublets that Hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, packe up, downe with them.
 And harke, what noise the Generall makes: To him
 There is the man of my soules hate, *Aufidius*,
 Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
 Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
 Whil'st I with those that have the spirit, will haffe
 To helpe *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
 Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
 For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praife me not:
 My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
 The blood I drop, is rather Physicall
 Then dangerous to me. To *Aufidius* thus, I will appeare
Lar. Now the faire Goddess Fortune, (and fight.)
 Fall deepe in love with thee, and her great charmes
 Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:
 Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse.
 Then those the placeth highest: So farewell,

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
 Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
 Call thither all the Officers a'th' Towne,
 Where they shall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cominius as is were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, (off)
 Nor Cowardly in retire: Beleeve me Sirs,
 We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have strooke
 By interims and conveying gufts, we have heard
 The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
 Leade their successes, as we with our owne,
 That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,
 May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Citizens of *Coriolanus* have yssued,
 And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I saw our party to their Trenbhes driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mef. Above an houre, my Lord.

Com. Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes so late?

Mef. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheels
Three or foure miles about, else had I fir
Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martins.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the itampe of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seene him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the found of *Martius* Tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
I Armes as found, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how i't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him ship at will.

Com. Where is that Slave,
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague, Tribunes for them)
The Mousē ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a th' Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retyre to win our propose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we have fought,
By th' Blood we have shed together,
By th' Vowes we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Aufidius*, and his *Antients*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be heere;
(As it were sinne to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare
Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, brave death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Wave thusto expresse his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their
Armes, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great *Aufidius*
A Shiels, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to Martch,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. Martch on my Fellowes:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all, with us.

Exeunt.

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Coriolus, going with
Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar-
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a
Scout.*

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I have set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serve
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lien. Feare not our care Sir.

Lar. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct us. *Exit.*
Alarm, as in Battaille.

Enter Martins and Aufidius at severall doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Auf. We hatw like:
Not Affrike owne's a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slave,
And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* wall'es,
And made what worke I pleas'd: Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

*Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of
Aufid. Martins fights til they be driven in breastles.*
Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke, Thou't not beleve thy deeds: but Ile report it, Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug, I'th' end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier. Yet cam'st thou to a Morfell of this Feast, Havingfully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Martius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou behold——

Mar. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath overta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Army heare me.

Mar. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart
To heare themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death, of all the Horses,
Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieved, and City,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choise.

Mar. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those,
That have beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius,
cast up their Caps and Lances: Cominius
and Lartius stand bare.*

Ma. May these same Instruments, which you prophane.
Never found more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let Cours and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres:
No more I say, for that I have not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else have done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In prayes, sawe'st with Lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
It against your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to us, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I give him,
With all his trim belonging, and from this time,
For what he did before *Coriolus*, call him,
With all th'appause and Clamor of the Hoast.
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'ddition Nobly ever?

Flourish. Trumpets sound and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Mar. I will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you.
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To under-crest your good Addition,
To th'faireness of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repose us, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Martius*
Must to *Coriolus* backe, send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.

Lar. I shall, my Lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Coriolus*,
At a poore mans house: he us'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pitty: I request you
To give my poore Host freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winder: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lar. *Martius*, his Name.

Mar. By *Jupiter* forgot:
I am weary, yea my memory is tyr'd:
Have we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud upon your Visage dryes, tis time
It should be lookt to: come.

Exeunt.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius
bloudy, with two or three Souldiers.*

An. The Towne is ta'ne,
Soul. Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.
Auf. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Polce*, be, that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty finde
I'th' part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter

And often as we eate. By the Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: He potche at him some way,
Or wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the divell.

Ans. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffering staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten Priveledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, upon my brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Goe you to th' City,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you goe?

Ans. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Menenius* with the two Tribunes of the
people, *Sicinius* & *Brutus*.

Men. The Augurer tels me, we shall have Newes to
night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they love not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would
the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. He's a Beare indeed, that lives like a Lambe.
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske
you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you
two have not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now: Doe you two know, how
you are censured here in the City, I meane of us a'thright
hand File, doe you?

Both. Why? how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not
be angry?

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little theefe
of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reines, and be angry at your
pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you,
in being so; you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We doe it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your
helpes are many, or else your actions would grow won-
drous single: your abilities are too Infant-like, for doing
much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turne
your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make
but an interior survey of your good selves. Oh that you
could!

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of un-
meriting, proud, violent, testy Magistrates (alias Fooles)
as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and
one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alay-
ing Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favor-
ing the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like upon, to
triviall motion: One, that converses more with the But-
tocke of the night, then with the forehead of the mor-
ning. What I thinke, I utter, and spend my malice in my
breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I can-
not call your *Licurgusses*) if the drinke you give me, touch
my Palat adversly, I make a crooked face at it. I can say,
your Worshippes have deliver'd the matter well, when
I finde the Assle in compound, with the Major part of
your syllables. And though I must be content to beare
with those, that say you are reverend grave, yet they lye
deadly, that tell you have good faces; if you see this in
the Map of my Microcosme, fellowes it that I am known
well enough too? What harme can your beesome Con-
spicuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne
well enough too?

Brut. Come sir come, we know you will enough.

Men. You know neither me, your selves, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaves cappes and
legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in
hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forster-
seller, and then rejourne the Controversie of three-pence
to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betweene party and party, if you chance to bee
pinch'd with the Collicke: you make faces like Mum-
mers, set up the bloody Flagge against all Patience, and
inroaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisle the Controversie
bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties
Knaves. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a
perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bench-
er in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they
shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when
you speake best unto the purpose. It is not worth the
wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so
honorable a grave, as to stusse a Borchers Cushion, or to
be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee
saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is
worth all your predecessors, since *Demulion*, though per-
adventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hang-
men. God den to your Worshippes, more of your conver-
sation would infect my braine, being the Heardsmen of
the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of
you.

Brutus, and Sicinius.

d d

Abde.

Enter

Enter Volunna, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moone were the Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volun. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the love of *Inno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volun. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volun. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soveraigne Prescription in *Galen*, is but Emperick cutique; and to this Preservative, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volun. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volun. On's Browes: *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Volun. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I wold not have beene so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Coriolus, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Volun. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein he gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The gods grant them true.

Volun. True? pow waw.

Menen. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is he wounded, God save your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: he ha's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volun. It's Shoulder, and it's left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when he shall stand for his place: he received in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts it's Body.

Menen. One it's Necke, and two it's Thigh, there's nine that I know,

Volun. He had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Menen. Now it's twenty seven; every gash was an Enemies Grave, Hearke, the Trumpets.

A Shout, and Flourish.

Volun. These are the Vñers of *Martius*:

Before him, he carries Noyse;
And behinde him, he leaves Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's nervy Arme doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sonet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Lartius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herald.

Hera. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within Coriolus Gates: where he hath wonne, With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*: These in honor follows *Martius Caius, Coriolanus*. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*, *Corio.* No more of this, it does offend my heart; pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Corio. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods for my prosperity. *Kneels.*

Volun. Nay, my good Souldier, up:

My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*, And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd, What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hayle: Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Coriolus weare, And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Menen. Now the gods Crowne thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volun. I know not where to turne. Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall, And y're welcome all.

Menen. A hundred thousand Welcomes: I could weepe, and I could laugh, I am light, and heavy; welcome: A Curse beginat very root on's heart, That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on: Yet by the faith of men, we have Some old Crab-trees here at home, That will not be grafted to your Rellish. Yet welcome Warriors:

We call a Nettle, but a Nettle; And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Hera. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my head, The good Patricians must be visited, From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings, But with them, change of honors.

Volun. I have lived, To see inherited my very Wishe, And the Buildings of my Fancy: Onely there's one thing wanting, Which (I doubt not) but our Rome Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Ten sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitoll. *Flourish. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Brn. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prating Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechy necke,
Clambring the Wallsto eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd up,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: feld-showne *Fiamins*;
Doe presse among the popular Thronges, and puffed
To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth'wanton spoyle
Of *Phaebus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoever God, who leades him,
Were flyly crept into his humane powers,
And gave him gracefull posture.

Sicn. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.

Brn. Then our Office may, during his power, goe
leepe.

Sici. He cannot temp'rately transport his honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.

Brn. In that there's comfort.

Sicn. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new honors,
Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't.

Brn. I heard him sweare
Were he to stand for Consull, never would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of humility,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' people, begge their stinking Breaths.

Sici. 'Tis right.

Brn. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Sici. I wish no better, then have him hold that pur-
pose, and to put it in execution.

Brn. 'Tis most like he will.

Sici. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure
destruction.

Brn. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And disproportioned their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacity,
Of no more Soule, nor fitnessse for the world,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Provand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes
For sinking under them.

Sici. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brn. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitall:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consull:
I have scene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons slong Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I never saw thelike.

Brn. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with us eares and eyes forth'time,
But hearts for the event.

Sici. Have with you.

Exeunt.

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitall.*

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: how many
stand for Consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one
Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud,
and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that,
have flatter'd the people, who ne're loved them; and there
be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore:
so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon
no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to
care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true
knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his No-
ble carelesnesse lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or
no, he wou'd indifferently, twixt doing them neither
good, nor harme: but he seeks their hate with greater
devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing
undone, that may fully discover him: their opposite. Now
to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the Peo-
ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Countrey,
and his ascent is not by such easie degrees as those, who
having beene supple and courteous to the People, Bon-
netted, without any further deed, to have them at all into
their estimation, and report: but he hath so planted his
honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that
for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much,
were a kinde of ingratefull injury: to report other wise,
were a Mallice, that giving it selfe the Lye, would plucke
reprooffe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, he's a worthy man: make
way, they are comming.

*A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Me-
nenius, Cominius the Consull: Sicinius and
Brutus take their places by themselves:
Coriolanus stands.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To gratifie his Noble service; that hath
Thus stood for his Country. Therefor please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Confull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus* : whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius* :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us thinke
Rather our states defective for requitall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest eare : and after
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Sicin. We are convented upon a pleasing Treaty, and
have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame
of our Assembly.

Brn. Which the rather we shall be blest to doe, if he
remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath here-
to priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off : I would you rather had
been silent : Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brn. Most willingly : but yet my Caution was more
pertinent then the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People, but tye him not to be
their Bedfellow : Worthy *Cominius* speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sir *Coriolanus* : never shame to heare
What you have Nobly done.

Corio. Your honors pardon :
I had rather have my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.

Brn. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Corio. No Sir : yes oft,
When blowes have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but your people,
I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now sit downe.

Corio. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,
When the Alarum were struck, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd. *Exit Coriolanus.*

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius.*

Com. I shall lacke voyce : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Sould not be utter'd feebly : it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeft Vertue, And
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poy's'd. At sixtene yeeres,
When *Tarquins* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others : our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he drove
The brizled Lipbes before him : he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Consuls view
Slew three Opposers : *Tarquins* selfe he met,
And stricke him on his Knee : in that dayes feates,
When he might a'th' Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupil-age

Man-entred thus, he wated like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seventene Battailes since,
He lurcht all Swords o'th Garland : for this last,
Before, and in *Coriolus*, let me say
I cannot speake him home : he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport : as Waves before
A Vessell under sayle, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem : his Sword (Deaths stampe)
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot :
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was trim'd with dying Cryes : alone he entred
The mortall Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With shunlesse defamy : aydelesse came off.
And with a sudden re-inforcement stricke
Carolus like a Planet : now all's this,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His ready sence : then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne recking o're the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetuall spoyle ; and till we call'd
Both field and Citty ours, he never stood
To ease his brest with painting.

Men. Worthy man.

Senat. Hee cannot but with measure fit the honors
which we devise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Mucke o'th World : he covets lesse
Then Misery it selfe would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for:

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make
thee Confull.

Corio. I doe owe them still my life, and Services.

Men. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the
People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome : for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to give their sufferage :
Please you that I may passe this doing.

Sicin. Sir, the People must have their Voyces, &
Neither will they bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. Put them not too't :
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brn. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'unaking Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Men. Doe not stand upon't :
We recommend to you Tridunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confull
With we all Ioy, and honor'

Senat.

Senat. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sicinius. May they perceive's intent: he will require them As if he did contemne what he requested, Should be in them to give.

Brut. Come, we'll informe them Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place, I know they doe attend us.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he doe require our voyces, we ought not to deny him,

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in our selves to doe it, but it is a power that we have no power to doe: For, if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tell us his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little helpe will serve: for once we stood up about the Corne, he himselfe stucke not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We have beene call'd so of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly Colord; and truly I thinke, if all our wits were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'th Compasse.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you so? Which way doe you judge my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soone out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, twould sure Southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the forth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your trickes, you may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voyces? But thats no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaviour: we are not to stay al together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, by & threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us ha's a single Honor, in giving him our owne voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall goe by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have don't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countries Service, when Some certaine of your Brethren roard, and ranne

From th' noise of our owne Drummes,

Men. Oh me the gods, you must not speake of that, You must desire them to thinke upon you,

Corio. Thinke upon me? Hang'em, I would they would forget me, like the Vertues Which our Divines lose by em.

Men. You'll marre all, Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you In wholsome manner.

Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces, And keepe their teeth cleane: So heere comes a brace, You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3. *Cit.* We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert.

2. *Cit.* Your owne desert.

Corio. I, no mine owne desire.

3. *Cit.* How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3. *Cit.* You must thinke if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th Consulship.

1. *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly,

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good voyce Sir, what say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, theres in all two worthy voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3. *Cit.* But this is something odde.

2. *Cit.* And twere to give againe: but tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Corio. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voyces, that I may be Confull, I have heere the Customary Gowne.

1. You have deserved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved Nobly.

Corio. Your Enigma.

1. You have beene a scourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common people.

Corio. You should account me the more Vertuous, that I have not bin common in my Love, I will sir flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisdom of their choyce, is rather to have my hat, then my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterferly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewichment of some popular man, and give it bountifull to the desires: Therefore beseech you, I may be Confull.

2. We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voyces heartily.

1. You have received many wounds for your Country.

Corio. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

Both. The gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Corio. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterve, Then crave the hire, which first we doe deserve. Why in this Woolvisg gowne should I stand heere, To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
 What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
 The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept,
 And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
 For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
 Let the high Office and the Honor goe
 To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
 The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come mee Voyces.

Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
 Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
 Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailles thrice six
 I have scene, and heard of: for your voyces,
 Have done many things, some lesse, some more:
 Your Voyces? indeed I would be Confull.

1 *Cit.* He ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
 any honest mans Voyce.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Confull: the Gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, Noble Confull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your Limitation:
 And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
 Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes invested,
 You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Sici. The Custome of Request you have discharg'd:
 The People doe admit you and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sici. There, *Coriolanus*.

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Sicin. You may Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe againe
 Repayre toth' Senate-house.

Men. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the People.

Sicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinks,
 'Tis warme at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
 Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore unworthy notice,
 He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flowted us downe-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mocke us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your selfe, but sayes.

He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
 His Markes of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Sicin. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had Wounds,

Which he could shew in private:

And with his Har, thus waving it in scorne,

I would be Confull, sayes he: aged Custome,

But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,
 Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces
 I have no further with you. Was not this mockery?

Sicin. Why either were you ignorant to see't?
 Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,
 To yeeld your Voyces?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
 As you were lesson'd; When he had no Power,
 But was a petty servant to the State,
 He was your Enemy, ever spake against
 Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
 I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriving
 A place of Potency, and sway o'th' State
 If he should still malignantly remaine
 Fast Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
 Be Curses to your selves. You should have said,
 That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
 Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
 Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces, and
 Translate his Mallice towards you, into Love,
 Standing your friendly Lord.

Sicin. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
 And try'd his inclination: from him pluckt,
 Either his gracious Promise, which you might
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature;
 Which easily endures not Article,
 Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
 You should have ta'en th' advantage of his Choller,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did sollicite you in free Contempt.
 When he did need your Loves: and doe you thinke,
 That his Contempt shall not be brushing to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodies
 No heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
 Against the Rectorship of judgement?

Sicin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
 And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mocke,
 Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

Ile have five hundred Voyces of that sound,
 1 *Cit.* It twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They have chose a Confull, that will from them take
 Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
 Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to doe so.

Sicin. Let them assemble: and on a safer judgement,
 All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
 And his old Hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
 How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loves,
 Thinking upon his Services, tooke from you
 Th'apprehension of his present portance,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate Hate he beares you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
 That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
 But that you must cast your Election on him.

Sici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
 Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
 Your minds pre-occupi'd with what you rather must do
 Then what you should made you against the graine
 To Voyce him Confull. Lay the fault on us.

Bru.

Bru. I, spare us not : Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued, and what stocke he springs of,
The Noble house o'th' *Martius* : from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa's* Daughters Sonne :
Who after great *Hosilius* here was King,
Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Cenfor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Sici. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present, bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy ; and revoke
Your fuddaine approbation.

Bru. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so : almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Bru. Let them goe on :
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater :
It, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sicin. Toth' Capitoll, come :
We will be there before the streame o'th' People :
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we have goaded on-ward.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Menenius*, all the Gentry,
Cominius Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head.

Lart. He had my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Confull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners wave againe.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius* ?

Lart. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yielded the Towne : he is rettyred to Antium,

Corio. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you Sword to Sword :
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your person most : That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth, I doe despise them :

For they doe pranke them in Authority,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Sicin. Passe no further.

Corio. Hah ? what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to goe on-No further :

Corio. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pals'd the Noble, and the Commons ?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces ?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall toth' Market place,

Bru. The People are incens'd against him.

Sicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your heard ?

Must these have Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ? what are your Offices
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobility :
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will beruled.

Bru. Call't not a Plot :

The People cry you mockt them : and of late,
When Corne was given them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants : for the People, calld them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Corio. Have you informd them since ?

Bru. How ? I informe them ?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Bru. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Confull ? by yond Clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sicin. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre : if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so Noble as a Confull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Men. Lets be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd : set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome : nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonourd Rub, layd falsely
Ith plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne ! this was my speech,
And I will speake againe.

Men. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this hear, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I live, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons :
For the mutable ranke-lent Meyny,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves : I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sediton,
Which we our selves have plowed for, sowed, & scatterd,
By mingling them with us, the honord Number,
Who lacke not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you,

Corio. How ? no more ?

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter us, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Brn. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a god,
To punish; Not a man of of their infirmity.

Sicin. I were well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep
By Iove, twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remaine a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further.

Corio. Shall remaine?

Here you this Triton of the *Minnemes*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. I was from the Cannon.

Corio. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why
You grave, but wreakelesse Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra heere to choofe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? if he have power,
Then vale your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: if you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them have Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voyces blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choofe their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Then ever frown'd in Greece. By Iove himselve,
It makes the Consuls base; and my soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supream; how soone confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.

Com. Who ever gave that Counsell, to give forth
The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as twas us'd
Sometime in Greece.

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute powre
I say the norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Brn. Why shall the people give
One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. He give my Reasons,

More worthie then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did service for't, being prest to'th' Warre,
Even when the Navell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deserve Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,
Thare Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborne, could never be the Native
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words. We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gave us our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Men. Come enough.

Brn. Enough, with over measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Divine and humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all season: where Gentry, Title, wisdome
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall ignorance, it must omit:
Reall Necessities, and give way the while
To unstable Slightnesse: Purpose so barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That love the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change oft: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To jumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not having the power to doe the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.

Brn. Has said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors doe.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people doe with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houle,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Brn. Manifest treason.

Sicin. This a Consul? No.

Enter an Edile.

Brn. The Ediles hoe; Let him be apprehended:

Sicin. Goe call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator:
A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. We'll Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebians with the Ediles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Heere's he, that would take from you all your
power.

Brn. Seize him *Ediles*.

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what hoe:

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Men. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions ne're, I cannot speake. You Tribunes
To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience: speake good *Sicinius*.

Sicin.

Sicin. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's heare our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.

Sicin. You are at point to lose your Liberties:

Martius would have all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you have nam'd for Consull.

Men. Fye, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Sicin. What is the City, but the People?

All. True, the People are the City.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Men. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the City flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And bury all, which yet distinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Sicin. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority, Or let us lose it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of present Death.

Sicin. Therefore lay hold of him:

Bear him toth' Rocke Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ediles seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Men. Heare me one word, beseech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ediles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend, And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redresse.

Bru. Sir, those cold wayes, That seeme like prudent helpees, are very poysonous, Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him, And beare him to the Rocke. *Corio. draws his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile dye here:

There's some among you have beheld me fighting, Come try upon your selves, what you have seene me.

Men. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People are beat in.

Men. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away, All will be naught else.

2. Senat. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The gods forbid:

I prethee noble friend, home to thy house, Leave us to cure this Cause.

Men. For tis a Sore upon us.

You cannot Tent your selfe. begon, beseech you.

Com. Come Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not, Though calved i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

Com. On faire ground, I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my selfe take up a Brace o'th' best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now t's oddes beyond Arithmeticke, And Manhood is call'd Foolry, when it stands Against a falling Fabricke. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are us'd to beare.

Men. Pray you be gone: Ile try whether my old Wit be in request With those that have but little: this must be patcht With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Ioue*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his Mouth: What his brest forges, that his tongue must vent, And being angry, does forget that ever He heard the Name of death. *A Noise within.* Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Men. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus, and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rocke With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law, And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall Then the severity of the publike Power, Which he so sets at naught.

1. Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir.

Sicin. Peace.

Men. Do nor cry havocke, where you should but hunt With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have holpe To mske this rescue?

Men. Heare me speake? As I doe know The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consull? what Consull?

Men. The Consull *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would crave a word or two, The which shall turne you to no further harme, Then so much losse of time.

Sicin. Speake briefly then, For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd In Ioves owne Booke, like an unnaturall Dam Should now cate up her owne.

Sicin.

Siciu. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country;
And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
Were to us all that doo', and suffer it.
A brand to th'end a'th World.

Siciu. This is cleane kamme,

Bru. Meerely awry:

When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll heare no more:
Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Least his infection being of caching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of unskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leadens pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceffe,
Least parties (as he is belov'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Bru. If it were so?

Sici. What doe ye talke?
Have we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot; our selves resisted come.

Men. Consider this: He ha's beene bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In bouted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Give me leave,
He goe to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his utmost perill.

I. Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Bru. Goe not home.

Sici. Meet on the Market place: we'll attend you there
Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceede
In our first way.

Men. He bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine cares, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe stretch
Below the beame of fight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volunius.

Noble. You doe the Nobler.

Corio. I muse my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassalles, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to show bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder;
When one but of my ordinance stood up

To speake of Peace, or Warre, I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volun. Oh sir, sir, sir.

I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it our.

Corio. Let goe.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With striving lesse to be so. Lesser had beene
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volun. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, something
too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnlesse by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midd'l't, and perish.

Volun. Pray be counsaill'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads my use of Anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to th' heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely beare.

Corio. What must I doe?

Men. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot doe it to the Gods,
Must I then doo't to them?

Volun. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I have heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'th' Warre doe grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Men. A good demand.

Volun. If it be honor in your Warres, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With honor, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volun. Because, that

Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people;
Not by your owne instruction, nor by th'matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
That are but roared in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all.
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood,
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should doe so in honor. I am in this

Your

Your Wife, your Sonne : These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne upon em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.

Men. Noble Lady,
Come goe with us, speake faire : you may salve so;
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.

Volum. I prethee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre having stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones : for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling : or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to use, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speakes, why their hearts were yours :
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prethee now,
Goe, and be rul'd : although I know thou had'st rather
Follow thine Enemy in a fiery Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower, *Enter Cominius,*
Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have beene i'th' Market place ; and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence : all's in anger.

Men. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must and will :
Prethee now say you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Must I goe shew them my unbarb'd Sconce ?
Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble heart
A Lye, that it must beare well ? I will doo't :
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loote
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde : Toth' Market place :
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Volum. I prethee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier : so
To have my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't :
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit : My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe : The smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boys Teares take up
The Glasses of my fight : A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,

And by my bodies action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choyce then :
To begge of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse : for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Doe as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck't it from me :
But owne thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content :
Mother, I am going to the Market place :
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loves,
Cogge their hearts from them, and come home below'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going :
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can doe
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Doe your will. *Exit Volumina.*

Com. Away, the Tribunes doe attend you : arme your
To answer mildly : for they are prepar'd (selfe)
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are upon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let us goe,
Let them accuse me by invention : I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Men. I, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Br. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power : if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antians*
Was ne're distributed : What, will he come ?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. He's comming.

Br. How accompanied ?

Edil. With old *Menevius*, and those Senators
That alwayes favour'd him.

Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue

Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set downe by'th
Edil. I have : 'tis ready, (Pole ?)

Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes ?

Edil. I have : 'tis ready

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th' right and strength a'th' Commons : be it either
For death, for Fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine ; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'th' Truth a'th' Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Br. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd,
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edil. Verywell.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv'them.

Br. Goe about it,
Put him to Choller strait, he hath beene us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance ; then he speakes

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.

Men. Calmely, I doe beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that for th'poorest peece
Will beare the Knave by'th Volume :

Th'honor'd goddes

Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Through our large Temples with the shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

Sen. Amen, Amen.

Men. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience ;
Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say : Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sici. I doe demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voyces,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Corio. I am content,

Men. Loe Citizens, he sayes he is Content:
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider ; Think
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to move
Laughter onely.

Men. Consider further :
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Souldier : doe not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds :
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Confull with full voyce :
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe?

Sici. Answer to us.

Corio. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sici. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traytor?

Men. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell, Fould in the people :
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht : as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest unto thee, with a voyce as free,
As I doe pray the gods.

Sicin. Marke you this people?

All. To'th'Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace :

We neede not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seene him doe, and heard him speake :

Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him,
Even this to criminall, and in such capitall kinde,
Deserves th'extreamest death.

Brn. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome.

Corio. What doe you prate of Service?

Brn. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. He know no further :

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envi'd against the people ; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power : as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
That doe distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'peoples name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so : let him away :
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd : No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake :

I have bene Confull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes upon me. I doe loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes : then if I would
Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?

Brn. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes : whole Loves I prize,
As the dead Carcasses of unburi'd men,
That doe corrupt my Ayre : I banish you,
And heere remaine with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts :
Your Enemies, with noddling of their Plumes
Fan you into despaire : Have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feesles,
Making but reservation of your selves,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe ;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Curiat.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone : Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at the gates, come:
The gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leave your teares: a brief farwel : the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd
To say, Extremitie was the trier of spirits,
That common changes, common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boates alike
Shew'd Maister ship in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweate. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are falter then a younger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) *Generall*,
I have seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waile inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still have beene your solace, and
Beleev't not lightly, though I goe alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,
Whither will you go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposure, to each chance
That starts i'th' way before thee.

Corio. O the gods!

Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose advantage, which doth ever coole
Th' absence of the needier.

Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast yeares upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres surfets, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruish'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine above the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily

As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seven yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good gods
I'd with thee evere foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Exeunt.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: and wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we have shewne our power,
Let us seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength:

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say shee's mad.

Brut. They have tane note of us: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th' hoorded plague a'th' gods requit your love.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame, Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heavens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then ever thou wife words.
And for Rome's good Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity.

Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himselfe
The noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fely of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You have done a brave deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

c c

This

This Ladies Husband heere ; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leave you.

Sicin. Why stay you to be baited

With one that wants her Wits.

Exit Tribunes.

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would unclogge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.

Mene. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause : you'l suppe with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate : I suppe upon my selfe,
And so shall sterue with Feeding : Come, let's go,

Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, *Iuno*-like : Come, come, come.

Exeunt

Mene. Fie, fie, fie.

Exit.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know me : your
name I thinke is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are
against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. *Nicanor* : no,

Rom. The same sir,

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but
your Favour is well appeard by your Tongue. What's
the Newes in Rome : I have a Note from the Volcean
state to finde you out here. You have well saved mee a
dayes journey.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections :
The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and
Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin ; is it ended then ? Our state thinks not
so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to come
upon them, in the heate of their division

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive so
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that
they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take all power from the peo-
ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever.
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banisht ?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni-
canor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard
it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
shee's false out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus
Aufidius* will appeare well in these Warres, his great
Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun-
trei.

Volce. He cannot choose : I am most fortunate, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Bu-
sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most
strange things from Rome : all tending to the good of
their Adverlaries. Have you an Army ready say you ?

Vol. A most Royall one. The Centurions, and their
charges distinctly billeted already in th' entertainment,
and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am joyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am
the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So
sir, heartly well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I have the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well let us go together.

Exeunt.

*Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparell, Dis-
guis'd, and muffled.*

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes : Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices for my Warres
Have I heard groane, and drop : Then know me not,
Least that thy Wives with Spits, an Boyes with stones
In puny Battell slay me. Save you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Anf-
sidius* lies : Is he in *Antium* ?

Cit. He is and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his
house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you ?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

Oh World, thy slippery turnes ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bolomes seene weare on heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together : who Twine (as 'twere) in Love,
Vnspeparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake out
To birterest Enmity : So fellest Foes,
Whose passions, and whose Plots have broke their sleepe
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trickes not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-joyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon
This Enemie Towne Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice : if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Service,

Exit.

Musicke plays. Enter a Servingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine : What service is heere ? I
thinke our Fellowes are a sleepe.

Enter another Serving man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cosm* : my M. calls for him : *Cosm.* *Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly house :

The Feast smels : but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1. *Ser.* What would you have Friend ? whence are you ?
Here's no place for you : Pray go to the doore ? *Exit.*

Corio. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in be-
ing *Coriolanus*.

Enter second Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir ? Ha's : the Porter his eyes in
his head, that he gives enterance to such Companions ?
Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 *Ser.* Away ? Get you away.

Corio. Now th' troublesome.

2 *Ser.* Are you so brave : Ile have you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Servingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this ?

1 A strange one as ever I look'd on : I cannot get him
out o'th house : Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What have you to do here fellow ? Pray you avoid
the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth,

3 What are you.

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A maru'llous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am,

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up some other sta-
tion,

tion heere's no place for you, pray you avoid : Come,
Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde
 bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Master what a
 strange Guest he ha's here.

2 And I shall.

Exit second Servingman.

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crows.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crows. What an Assie it is,
 then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, tis an honest service, then to meddle with
 thy Mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher:
 Hence.

Beates him away

Enter Aufidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de have beaten him like a dogge, but for
 disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What woldst? Thy name?
 Why speak'st not? Speake man: what's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing
 me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie com-
 mands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name unmusicall to the Volcians eares,
 And harsh in sound to thine,

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
 Beares a Commanne in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
 Thou shew'st a noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
 To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
 Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witness may
 My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painefull Service,
 The extreame Dangers, and the dropes of Blood
 Shed for thy thanklesse Country are requitted:
 But with that Surname, a good memorie
 And witness of the Malice and Displeasure
 Which thou could'st beare me, only that name remaines.
 The Cruelty and Envy of the people.

Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
 Have all forsooke me, hath devour'd the rest:
 And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaves to be
 Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
 Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of hope
 (Mistake me not) to save my life: for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th World
 I would have voided thee. But in meere spight
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
 Of shame scene through thy Country, speed thee straight
 And make my misery serve thy turne: So use it,
 That my revengefull Services may prove
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my Cankred Country, with the spleene
 Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
 Thou dar'st not this and that to prove more Fortunes

Th' art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most wearie: and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Fooole,
 Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
 Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unlesse
 It be to doe thee service.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*,
 Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A roote of Ancient Envy. If Iupiter
 Should from yond clowd speake divine things,
 And say 'tis true; I'de not beleevethem more
 Than thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine armes about that body; where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I sleep
 The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest
 As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Love,
 As ever in Ambitious strength, I did
 Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the Maid I married: never man
 Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
 Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Then when I first my wedded Mistress saw
 Besid my Threshhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
 We have a Power on foote: and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
 Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate me out
 Twelve severall times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
 We have beene downe together in my sleepe,
 Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
 And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*
 Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve, to seventie: and powring Warre
 Into the bowels of ungratefull Rome,
 Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
 And take our Friendly Senators by th' hands
 Who now are heere, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
 Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You bleise me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine owne Revenges, take
 Th' one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
 Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
 Let me comment thee first, to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a Friend then ere an Enemy,
 Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to have stroken him with
 a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his cloathes made
 a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his
 finger and his thumb, as one would set up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing
 in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought. I cannot
 tell

tell how to terme it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2. So did I, he be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as live be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before *Coriolanus*; he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if he were Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. Hee'l go hee sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leave his passage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst not (looke you sir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? Whats that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest up againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and revell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 Tomorrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strooke up this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then we shall have a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may bee saide to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we feare him, His remedies are tame, the present peace,

And quietnesse of the people, which before

Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends

Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had;

Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold

Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see

Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going

About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Brut. We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir.

Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Common wealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have beene much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Brut. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

I Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Live, and thrive.

Brut. Farewell kinde Neighbours:

We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens

Sicin. This is a happier, and more comely time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Brut. *Caius Martius* was

A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Insolent, O're come with pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-loving.

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance

Mene. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this to all our Lamentation, If he had gone forth Counsell, found it so.

Brut. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Adle.

Adle. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slave whom we have put in prison, Reports the Volces with two severall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Anfidius*,

Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment, Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,

And

And durst not once peepe out.

Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.

Brn. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with us.

Mene. Cannot be?

We have record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me : I know this cannot be.

Brn. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house : some newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slave :

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes : His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mef. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.

Sicin. What more fearefull?

Mef. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joyn'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Revenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong't and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely,

Brn. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may with
Good *Martius* home againe.

Sicin. The very tricke on't.

Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Aufidius* can no more attone
Then violent't Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. You are sent for to the Senate :
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius* Rages
Vpon our Territories, and have already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You have help to ravish your owne daughters, &
To melt the City Leades upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augurs boare.

Mene. Pray, now the newes :

You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be joyn'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapen man Better : and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.

Mene. You have made good worke,
You and your Apron men : you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlike-eaters.

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.

Mene. As *Herculus* did shake downe Mellow Fruite :
You have made faire worke.

Brn. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles : who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all undone, unless

The Noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall aske it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pittie of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards : For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.

Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S'incapable of helpe:

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Clusters, who did hooite
Him out o'th' City.

Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer : Desperation,
Is all the policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.
And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. How he's comming,
And not a haire upon a Souldiers head
Which will not prove a whip : As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne us all into one coale,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearefull Newes.

1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pittie.

2 And so did I.

3 And so did I : and to say the truth, so did very ma-
ny of us, that we did we did for the best, and though we
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You have made you good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what else?

Exeunt both

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismayd,
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to us: Come Masters let's home, I ever said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all, But come, let's home. *Exit. Cit.*

Brn. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Brn. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would by this for a ye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers use him as the grace'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Even by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnlesse by using meanes I lame the foote Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudly, Even to my person, then I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir, (I meane for your perticular) you had not Ioynd in Commission with him: but either have borne The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him, although it seemes And so he thinks, and is no lesse apparant To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcean State; Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeve as soone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine. When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeeld to him ere he sits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senator and patricians love him too: The tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'll be to Rome As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was A Noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors even: whether 'twas Pride Which out of daily Fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgement, To faile in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooving From th' Caske to th' Cushion: but commanding peace Even with the same austerity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of these (As he hath spices of them all) not all, For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the utterance: So our Vertues, Lie in th' interpretation of the time, And power unto it selfe most commendable, Hath not a Tombe so evident as a Chaire T' extoll what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when *Caio* Rome is thine, Thou art poor't of al; then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him A mile before his Tent, fall downe and kneele The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not answer to: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you have made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was lesse expected. He replied It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends. His answer to me was He could not stay to picke them, in a pile Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave unburnt And still to nose th' offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this so never-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the instant Armie we can make Might stop our Countryman.

Menen. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What should I do?

Brn. Onely make triall what your Love can do, For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Menen. Well, and say that *Martius* returne me, As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard: what then? But as a discontented Friend, grieve-shot With his unkindnesse: Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will Must have that thankes from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Menen. Ile undertak't: I thinke hee'll heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.

He

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stufft
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set upon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have knowledge
Of my successe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l never heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's fit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismist me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, unlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solícite him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haile them on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Wat. Stay: whence are you.

2 Wat. Stand, and go backe.

Mo. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speake with *Coriolanus*.

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with *Coriolanus*.

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your cares: it is *Menenius*.

1 Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Lover: I have beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men have read
His Fame unparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I have ever uerified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a suble ground
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must have leave to passe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you have uttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
live chastly. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howsoever you have bin his Lier, as you say you
have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you have pusht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent populer ignorance, given your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his revenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the pallied intercession of such a de-
cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you thinke to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of reprieve
and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if the Captaine knew I were heere,
He would use me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Backe I say, go: least
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the ut-
most of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall
perceive, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in houely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and love thee no worse then thy old
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for us: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured
none but my selfe could moue thee, I have beene blowne
out of your Gates with fighes: and conjure thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good
Gods assuage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, upon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my access to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcean breasts. That we have beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine cares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy take,
And would have sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee speake. This man *Aufidius*
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st it.

Auf. You keepe a constant temper. *Exeunt.*

Mene. the Guard and *Menenius*.

1 Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home againe:

1 Do you heare how we are shent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

2 What cause do you thinke I have to swoond?

Mene. I neither care for th' world, nor your Generall:
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke ther's any, y'are
so slight. He that hath a will to dye by himselfe, feares it

not

not from another : Let your Generall do his worst. For you, bee that you are, long ; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit.*

1. A Noble Fellow I warrant him,

2. The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rocke, The Oake not to be winde-shaken. *Exit March.*

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action, You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly I have borne this Businesse.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected. Stopt your cares against the generall suite of Rome: Never admitted a privat whisper, no not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me, above the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him : for whose old love I have (Though I shew'd sowlery to him) once more offer'd The first Conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him ouely, That thought he could do more : A very little I have yeelded to. Fresh Embassies, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter Will I lend care to. Ha ? what shout is this? *Shout within* Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumentia, Valeria, young Martius; with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priviledge of nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate. What is that Curt'sie worth ? Or those Doves eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne ? I melt and am not Of stronger earth then others : my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should In supplication Nod : and my young Boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never Be such a Gosling to obey instinct : but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin *Virgil.* My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd, Makes you thinke so.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh, Forgive my Tyranny : but do not say, For that forgive our Romans. O a kisse Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge ! Now by the jealous Queene of Heaven, that kisse I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray, And the most Noble Mother of the world Leave unsaluted : Sinke my knee i'th' earth; *Kneels* Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volunt. Oh stand up blest!

Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and unproperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this ? your knees to me ?

To your Corrected Sonne?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres : Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun : Murd'ring Impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight worke.

Volunt. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady ?

Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*; The Moone of Rome : Chaste as the Ilicle That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow, And hangs on *Dians* Temple : Deere *Valeria*.

Volunt. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th' interpretation of full time, May shew like all your selfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers : With the consent of supream Love, informe Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst prove To shame invulnerable, and strike i'th Warres Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee,

Volunt. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave Boy.

Volunt. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe, Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace : Or if yould aske remember this before ; The thing I have forsworne to graunt, may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my Soldiers, or capitulate Again, with Romes Mechanicks. Tell me not Wherein I seeme unnaturall : Desire not t'allay My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reasons.

Volunt. Oh no more, no more :

You have said you will not grant us any thing : For we have nothing else to aske, but that Which you deny already : yet we will aske, That if you faile in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardnesse, therefore heare us.

Corio. *Aufidius*, and you Volces marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in private. Your request ?

Volunt. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe, How more unfortunate then living women Are we come hither ; since that thy sight, which should Make our eies flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts, Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out ; and to poore we Thine enmities most capitall : Thou barr'st us Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we ? Alas ! how can we, for our Country pray ? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory : Whereto we are bound : Alacke, or we must loose The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person Our comfort in the Countrey. We must finde An evident Calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Must as a Forraigne Recreant be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And

And beare the Palme, for having bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: if I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no soones
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneffe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I have fate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemne us
Aspyfonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres uncertaine; but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th' insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the five straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul.
That should but rive an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childihnesse will move him more
Then can our Reasons. There is no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's cluck'd thee to the Warres, and safely home
Loden with Honour. Say my Request's unjust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let us shame him with our knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneeles, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This Fellow had a Volcean for his Mother:
His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet give us our dispatch:

I am husht untill our City be a fire, & then Ile speak a little
Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!

What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeve it: Oh beleeve it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:

Aufidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my steed, would you have heard
A mother lesse? or granted lesse *Aufidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare

A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue counter-seal'd.
Come enter with us: Ladies you deserve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

(stone?)

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner
Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially
his Mother, may prevaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon
execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*; is
growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more
then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he me: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse
of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Trea-
ding. He is able to pierce a Corset with his eye: Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State
asa thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternitie, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-
cy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that
shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good
unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef.

Mef. Sir, if you'd save your life flye to your House,
The Piebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (prevayl'd,

Mef. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies have
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine.

Mef. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why harke you?

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drumsbeats, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showing Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke yon, *A shout within*

Ment. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'de not have given a doit. Harke, how they joy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods bleffe you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the joy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strow Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that banish'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome. *Exeunt.*

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullius Aufidius, with Attendants.

Ans. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repaire to th' Market place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse;
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Aufidius Faction.

Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall?

Ans. Even so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poyson'd, and with his Charity flaine.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht us parties: Wee'l deliver you
Of your great danger.

Ans. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The people will remaine uncertaine, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyre of all.

Ans. I know it:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flatterie,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bowd his Nature, never knowne before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Confull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping,

Ans. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him joynt-servant with me: Gave him way
Inall his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, serv'd his dignements
In mine owne person: hope to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong; Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, nor Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marveyled at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

Ans. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And lie renew me in his fall. But hearke,

*Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great
shouts of the people.*

1. Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyse,

2. Con. And patient Fooles,
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giving him glorie.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which he will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.

Ans. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,
Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. Yon are most welcome home.

Ans. I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy Lords, have you with heede perused
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1. Lord. And greeve to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might have found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

Ans.

Ans. He approaches, you shall hear him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier :
No more infected with my countries love
Then when I parted hence : but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
Thee charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no lesse Honour to the *Antiates*
Then shamed to th' *Romaines*. And we heare deliver
Subscrib'd by th' *Consuls*, and *Patricians*,
Together with the Seale a'th *Senat*, what
We have compounded on.

Ans. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Ans. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio, Martius?

Ans. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'it thou thinke
He grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Coriolus*?

You Lords and Heads a'th State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given up
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome :
I lay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, never admitting
Counsaile a'th warre : But at his Nurfes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victorie,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Ans. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Ans. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lye thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slave,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scould. Your judgements my grave Lords
Must give this Curre the Lye : and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest upon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Grave, shall joyne
To thrust the Lye unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me too peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound :
If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in *Coriolus*.

Alone I did it, Boy!

Ans. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace :
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th' earth: His last offences to us
Shall have Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Auffidiuses*, or more:
His Tribe to use my lawfull Sword.

Ans. Insolent Villaine.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Martius; who
falls, Auffidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Ans. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1 *Lord.* O *Tullus*.

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.

Ans. My Lords.

When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver
My selfe your loyall Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.

1 *Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2 *Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame :
Let's make the Best of it.

Ans. My Rage is gone,
And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him up :
Helpe three a'th' chiefest Souldiers; Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully :
Traile your Steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Injury.
Yet hee shall have a Noble memory. Affist.

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.*



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drums & Colours.

Saturninus.

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Armes.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Pleade my Successive Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romanes, Friends, Followers,
Favovrrs of my Right:

If ever *Bassianus*, *Caesars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and my Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, have by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Wallles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoked a Nation strong, train'd up in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.

Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name
Whom (worthily) yon would have now succede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suiters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How sayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do asse
In thy uprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Love and honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismiss my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd,

Ex. Soldiers.

Saturnine. Friends, that have beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

They go up into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successfull in the Battailles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Mooore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Prism* had,
Behold the poore remaines alive and dead!
These that Survive, let Rome reward with Love:
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere *Gothes* have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my joyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that Survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, true the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captive to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, slaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,

Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne,
Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* behold
Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice;

To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goe to rest, and we survive,
To tremble under *Titus* threatening lookes,
Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunity of sharpe revenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora* the Queene of *Gothes*,
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rites, *Alarbus* limbes are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificizing fire,
Whose smoke like in cense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest firewell to their soules.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no envie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere no stormes,
No noise, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe: my tributary teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applan'd,

Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome. Nephews from succesfull wars,
You that survive and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faile Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs over chance in honours bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:

ff

What

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be choten with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one, and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Empiry.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples hearts, and weane them from themselves.

Bass. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voices and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribun. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my advise,
Crowne him, and say: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebians we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, Long live our Emperour *Saturnine*.

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
Thy Name, and Honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my heart
And in the Sacred *Pantheon* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Sat. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Tit. Now Madame are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will use you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere up Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scone in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can you make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lan. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobility,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thankes sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let us goe:
Ransomelesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leave, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How fir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Mar. Summichne, is our Romane Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Mus. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mus. My Lord you passe not heere,

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mus. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*

Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you have slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine.
My sonnes would never so dishonour me.
Traitor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promis'd Love.

*Enter also the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes and Aaron the Moore.*

Emp. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
Thee never: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was there none els in Rome to make a stale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece,
To him that flourisheth for her with his Sword:
A Valiant sonne in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Phoebe* mong' st her Nymphs
Dost over-shine the Gallant' st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choise,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choise?
And heere I swear by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and every thing
In readinesse for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climbe my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me,

Tamora. And heere in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
if *Saturnine* advance the Queene of Gothes,
She will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend Faire Queene,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Northou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Unworthy brother, and unworthy Sonnes.

Luc. But let us give him buriall as becomes:
Give *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traitors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I have Sumptuously re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Even thou hast stroke upon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. *Son.* He is not himselfe, let us withdraw.

2. *Son.* Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. *Son.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest;
That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes upon advise did bury *Ajax*
That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismall' st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonoured by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy
Till we with Trophies do adorne thy Tombe. (friends)

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He lives in Fame, that did in vertues cause.

Exit.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtil Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by devise or no) the heavens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy fir of your Gallant Bride.

Bas. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it my Lord, to seise my owne,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am posselt of that is mine.

Sat. Tis good fir: you are very short with us,
But if we live, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,

With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
In zeale to you and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
Tis thou, and those, that have dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge;
How I have lov'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if ever *Tamora*,

ff 2

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I undertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whole fury not dissembled speaks his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with fowre looks afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust survey take *Titus*, part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
He finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Sat. Rise *Titus*, rise,
My Empresse hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thanke your Majesty,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you,
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:

And you *Lavinia*,
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Majesty.

Son. We doe,
And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

Sat. Away and talke not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet heart looke back.

Sat. *Marcus*,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens baynous faults.
Stand up: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I fware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Love-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Heart with me,
With horne and Hound,

Weele give your Grace *Bon jour*,

Sat. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy too.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistening Coach,
And over-lookes the highest piercing hills:
So *Tamora*,

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme the heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Imperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Halt prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And fatter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tied to *Caucasus*.
Away with slavish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon this new made Empresse,
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goodesse, this *Semiramis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Holla, what sto:me is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron*, thy yeeres want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st over-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braves,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee moore fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my Mistris grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* love.

Ar. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe to: have your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. I Boy, grow ye so brave?

They draw.

Ar. Why now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowe to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.
For shame put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Ar. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brable will undoe us all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Dem. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Ar. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this devise.

Chi. *Arion*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love.

Ar. To atchieve her, how?

Dem. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lov'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loose to steale a shive we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have yet worne *Vulcans* badge.

Ar. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, and liberality: (court it
What hast not thou full often stricke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Ar. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serve your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were served:

Dem. *Arion* thou hast hit it.

Ar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Ar. For shame be friends, and joyne for that you iar:
Tis pollicy, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* love,
A speedier course this lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe.
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advise,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike brave Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
And revell in *Lavinia's* Treasury.

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Sifas* out *nefas*, till I finde the streames;
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia, per manes Vebor.

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noise
with bounds and hornes, and Marcus.*

Tis. The hunt is up, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noise.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

*Heere a cry of boundes, and winde hornes in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.*

Tis. Many good morrowes to your Majesty,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Some what too earely for new married Ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lau. I say no:

I have bene awake two houres and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Promontory top.

Tis. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes away, and runne like Swallowes ore the plaine

Dem. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horfe nor Hound,
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Ar. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,
That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tam. My lovely *Aron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Glee-full boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver with the cooling winde,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let us sit,
And whilest the babling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit downe, and marke their yelping noise:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd,
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurfes Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Ar. Madame,

Though *Venus* governe your desires,
Saturne is Dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now uncurls,
Even as an Adder when she doth unrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head,
Hark *Tamora*, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which never hopes more heaven, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
His *Philomel* must loofe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my sweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life:

Ar. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bas. Whom have we heere?
Romes Royall Empresse,

Vnfurnisht of our well becomming troop?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps:
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently.
With Hornes, as was *Alexis*, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lau. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Love sheld your husband from his Hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bas. Believe me *Queene*, your swarth Cymmerian,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lau. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinesse, I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven coloured love,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have notice of this.

Lau. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Sovereigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is.
The Trees (though Sommer) yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Mistleto.
Heere never shines the Sonne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Raven:
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confuted cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
That ever ease did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. *Sab him.*

Chi. And this for me,

Strook home to shew my strength.

Lau. I come *Semiramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*,

For

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy poygnard: you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Dem. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minton stood upon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyalty.
And with that painted hope she braves your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the hony ye desire,
Let not this Waife out-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preferued honesty of yours.

Lav. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear't a woman face.

Tam. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Dem. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lav. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck't from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

Chi. What,
Would'st thou have me prove my selfe a bastard?

Lav. Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet have I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mov'd with pittie, did indure
To have his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorne children,
The while their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tam. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tam. Had'st thou in person nere offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pittilesse:
Remember Boyes I pow'd forth teares in vaine,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I have beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Basilius* dy'd.

What beg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go?

Lav. Tis present death I beg, and onething more,
That woman hood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Dem. Away,

For thou hast staid us heere too long.

Lav. No grace.

No woman hood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion all —

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth:

Bring thou her husband,

This is the Hole where *Aron* bid us hide him. *Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronics* be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my lovely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mar. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen?

What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'ft object
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Ar. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may have a likely ghesse,
How these were they that made away his brother.

Exit Aron.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quin. I am surpris'd with an unconch feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes, once to behold
The thing where at it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Basilius* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know'tis he?

Mar. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made the faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Cocytus* mistie mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,

Or

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* grave:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Mar. Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. *Boths fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Sat. Along with me, I see what hope is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, heere have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Heere *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing griefe.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing similes such murderous Tyranny.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus tis we meane,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should have murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Ar. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide untill we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing paine for them.

Tam. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.

Sat. If it be prov'd you see it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it up.

Tit. I did my Lord,

Yet let me be their baile.

For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answer their suspection with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,
I let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Emperesse Sonnes, with Lavinia, her hands cut off and
her tongue cut out, and ravishd.*

Dem. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravishd thee.

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpe will let thee play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chi. Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leave her to her silent walkes.

Chi. And 'twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Winds Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?

Cosen a word, where is your husband?

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me,
If I do wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne ungentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
Whose circkling shadows, Kings have sought to sleep in
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy Love: Why dost not speake to me?

Alas, a Crimfon river of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rise and fall betwene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowerd thee,
And leaft thou shouldst detest them, cut thy tongue,

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Tians* face,

Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? shall I say tis so?

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast
That I might raile at him to ease my mind.

Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stopt,
Doth burne the heart to Cinders where it is.

Faire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.

But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That

That could have better sowed then *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
 Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 He would not then have toucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made:
 He would have dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feet.
 Come, let us goe, and make thy father blinde,
 For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
 One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
 What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
 Oh could our morning ease thy misery. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

*Enter the Iudges and Senators with Titus two sonnes bound,
 passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus
 going before pleading.*

Ti. Heare me grave fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Whose soules are not corrupted as tis thought:
 For two and twenty sonnes I never weept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
 For these, these Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares stench the earths dry appetite.
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt.*
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
 In summers drought: He drop upon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow
 And keepe eternall spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
 Vnbinde my sonnes, reverse the doome of death,
 And let me say (that never wept before)
 My teares are now prevailing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
 The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
 Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
 They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
 They would not pittie me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
 Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale;
 When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
 Receive my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
 And were they but attired in grave weedes,
 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
 A stone is as soft waxe,
 Tribunes more hard then stones:
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 For which attempt the Iudges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive
 That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers?
 Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished?
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Ti. prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
 Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will't consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Lu. Aye me this object kills me.

Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke upon her,
 Speake my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handlelesse in thy Fathers sight?
 What foole hath added water to the Sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
 My griefe was at the light before thou cam'st,
 And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
 Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
 And they have nur't this woe,
 In feeding life:

In bootelesse prayer have they bene held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectlesse use.
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is that the one will helpe to cut the others:
 Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine.

Lu. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
 Sweet varied notes inchanting every eare.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
 Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
 Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
 And he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
 Invirion'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
 Who makes the waxing tide,
 Grow wave by wave,

Expecting

Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered,

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,

Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath tane revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that theis sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadows, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further miseries
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Ma. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Tit. Marke *Marcus* marke, I understand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbois from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus* *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes alive,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did ever Raven sing so like a Larke,
That gives sweet tydings of the Sunnes uprise?
With all my heart, Ile lend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine.
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turne.
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battelaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serve
To ransome my two nephwes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Mo. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will use the Axe.

Exeunt.

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine,

Mo. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so:
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
Good *Aaron* give his Majesty my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it have.

As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
Asiewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aaron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to have thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth sat me with the very thought of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soule blacke like his face.

Exit.

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, having no bottome?

Then

Then be my passions botromlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth ore flow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe blow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moved with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loosers will have leave,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mef. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Etna* coole in *Cicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne,
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That ever death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearefull slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Tit. Why I have not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurpe upon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributary teares,
Then which way shall I finde Revenges Cave?
For these two heads doe seeme to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefs be returned againe,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what taske I have to doe,
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare unto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.

Lavinia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there,
And if you love me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we have much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, till *Lucius* come againe,
He loves his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* live, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Emperesse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Banquet.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece an I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grieve,
With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize upon my breast
Who when my heart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talke in signes,
When thy poore heart beates with out ragious beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea-salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we have none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she sayes,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinckes no other drinke but teares
Brew'd with her sorrows: mesh'd upon her cheekes,

Speech.

Speechlesse complaint, O I will learne thy thought:

In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hemits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not figne nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leave these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandfires heavinesse,

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dylb with a knife.

What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with thy knife.

Mar. At that that I have kill'd my Lord, a Flye

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my heart.
Mine eyes are cloi'd with view of Tirrany:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company:

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayre,
Poore harmelesse Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came heere to make us merry,
And thou hast kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfavour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore; therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamora*: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betwene us, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieve ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances.
And: Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,
He to thy closet, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the
Boy flies from her with his bookes under his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes mee every where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Ti. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Ma. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, some what doth she meane:
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or fiency do possesse her:
For I have heard my Grandfier say full oft,
Extremity of griefes would make men mad.
And I have read that *Heccuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will:

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveale the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What booke?

Why lifts she up her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfier tis Ovids Metamorphosis,
My mother gave it me,

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaves.
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
And treates of *Terens* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. Set brother see, note how she quotes the leaves

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Ravish't and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O Why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Give signes sweet girle, for heere are none but frieds
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Iove*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*,

*He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it
with feete and mouthes.*

This sandy plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart that forc'lt us to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will have discovered for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine.
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
Stumps and wries.*

Tit. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli.*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stirre a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaymes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hellors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull *Feere*
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Innius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advise)
Mortall revenge upon these traytorious Gothes,
And see their blood, or dye with this reproach.

Tit. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once
Shes with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepest will she doe what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:]
And come, I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a Gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaves abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his ungratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come goe with me into mine Armory,
Lucius Ile sit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt doe thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosome, Grandfire:

Tit. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe brave it at the Court,
I marry will we sit, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at
another dore young Lucius and another, with a bun-
dle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chir. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the newes?

Boy. For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I doe and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, and written round about?
Lets see.

*Integer vixit scilicet crispus purus, non egit manri jaculis nec ar-
cu.*

Chir. O tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I just, a verse in *Horace*: right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Assle?
Heeres no found jest, th' old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quicke:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.

And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre
Led us to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romaine Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serve out lust.

Chir. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for say, Amen.

Chir. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let us goe, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.
Flourish.

Deme. Why doe the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chir. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nurse. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aaron. Well, more or lesse, or ne're a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now helpe, or wee be side thee evermore.

Aaron. Why, what a catterwallowing dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aaron. Well God give her good rest.

What hath he sent her ?

Nurse. A devill.

Aaron. Why then she is the devils Dam: a joyfull issue.

Nur. A joylesse, dismall, blacke and, sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Emperesse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aaron. Out you whore, is blacke so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautilous blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done ?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undoe.

Chir. Thou hast undone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend.

Chir. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not dye.

Nurse. Aaron it must, the mother wils it so.

Aaron. What, must it *Nurse* ? I hen let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point :

Nurse give it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother ?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skye,
That sh'one so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatening band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Aleides*, nor the god of Warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands :
What, what, ye sanguine shallow hearted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue :

In that it scornes to beare another hue :
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to write,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood :
Tell the Emperesse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus ?

Aaron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This, before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chir. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death

Chir. I blush to thinke upon this ignominy.

Aaron. Why ther's the priviledge your beauty beares:

Eye trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsells of the heart:
Heres a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slave smiles upon the father ;

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gave life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchised and come to light :

Nay he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron what shall I say unto the Emperesse ?

Deme. Advise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advise :

Save thou the child; so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we downe and let us all consult.

My sonne and I will have the winde of you :
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safery.

Deme. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why so brave Lords, when we all joyne in
I am a Lambe: but if you brave the *Moore*, (league
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so at *Aaron* stormes :
But say againe, how many saw the child ?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the delivered Emperesse.

Aaron. The Emperesse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away :
Goe to the Emperesse, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
Weekes, weekes, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'ipit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron* ?

Wherefore did'st thou this ?

Aaron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicy ?

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours :
A long tongu'd babbling Gossip ? No Lords no :
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not farre, one *Mulitens* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as you are :
Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Marke ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes :
This done, see that you take no longer dayes
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chir. *Aaron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with se-
Deme. For this care of *Tamora*, (crets,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aaron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Emperesse friends :
Come on you thick-lipt-slave, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whey, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit.*

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bowes, and Titus beares the arrows with
Letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsment this is the way.
Sir Boy now let me see your Archery,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :
Terras Astra relinquit, be you remembered *Marcus*.
She's gone, she's fled, firs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet theres as little justice as at Land :
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,

Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for justice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in ungratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of warre unsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for justice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heavy case
To see thy Noble Vncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore my Lord it highly us concernes,
By day and night attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedy.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with revengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my masters?
What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall,
Marry for justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks with *Iove* in heaven, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
He dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heeles,
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men. fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heaven, and move the gods
To send downe Justice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gives them the Arrows.

Ad Iovem, thats for you: here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my selfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You wereas good to shoote against the winde.
To it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
Theres not a god left unsollicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I ayne a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marc. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gave *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Emperesse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choofe
But give them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons.

Tit. Newes, newes, from heaven.

Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?

Shall I have Iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?

Clow. Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clow. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clow. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clow. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heaven in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Marc. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clow. Nay truly sir, I could never say grace in 'all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while hers money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clow. I sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. He be at hand sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere *Marcus* fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clow. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come *Marcus* let us goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Emperesse, and her two sonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus shoot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was ever scene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods
(How ever these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterneffe?
And now he writes to heaven for his redresse.
See, heres to *Iove*, and this to *Mercury*,

This to *Apollo*, this to the god of warre :
Sweet scrowles to flye about the streets of Rome :
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where ?
A goodly humour is it not my Lords ?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I live, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
But he and his shall know, that Iustice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he sleepe,
He'll to awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proudst Conspirator that lives.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his vaiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'd him deepe, and fear'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose with all :
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out : if *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with us ?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mastership be Emperiall.

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. Tis he; God and Saint Stephen give you good den;
I have brought you a Letter, and a couple of Pigeons here.

Here reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd ? bir Lady, then I have brought up a
necke to a faire end. *Exit.*

Satur. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany ?

I know from whence this same devise proceedes :
May this be borne ? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my meanes bene butcher'd wrongfully ?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honor, shall shape priuiledge :
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man :
Sly franticke wretch, that help'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should governe Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emilius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus* :
Who threats in course of this revenge to doe
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did,

Satur. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes ?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes
I now begin our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people love so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare ? Is not our City strong ?

Satur. I, but the Cittizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats doe flye in it ?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baits to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his sonne for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old cares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassador,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. *Emilius* doe this message Honourably.
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I doe effectually. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him withall the Art I have,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satur. Then goe successfully and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes.
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have received Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt :
Behold in us, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Master to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora* :

Om. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monastery,

And

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the walled building, suddainely
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke.
Villaine thou mightst have beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never doe beget a cole-blacke-Calf:
Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowest thou art the Empreffe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I rusht upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To use, as you thinke needfull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empreffe eye,
And heres the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slave, whether wouldst thou convey
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe? no! Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood,

Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the Fathers soule withall.

Aaron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, save the Child,
And beare it from me to the Empreffe:
If thou doest this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish.

Aaron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*.
Twill vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villaines
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitiously perform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vlesse thou sweare to me my Child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Child shall live.

Aaron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by;
Thou beleevest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleve an oath?

Aaron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I have seene thee carefull to observe:
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a god,
And keepes the oath which by that god he sweares;
To that Ile urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god so ere it be
That thou adorest, and halt in reverence,
To save my Boy, to nourish and bring him up,
Ore else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my god I sweare to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou,
I begot him on thy Empreffe.

Luci. Oh most insatiate luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charity,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and ravisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou sawst.

Luci. Oh detestable villaine!

Callst thou that Trimming?

Aaron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as ever wonne the Set:
That bloody mind I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be witness of my worth:

I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,

Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:

I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,

And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.

Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.

I paid the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,

And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.

I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,

When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,

Beheld his teares, and laught so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the Empreffe of this sport,

She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tydings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blvsh?

Aaron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not forry for these hainous deeds?

Aaron. I, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, and yet I thinke

Few come within the compasse of my curse,

Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,

As kill a man, or else devise his death,

Ravish a Maid, or plot the way to doe it,

Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,

Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,

Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,

Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,

And bid the Owners quench them with their teares:

Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them up right at their deere Friends doores,

Even when their sorrow almost was forgot,

And on their skinnies, as on the Barke of Trees,

Have with my knife carved in Romaine Letters,

Let not your sorrow dye, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things

As willingly, as one would kill a flye,

And nothing greives me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the divell, for he must not dye
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be divels, would I were a devill,
To live and burne in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emilius*, whats the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes, The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me, And for he underlands you are in Armes, He craves a parly at your Fathers house Wiling you to demand your Hostages, And they shall be immediately delivered,

Goth. What sayes our Generall?

Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour give his pledges Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, And we will come: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange, and sad Habillaments, I will encounter with *Andronicus*, And say, I am Revenge sent from below, To joyne with him and right his hainous wrongs: Knocke at his study where they say he keepes, To ruminat strange plots of dire Revenge, Tell him Revenge is come to joyne with him, And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flye away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I meane to doe,
See here in bloody lines I have set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnessse this wretched stump,
Witnessse these crimson lines,
Witnessse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnessse the tiring day, and heavy night,
Witnessse all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy friend,
I am Revenge sent from th' infernall Kindome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity. or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will find them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some service ere I come to thee:

Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Provide the two proper Palfries, blacke as let,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And find out Murder in their guilty Caves.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Servile fooreman all day long,
Even from *Hiperions* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile doe this heavy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Revenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacy,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you uphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long have I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a devill?
For well I wote the Empresse never wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were convenient you had such a devill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou have us doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chir. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape.

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all,

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findest a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, he's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For up and downe she doth resemble thee,
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tamora.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we doe.
But would it please the good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What sayes *Andronicus* to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This doe thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I doe, and soone returne againe. *Exi*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour.
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne devises,
A payre of curst hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave vs here.

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou do'st, and sweet revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fye *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore doe we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I utter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumane Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake:
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hearke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet it left, to cut you throats,
Whil'st that *Lavinia* twene her stumps doth hold:
The Bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know you Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad.
Hearke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a PASTE,
And of the PASTE a Coffin I will reare,
And make two Pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your unhallow'd Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
This is the Feast, that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,
And worse then *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
Ane now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come.
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that PASTE let their vild'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be ever one odious,
To make this Banket, which I wish might prove,
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst the Mother comes. *Exeunt*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devill,
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperours face,
For testimony of his foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to us.

Aaron. Some devill whisper curles in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Malice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away inhumane Dogge, Vnhallow'd Slave,
Sirs helpe our Vnckle, to convey him in, *Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour, and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the Firmament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it the to call thy selfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the party
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome :
Please you therefore draw nyc and take your places.

Satur. Marcus we will.

Hoboyes.

A Table brought in.

*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the
Table, and Lavinia with a vial
over her face.*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all : although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your stomackes, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus* ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your highnesse knew my heart, you were :
My Lord the Emperour resolve me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflowr'd ?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord ?

Sat. Because the Girl, should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuell,
A patterne, president, and lively warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like :
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow dye.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnaturall and unkind ?

Tit. Kild her for whom my teares have made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginus* was,
And have a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was she ravish't ? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your highnesse feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.
They ravish't her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satur. Goe fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pye, &
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satur. Dye franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed ?
Theres meede for meed, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By uproore sever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous guests :
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane unto herselfe,
And she whom mighty kingdomes curse to,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.

But if my frosty signes and chaps of age,
Grave witness of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To love-sicke *Didoes* sad attending care,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priamus* Troy :
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewicht our cares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome the civill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor Steele,
Nor can I utter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratory,
And breake my very vttrance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that mured our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that ravished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our fathers teares despis'd, and basely couen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, my selfe unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend :
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That have preserv'd her well fare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my adventrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth :
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cytting my worthlesse praise : Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turne to speake : Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alive in *Titus* house,
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
Now judge what course had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
Or more then any living man could beare.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romanes ?
Have we done ought amisse ? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house ;
Speake Romanes speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emili. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour : for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moore*,
To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governour.

Lucius

Lnc. Thankes gentle Romans, may I governe so,
To heale Rome's harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy taske :
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares upon this Trunke :
Oh take this warme kisse on they pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops upon thy bloud-flaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. A teare for teare, and loving kisse for kisse,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips :
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit yet would I pay them.

Lnc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of us
To melt in showres : thy Grandfire lov'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee :
Sung thee asleepe, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow :
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Mecte, and agreeing with thine Infancy :
In that respect then, like a loving Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring.
Because kinde Nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate Friends, in Griefe and Woe
Bid him far well, commit him to the Grave,
Doe him that kindnesse, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire : even with all my heart
Would I weare Dead, so you did Live againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choke me. if I ope my mouth.

Romanes. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire events.

Lnc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him :
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode :
If any one releeves, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome :
Some stay, to see him fastned in the earth.

Aaron. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will :
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very Soule.

Lnc. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him buriall in his fathers grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Households Monutment :
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds :
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall :
But throw her forth to Beast and Birds of prey :
Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pittie,
And being so, shall have like want of pittie.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
For whom, our heavy happes had their beginning :
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FIN IS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson.



Gregory: A my word we'll not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I meane, if we be in choller, we'll draw.

Greg. I, while you live, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague*, moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall move me to stand,
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That shewes thee weake slave, for the weakest
goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessells, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and us

Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I have fought with the men, I will be civill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Samp. I, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads,
Take it in what fence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in fence, that feele it.

Samp. Methy shall feele while I am able to stand:
And tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not Fish: if thou had'st, thou
had'st bene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil backe thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe; and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Greg. No marry: I feare thee.

Samp. Let us take the Law of our sides: let them begin

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumbe at them
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Sam. I doe bite my Thumbe, sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your Thumbe at us sir?

Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir.

(as you

Sam. If you doe sir, I am for you, I serve, as good a man

Abra. No better?

Sam. Well sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen

Sam. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles put up your Swords, you know not
what you doe.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyba. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at the Coward. *Fights.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gown, and his Wife.

Cap. What noyse is this? Give me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, and his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me goe.

Wife. Thou shalt not stirre a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from these bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And make *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Cast by their Grave befearing Ornament,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturbe our streets againe,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
Toold Free-towne, our com non judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Heere werethe servants of your advelary,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd;
Which as he breath'd defiance to my cares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Use. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So earely walking did I see your Sonne;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Perfued my honour, not perfuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heavy Sonne,
And private in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portentous must this humour prove,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remove.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other Friends,
But he his owne affections counsellor,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So furre from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greivance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them short

Ben. In love.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love.

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:

Heres much to doe with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O any thing, of nothing first create:

O heavy lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of welsceming formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,

Still-waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This love feeles I, that feeles no love in this.

Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loves transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lye heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to have it preast

With more of thine, this love that thou hast showne,

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Love, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Lovers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with loving teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.

And if you leave me so, you doe me wrong.

Rom. Tut I have lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you love?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sicke man in good sadnesse makes his will:

O, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I doe love a woman.

Ben. I saym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good market man, and shes faire I love.

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheell not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath *Diaus* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:

From loves weake childsh Bow, she lives uncharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving tearmes

Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.

Nor ope her lap to Saint-seucing Gold:

O she is rich in beauty, onely poore,

That when she dyes, with beauty dyes her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast?

For beauty sterv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She

She is too faire, too wise wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire :
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me now I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties. (more,

Rom. Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts us in mind they hide the faire :
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire:
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. Mountaigne is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckning are you both,
And pittie tis you liv'd at odds so long :
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute ?

Capu. But saying ore what I have said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shce hath not scene the change of fourteene yeeres,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so early made :
Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth :
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce :
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a Guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more :
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heaven light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh Female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house : heare all, all see :
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
My stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me : goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heert it
is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are writ, and can never
find what names the writing person hath here writ. (I
must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish :

Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning :
One desparate griefe, cures with anothers languish :
Take thou soine new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented : and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read ?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without booke :
But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

Hereades the Letter.

*Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter : County An-
selme and his beauntious sisters : the Lady widow of Vir-
vio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neeces : Mercutio and
his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daugh-
ters : my faire Neece Rosaline, Livinia, Seigneur Valentio, and
his Cosen Tybalt : Lucio and the lovely Helena.*

A faire assembly, whither should they come ?

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither ? to supper ?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My master is
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient Feast of *Capulets*,
Supps the faire *Rosaline*, whom thou so lovest :
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falsehood, then turne teares to fire :
And these who often drown'd could never dye,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my love ! the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poy'd with herselfe in either eye :
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And shee shew scant, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb : what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle ? what *Juliet* ?

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls ?

Nur. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will ?

Wife. This is the matter : Nurse give leave a while, we
must

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. He lay foureteene of my teeth, And yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but foure, shees not fourteene, How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* and she, God rest all Chritlian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said on *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was wean'd I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne under the Dove-house wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the niple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Dove-house, 't was no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is eleven yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th roode she could have runne, and wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Juliet*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, and said I: to see now how a lefe shall come about. I warrant, & I shall live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not *Juliet* quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this I pray the hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had upon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Juliet* It stinted: and said I.

Julie. And stint thou too I pray the *Nurse*, say I.

Nurse. Peace I have done: God marke thee to his grace thou was the pretiest Babe that ere I nurs't, and I might live to see thee married once I have my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Julie. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wi' fedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, younger then you Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count, I was your Mother much upon these yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in brieve: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his love.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Verona*'s Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you love the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine every severall liniament, And see how one another lends content: And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes, This precious Booke of Love, this unbound Lover, To Beavtifie him; onely lacks a Cover. The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glory, That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By having him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* love.

Julie. He looke to like, if looking liking move. But no more deepe will I endart mine eye, Then your consent gives strength to make it flye,

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cutt in the Pantery, and every thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Juliet*, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Girl, seeke happie night to happie daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie, Weele have no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them measure us by what they will. Weele measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling. Being but heavy I will beare the light.

Merc. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I beleve me, you have dancing shooes With numble a sole, I have soles of Lead So stikes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Merc. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupid*'s wings, And so are with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore impeaced with his shaft, To so are with his light feathers, and to bond: I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe, Vnder loves heavy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen love, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boylterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Merc. If love be rough with you, be rough with love, Pricke love for pricking, and you beate love downe, Give me a Case to put my visage in, A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities: Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in, But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heare Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their beeles: For I am proverb'd with a Grandfier Phrase, He be a Candle-holder and looke on, The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

h h

Merc. Tu

Mer. Tut, dunsthe Mouſe, the Conſtables owne word,
If thou art dun, wee le draw thee from the mire.
Or ſave your reverence love, wherein thou ſtick'eſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not ſo.

Mer. I meane ſir I, delay,
We waſt our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement ſits
Five times in that ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maſke,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aſke?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed a ſleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger
then Agat-ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, over mens noſes
as they lie aſleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long
Spinners legs: the Cover of the wings of Graſhoppers,
her Trace of the ſmalleſt Spiders web, her collars of the
Moone ſhines wary Beames, her Whip of Creckets bone,
the Laſh of filme, her Waggoner, a ſmall gray coated
Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Lazy-finger of a woman. Her Chariot is an epty
Haſelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrell or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Choach-makers; and in this ſtate ſhe
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Love. On Countries knees, that dreame on
Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawiers fingers, who ſtrait dreame on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gal-
lops ore a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling
out a ſuite: and ſometime comes ſhe with a Tith pigs tale,
tickling a Parſons noſe as he lies aſleepe, then he dreams of
another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driveth ore a Souldiers
necke, and then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuſcados, Spaniſh Blades: Of Healths five
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frightened, ſweares a
prayer or two & ſleeps againe: this is that very Mab that
plats the manes of Horſes in the night: and baks the Elf-
locks in foule fluttiſh haire, which once untangled, much
miſfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and leames them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blows vs from our ſelves,
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revels, and expire the tearme
Of a deſpised life cloſ'd in my breaſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death,
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſty Gentlemen,

Ben. Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth
with their napkin.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away?
He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher.

1. When good manners, ſhall lye in one or two mens
hands, and they unwaſht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioyntſcooles, remove the Court-
cubbord, looke to the plate: good thou, ſave me a peice
of Marchpane, and as thou loveſt me, let the Porter let in
Suſan Grindſtone, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy ready.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, aſkt for, and fought
for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boys,
Be briſke a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

*Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the
Maſkers.*

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,

Ladies that have their toes

Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:

Ah me Miſtreſſes, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She lle ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I have ſeene the day

That I have worne a Viſor, and could tell

A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:

Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,

You are welcome Gentlemen, come Muſicians play:

Muſicke plays: and the dance.

A Hall, hall, give roome, and foote it Girles,

More light ye knaves, and turne the Tables up:

And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.

Ah ſirrah, this unlookt for ſport comes well:

Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,

For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:

How long 'iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I

Were in a Maſke

2. *Capu.* Berladly thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,

'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucenio*.

Come Penticoft as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maſke.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder ſir:

His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth in rich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I konw not ſir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright:

Her Beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich Jewell in an *Aethiops* eare:

Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too deare:

So ſhe ſhewes a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhewes?

The meaſure done. Ile watch her place of ſtand,

And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart love till now, forswear it sight,
For I never saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy, what dares the slave
Come hither coverd with an antique face,
To sciere and scorne at our Solemnity?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin.
To strike him dead I hold in not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villian *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
Abearcs him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill becomming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
He not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What Goodmanboy, I say he shall, go to,
Am I the Maister here or you? go to,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutiny among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man?

Tib. Why Vncle 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a sawcy Boy, 'tis so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a princelike goe,
Be quiet or more light, for shame,
He make you puiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull coler making,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Jul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this,
For Saints have hands, that Pilgrimes hand, doe touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint let lips do what hands doe,
They pray (graunt thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Jul. Saints doe not move,
Though graunt for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect doe take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have tooke,

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin againe,

Jul. You kisse by th' booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother,

Nurse. Marry Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,
I Nur't her Daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chincke.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; he sport is at the best.

Rom. I fo I feare, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.
Ah firra, by my faie it waxes late.
He to my rest.

Exeunt.

Jul. Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marry that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Jul. Go aske his name; if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of our great Enemy.

Jul. My onely Lovesprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, unknow, and knowne, too late,
Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed Enemy.

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rime, I leard even now
Of one I dan't withall.

One calls within, Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the straungers all are gone.

Exeunt

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Love grow'd for and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloved, and Loves againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loves sweet bait from fearefull hookes.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breath such vowes, as Lovers use to sweare;
And she as much in Love, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloved any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find my Centour out.

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Merc. He is wife,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Nay, he coniure too.

h h 2

Merc.

Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Lover,
 Appeare thou in the likenesse of a fight,
 Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:
 Cry me but ayme, Couply but Love and day,
 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire wor,
 One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
 Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lov'd the begger Maid,
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
 The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him,
 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
 By her fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
 And the Demeanies, that there Adiacent lie,
 That in thy likenesse thou appeare to us.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him
 To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it downe,
 That were some spight.

My invocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistris name
 I conjure onely but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
 To be conforted with the Humorous night:
 Blind is his Love, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the marke,
 Now will he sit under a Medler tree,
 And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
 As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
 O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
 An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
 This Field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
 Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
 That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He ieafts at Scarres that never felt a wound,
 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne,
 Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone,
 Who is already sicke and pale with greife,
 That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
 Be not her Maid since she is envious,
 Her Vestall livery is but sicke and Greene,
 And none but foolles do weare it, cast it off:
 It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that she knew she were,
 She speaks, yet she saies nothing; what of that?
 Her eye discourfes, I will answer it:
 I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest starres in all the heaven,
 Having some businesse do entreat her eyes,
 To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heaven,
 Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
 That Birds would sing and thinke it were not night:
 See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand.
 O that I were a Glove upon that hand.
 That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. Ay me.

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
 As glorious to this night being ore my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven

Vnto the white upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrids the lazy puffing Clouds,
 And sailes upon the bosome of the ayre:

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
 Deny thy Father and refuse thy name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Love,
 And lie no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I here more, or shall I speake at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
 Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
 Belonging to a man.

Whats in a name? that which we call a Rose,
 By any other word would smell as sweete,
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
 Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
 Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
 And for thy name which is no part of thee,
 Take all my selfe,

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but Love, and lie be new baptiz'd,
 Hence forth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
 So stumleest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
 Because it is an Enemy to thee,
 Had I it written, I would teare the word,

Jul. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
 Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike,
Jul. How cam'st thou hither.

Tell me, and wherefore?
 The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loves light wings
 Did I ore-perch these Walls,
 For stony limits cannot hold Love out,
 And what Love can do, that dars Love attempt:
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they doe see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
 Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
 And I am prooffe against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
 And but thou love me, let them finde me here,
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Then death proroged wanting of thy Love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Love that first did prompt me to enquire,
 He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
 I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
 As that vast-shore: wash'd with the farthest Sea,
 I should adventure for such Marchandise,

Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
 Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, deny
 What I have spoke but farewell Complements
 Doe'st thou Love? O I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest prove false at Louers perjuries
They say *some* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost Love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou mayest thinke my haviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true,
Then those that have more coynning to be strange,
I should have beene more strange I must confesse,
But that thou over heard'st ere I was ware
My true Loves passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Love,
Which the darke night hath so discovered,

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow:
That tips with silver all these Fruite-tree tops.

Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Jul. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleewe thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare love——

Jul. Well do not sweare although I ioy in thee,
I have no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sodden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight: goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night?

Rom. Th'exchange of thy Loves faithfull vow of mine,

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give againe,

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it,
For what purpose Love?

Jul. But to be franke and give it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
My Love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are Infinite.
I heare some noyse within deare Love adue.

Call within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee.

Within: Madam

(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soule.

Jul. A thousand times good night.

Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love as schoole-boys from their books
But Love from Love, towards schoole with heavy lookes,

Enter Juliet againe.

Jul. Hilt *Romeo* hilt: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Cave where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, then with
The repetition of my *Romeo*,

Rom. It is my soule that calls upon my name.
How silver sweete, sound Lovers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending cares.

Jul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My sweete.

Jul. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, 'tistwenty yeares till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe,

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have the still stand there,
Remembring how I Love thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other name but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyves,
And with a silken thred plucks it againe,
So loving lealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Goodnight, goodnight.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest
Exit.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And darkenesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titan*'s wheeles.
Hence wil I to my ghastly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must upfill this Oser Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious luiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying grave that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of divers kind

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
Omickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live.
But to the earth some speciall good doth give.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied.
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all fences with the heart.
Two such oppos'd Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbs grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates up that Plant,

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salutethem?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodgeth, sleepe will never lye:
But where unbrused youth with unstuff'd braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy carlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art uprouz'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo*. hath not bene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I have bene feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, finds but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Love is set,
On the faire daunger of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou mult combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell the as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S, *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Love so deare
So soone forfaken? young mens Love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath wash't thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Love that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones yet ring in my auncient eares:
Lo here upon thy cheek the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine.
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men,

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting not for loving pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Love now
Doth grace for grace, and Love for Love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy Love did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waverer, come goe with me,
In one respect. Ile thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turne your household rancord to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden hast.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devile should this *Romeo* be? came he
not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*
torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter
to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answere the Letters Maister how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead, stab'd with
a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with
a Love song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
blind Bowe-boys-but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-
ous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing
prick-song, keepstime, distance, and proportion, he rests
his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosome: the ve-
ry butcher of a silke button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentle-
man of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah
the immortall Passado, the punto rever so, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lispings affecting phan-
tacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted
with these strainge flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-
don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that the
cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers
that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady was a kitchen
wench, marry she had a better Love to berime her: *Dido*
a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings
and harlots: *Thibuy* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose
Signior *Romeo*, *Bonjour*, theres a French salutation to your
French

French fop: you gave us the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may straine courtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to courtesie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of courtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'r'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this icast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the icast may remaine after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Rom. O single sol'd icast,
Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene us good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou was never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that stretches from an ynh narrow, to an eli broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves the faire and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Love, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large, (haire.

Ben. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter*?

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentewomen,

Nur. It is gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now upon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out upon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to, mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quotha Gentleman, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him; I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well.

Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely,

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will envire him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, unlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent.

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. *Mercutio, Benvolio.*

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loves to here himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, and a were lustier then he is, and twenty such Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile find those that shall: scurvie knave, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates and thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers, skurvy knave: pray you sir a word: and as I told you my yong Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaviour, as they say: for the Gentewomen is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I, protest onto thee —

Nur. Good heart, and Ifaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her devise some meanes to come to shrift this And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Beshriv'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go to I say you shall.

Nur. I.

Nur. This afternoone fir? well she shall be there.

Re. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring the Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy.
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trusty and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miltresse.

Nur. Now God in heaven blesse thee: harke you fir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two
may keepe counsell putting one away.

Rom. I warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. Well fir, my Miltresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-
ble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a-
board: but she good soule had as leue see a Toade. a very
Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man but Ile warrant you, when I say
so shee; lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world.
Doth not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. *R.* is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that it
would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strooke nine, when I did send the Nurse.
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loves Herauid should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driving backe shadowes over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble Pision'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long houres, yet she is not come:
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Love,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate,

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse:

O Lord why lookes thou sad?

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily,
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray the speake, good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a bawdy, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
waies wench, serve God, what have you din'd at home.

Jul. No no: but all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I:
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side: O my backe, my backe:
Besheew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting up and downe.

Jul. Ifaith I am sorry that thou art so ill,
Sweete sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what saies my Love?

Nur. Your Love sayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within where should she be?

How odly thou repli'st:

Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is my Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marry come vp I trow,

Is this the Poultris for my aking bones?

Hence forward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes,
The'le be in Scarlot straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Love:
Must climbe a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night,
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo

Fri. So smile the heavens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervaille the exchange of ioy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Love devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough. I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore Love moderately, long Love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint;

A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my gossly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receive in either, by this deere encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Love is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum up some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy mood,
as any in *Italy*: and alsoone moved to be moody, and al-
soone moody to be mov'd,

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but be-
cause thou hast hassell eyes; what eye, but such an eye,
would spy out such a quarell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-
rel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*,

Mer. By my hootie I care not,

Tib. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that fir, and you
will give me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou consort'st with *Romeo*,

Mer. Confort? what dost thou make us Minstrels? and
thou make Minstrels of us, looke to heare nothing but diu-
cords: here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you
dance. Come confort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your greivances:

Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your Livery:

Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,

Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the Love I beare thee, can afford

No better terme then this. Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniures

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw,

Rom. I do protest I never iniur'd thee,

But lov'd thee better then thou can'st devise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love,

And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender

As dearly as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission!

Allastucatho carries is away.

Tibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What woulds thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives, that i meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
use me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
plucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier up,

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benvolio* beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressely hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt

Mer. I am hurt:

A plague of both the houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon,

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much,

Mer. Nor 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to
morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd
I warrant for this world: a plague of both your houses.
What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to
death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine: that fights by the
booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be-
tweene vs? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benvolio*,

Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They have made wormes meate of me,

I have it, and soundly too your Houses.

Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Allie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slaughter, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours Steele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too untimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doe depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.

Enter Tybalt:

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He goes in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heaven respective Lenity,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That lace thou gav'st me, for *Mercutio's* soule,
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole,

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp sir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, their
Wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vild beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The unluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. *Tybalt* my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild.
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin,

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this uttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing Steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His able arme, beats downe fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, underneath whose arme,
An envious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must give:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude braules doth ly a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses.
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore use done, let *Romeo* hence in halt,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
Toward *Phoebe's* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudy night immediately,
Spred thy close Curtaine Love-performing night,
That run-awaies eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leapt to these armes, untalk of and unscene,
Lovers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
By their owne Beauties: or if Love be blind,
It best agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winnig match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenheads,
Hood my unman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange Love grow bold,
Thinke true Love acted simple modestly:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter then new Snow on a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving blacke brow'd night.
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in Love with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not posselt it, and though I am fold,
Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festivall.

To

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and every tongue that speakes
But *Romeo*, name, speakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords,

Jul. Ayme, what newes?
Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, hee's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*.

Jul. What diuell art thou,
That dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I:
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes the answer I,
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Breife, founds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes
God save the marke, here on his manly brest.
A pittous Coarse, a bloody pittous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood
All in gore blood I found at the sight.

Jul. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prifon eyes, nere looke on liberty.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse one heavy beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt* honest Gentlemen,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

Jul. What storme is this that bowes so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slauhtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Nur. Did *Romeo*s hand shed *Tybalt*s blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Jul. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Did ever Dragon keepe so faire a Cave?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Woluish-ravening Lambe,
Dispis'd substance of Divinest show:
Iust oppsite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A damned Saint, an Honourable Vallaine:
O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men,
All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah wher's my man? give me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the univerfall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him so?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozen would have kil'd my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which your mistaking offer up to ioy:
My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slaine,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kil'd my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was worfer then *Tybalt*s death
That mured me, I would forget it faine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:

That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalt*s: *Tybalt*s death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranckt with other greifes,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalt*s dead.
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd.
But with a rere-ward following *Tybalt*s death,
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*s Coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are dry for *Romeo*s banishment.

Take up those Cords, poore rops you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:

He made you for a high way to my bed,
But I a Maide, dye Maiden widdowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hy to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier, and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such fowre Company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse thou Doome's day,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walles,
But Purgatory, Torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misteare'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude unthankfullnesse!
Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every Cat and Dog,
and little Mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in Heyven and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More Validity,
More Honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare Juliet's hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestrall modesty
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, hee is banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpt ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Frier, the damned use that word in hell:
Howlings attend it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absolver, and my friend profit:
To mangle me with that word banished?

Fri. Fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. He give the Armour to keepe off that word,
Adversities sweet milke, Philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophy:
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Juliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helps not, it prevailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Madmen have no earts.

Rom. How should they,
When wisemen have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that tho' dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as Juliet my Lover
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good Romeo hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Hearticke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knock.

Fri. Harke how they knocke
(Who's there) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken stay a while stand up:

Knock.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come,

Knock.

Who knockes so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in.
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wher's my Ladies Lord? wher's Romeo?

Fri. There on the Banound,
With his owne teares made druncke.

Nur. O he is even in my Mistresse cause,
Iust in her case, O wofull simipathy:
Pititious predicament, even so liles she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For Juliet's sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, death's the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood removed, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what saies
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing fir, but weepes and weepes,
And now fells on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed band
Murdered her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anotamy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hateful Mansion,

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts doe note
The unreasonable Fury of a beast.

Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill befeeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy lifelies,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Viceroy abound'st in all:
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Love tworne but hollow perjury,
Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowle thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessings light upon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mis-shapen and a fullen wench,
Thou puttest up thy Fortune and thy Love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide,

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me give you fir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiv'd by this.

Fri. Go hence.

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Sojorne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chaunces heere:
Give me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a joy past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grieffe, so brieffe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out fir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Looke you, she Lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,

I would have bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, affoord no times to woe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lad. I will, and know her mind early to morrow.
To night, she is mew'd up to her heviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childs love: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not,
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Love,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wednesday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wednesday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revell much:
Therefore weele have some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone?

It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Love what envious streakes
Do lace the severing Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and I second day
Stands tip-to on the mistie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cimber* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes do beate
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads,
I have more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wils it so.
How ift my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

ii

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt-up to the day,
O now be gone, more light and it light growes.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about,

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone for Love, Lord, ah Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings Love, to thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall ever meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill Divining soule,
Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the Bottom of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me Love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother?
Is she not downe so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Evermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live:
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of Love,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feelee the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but ever weepe the Friend.

Lad. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart,
And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor lives.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might verge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should upon receipt thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Love I bore my Cozin, *Tybalt*
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man,
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Girle,

Jul. And joy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Fa her Child?
One who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I looke not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at you hands,

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.

How now? A Condeit Girle, what still in teares?
Ever more showing in one little body?
Thou counterfeit'st a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body
Sailing in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will over set
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now wif?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lad. I sir;

But she will none, she gives you thankses,
I would the foole were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wif,
How, will she none? doth she not give us thankses?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant Love.

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?

Proud, and I thanke you; and I thanke you not.

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints gainst Thursday next,

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lad. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get the to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heaven blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your gravity ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.

Lad. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in company, still my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes. Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man.
And then to have a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Love:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust too't, be thinke you, Ile not be forsworn.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Jul. O God!
O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Count,
O hee's a Lovely Gentleman:
*Romeo*s a dish-clout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, bestrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else bestrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marv'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nur. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. *Exit.*

Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend.
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome benchforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Count Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir? the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneven is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalt*s death,
And therefore have I little talke of Love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now doe you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you Love me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The teares have got small victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report

Jul. That is no flaunder sir, which is truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast flaundered it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serves me penfive daughter now.
My Lord I must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Devotion,
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grieffe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits:
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count,

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdome, thou canst give no helpe,
Dost thou but call my resolution wise,
And with' this knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God joyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous revolt.
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien't time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marry Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to lay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death himseffe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theevisish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With recky shankes and yellow chapple'sse skulls:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them told, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an vnstaind wife to my sweet Love.

Fri. Hold then: goe home be merry, give consent,
To marry *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his native progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou livest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To mealy ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same antient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*,
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me, O tell not me of feare.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolve, Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love give me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father.

Exit.

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
serving men, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marry sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this
time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peevish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merry looke

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where have you bin gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your behests, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you,

Cap. Send for the Count, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becomed Love I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,

This

This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reverend holy Frier,
All our whole Citty is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Clofet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our provision,
Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her,
He not to bed to night, let me alone:
He play the hufwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I have need of many Orysons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Jul. Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes up the heate of fire:
He call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should he do here?
My dismall Scean, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poison which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not.
For he hath still benee tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*—
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptracle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:
Alacke, alack is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them, run mad.
Or if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Invirened with all these hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers joynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon his Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Rome, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse,
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie,

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir stir,
The second Cock hath Crow'd,
The Curfew Bell hath rung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith you'll be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit, what? I have watcht ere now
All night for a lesse cause, and neere benee sicke,

La. I you have bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood,
Now fellow, whats there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make hast, make hast, sir ha, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merry horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good Faith, tis day.

Play Musicke.

The County will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
He go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? *Juliet*? Fast I warrant her,
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,
Why Love I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me:
Marry and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the County take you in your bed;
Heele fright you up yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladys dead,
Oh weladay, that ever I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noife is heere?

Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heavy day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Revive, looke up, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: decest, shee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is fetled and her joynts are stiffe:

Life and these lips have long bene separated:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,

Ties up my tongne, and will not let me speake.

Enter Friar and the County.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but never to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife: see there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowred now by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all life living, all is deaths.

Fa. Have I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it give me such a fight as this?

Mo. Accur't, unhappy, wretched, hatefull day,

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw

In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and loving Child,

But one thing to rejoyce and solace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Most lamentable day, most wofull day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,

Never was seene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day.

Fa. Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne:

O love, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,

Vncomfortable time; why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?

O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace be for shame, confusions: Care lives not

In these confusions, heaven and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid:

Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heaven kepes his part in eternall life:

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heaven, that she should be advanc't.

And weepe ye now, seeing she is advanc't

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heaven it selfe?

O in this love, you love your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

Shee's not well married, that lives married long,

But shee's best married, that dies married yong.

Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie

On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is

And in her best array beare her to Church:

For though fond Nature bids all us lament,

Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festivall,

Turne from their office to blacke Funeralls:

Our instruments to melancholy Bells

Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:

Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrgees change;

Our Bridall flowers serve for a buried Coarie:

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,

And go fir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this faire Coarse unto her grave:

The heavens do lowre upon you, for some ill:

Move them no moire, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt.*

Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Houest goodfellowes: Ah put up put up,

For well you know, this is a pittifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh Musicians,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musicians,

Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mu. What will you give us?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will give you the Ministrell.

Mu. Then will I give you the Serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving Creatures Dagger on

your pate. I will cary no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you,

do you note me?

Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.

2. *M.* Pray you put up your Dagger,

And put out your wit.

Then have at you with my wit.

Pet. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit,

And put up my yron Dagger.

Answer me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-

sicke with her silver sound.

Why silver sound? why Musicke with her silver sound?

what say you *Simon Carling*?

Mu. Mary fir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest, what say you *Hugh Robicke*?

2. *M.* I say silver sound, because Musitions sound for sil-

Pet. Pratest to, what say you *James Sound-Post*? (ver

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it is Musicke with her silver sound,

Be-

Because Musicians have no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her silver sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse: *Exit.*

Ma. What a pestilent knave is this same?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarry for
the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes Lord sits lightly in his throne:
And all this winged vnaccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that gives a dead man leave to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest,
When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now *Balthazar*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Ma. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault.
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it even so?

Then I deny you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Ma. I do beseech you sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee doe:
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Ma. No, my good Lord.

Exit Ma.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, I be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes: O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecary,
And here abouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegator stuf, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of empty boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and musty seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Cairiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecary?

Enter Apothecary.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Dukets, let me have
A dram of poison, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-weary-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Ap. Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantua* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang on thy backe!
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this:

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poison to mens soules,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou mayest not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poison, go with me
To *Juliet* grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if mind be writ, give me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this City visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Ioh. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappy Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Ioh. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,
Shee will bestrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Enter Paris and his Page,

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all alone,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirme with digging up of Graves,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distill'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What curst foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loves right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must use,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will teare thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

Pa. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*,
That mured my Loves Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can'venience be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Exit.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flee hence and leave me, thinke upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am slain, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius kinsman, Noble County *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should have married *Iuliet*.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One, writ wish me in fowre misfortunes booke,
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A Grave, O no, a Lanthorne; slaughterd Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beauty makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they beene merry? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suck the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet?

O what more favour can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thy enemy?

Forgive me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:

Why art thou yet so faire? I will believe,
Shall I believe, that unsubstantiall death is amorous?

And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dym night

Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Apothecary!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die,
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,

With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest:

And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this worlds wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:

Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse

A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come unfavoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke weary Barke:
Heere's to my Love. O true Apothecary:

Thy

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Friar with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?

Man. Her's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be upon you: Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Maister, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Maister knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares come upon me.
O much I feare some ill unluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. *Romeo.*

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Maisterlesse, and goary Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? Ah what an unkn'd houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Jul. O comfortabl' Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noife Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnas:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and leste no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happly some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Jul. Yea noife?

Then ile be brieve. O happy Dagger.
Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kils herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, where you find attach.

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And *Juliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raife up the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground where these woes do lie,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Wat. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince comes hither!

Enter Friar, and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete cry *Romeo*.

Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open out cry toward our Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Sovereigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

Pri. Search,

Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With Instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes,

Cap. O heaven!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misleathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe,

Mount. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Pri. Look: and thou shalt see

Man. O thou untaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a grave?

Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes.
And lead you even to death? meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murder:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Pri. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be brieve, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
 Was *Tybalts* Doomefday: whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this City:
 For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Julies* pinde.
 You, to remove that siege of Griefe from her,
 Betro' h'd, and would have married her perforce
 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And (with wilde lookes) bid me devise some meanes
 To rid her from this second Marriage,
 Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
 Then gave I her (so Tuter'd by my Art)
 A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
 To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
 Being the time the Potions force should cease.
 But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
 Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
 At the prefixed houre of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
 Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 Of her a waking) heere untimely lay
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 Shee wakes, and I Intreated her come forth,
 And beare this worke of Heaven, with patience:
 But then, a noise did scarre me from the Tombe,
 And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
 But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse, is privy:
 And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
 Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
 Vnto the rigour of severest Law.

Prin. We still have knowne thee for a Holy man.
 Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Maister newes of *Julies* death,

And then in poste he came from *Manina*
 To this same place, to this same Monument.
 This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will looke on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
 Sirra, what made your Maister in this place?

Pag. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies grave,
 And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
 Anon comes one with light to open the Tombe,
 And by and by my Maister drew on him,
 And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 Their course of Love, the tydings of her death:
 And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
 Of a poore Potheary, and therewithall
 Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Juliet*,
 Where be these Enemies? *Capulet Mountague*,
 See what a scourge is laide upon your hate,
 That Heaven finds meanes to kill your joyes with Love;
 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
 This is my Daughters joynture, for no more
 Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
 For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
 That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
 There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
 As that of True and Faithfull *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
 Poore sacrifices of our enmity,

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
 The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
 Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things,
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For never was a Story of more Woe
 Then this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes.

FIN IS.





THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at severall doores.*

Poe.



Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y^e are well.

Poe. I have not seene you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poe. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pai. I know them both: th^e others a Jeweller.

Mer. O tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untyrable and continuat goodnesse:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate, but for that

Poe. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild,
It stains the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. Tis a good fo^r me.

Jew. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pai. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedication
to the great Lord.

Poe. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our Poetrie is as a Gowne, which uses
From whence tis nourisht: the fire iⁿ th^e Flint
Shewes not, till it be strocke: our gentle flame
Provokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pai. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poe. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pai. Tis a good Peece.

Poe. So tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent:

Poe. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th^e dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: is't good?

Poe. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in these touches, livelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pai. How this Lord is followed.

Poe. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Poe. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have in this rough worke shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainments: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behinde.

Pai. How shall I understand you?

Poe. I will unbould to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and austere quality, tender downe
Their services to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts: yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Then to abhorre himselfe, even hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pai. I saw them speake together.

Poe. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o^f th^e Mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among't them all,
Whole eyes are on this Sovereigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timon*'s frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pai. Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowling his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poe. Nay Sir, but heare me on:

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valed; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his styrtrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pai. I marry, what of these?

Poe. When fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pai. Tis common:

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blowes of Fortune,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well;
To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes have seene
The foot above the head

Trumpets sound.

*Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curtesously
to every Suitor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mei. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventsidius* well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,
Which he shall have. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mei. Your Lordship ever bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send him ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
Tis not enough to helpe the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mei. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Olam. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Old. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucilius*.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships service.

Old. This Fellow heere, *L. Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have bene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deereft cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe have spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest,

Old. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old. She is young and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct us
What levities in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Old. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will chose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Old. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath serv'd me long:

To build his fortune, I will straine a little,
For tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him He counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Most Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his:

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, never may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poe. Vouchsafe my Labour.

And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Pai. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traislickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: The Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it, Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pai. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sir your Jewell
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere society of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as tis extoid,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My Lord, tis rated

As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like valed differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maisters. Beleeve't deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mei. No my good Lord, he speaks the common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Look who comes heere, will you be chid?

Jew. Wee'll beare with your Lordship.

Mei. Hee'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apemantus*.

Apem.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow. When thou art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou knowst them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Tim. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou knowst I doe, I call'd thee by thy name:

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it:

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Tim. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: whats she, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou shouldst, thou'dst anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehendst it.

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this lewell, *Apemantus*.

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a man a Doit,

Tim. What dost thou thinke tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lye'st.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lye'st:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst doe then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord. Are not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

Ape. Trafficke confound thee, if the gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke doe it, the gods doe it.

Ape. Traffickes thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets thar?

Mes. Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, give them guide to us. You must needs dine with me: goe not you hence Till I have thank't you; and when dinners done Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your sighs.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your supple joynts: that there should be small love amongst these sweet Knaves, and all this Curtesie. The straine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alci. Sir, you have fav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't *Apemantus*.

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serves still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles,

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Shouldst have kept one to thy selfe, for I meane to give thee none.

1 Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No I will doe nothing at thy bidding: Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away unpeacable Dogge, Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Ass.

1 He's opposite to humanity,

Come shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timons* bounty: he our goes The very heart of kindnesse.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the god of gold Is but his Steward; no meede but he repayes Seven-fold above it selfe: No guift to him, But breeds the giver a returne: exceeding All use of quittance.

1 The Noblest minde he carries.

That ever govern'd man.

2 Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in? Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

A great Banquet serv'd in: and then, *Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeemd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himselfe.*

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*, It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my fathers age, And call him to long peace: He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound To your free heart, I doe returne those Talents Doubled with thanks and service, from whose helpe I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O by no meanes, Honest *Ventigius*: you mistake my love,

k k

I gave

I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them : faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere tis showne :
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

I Lord. My Lord, we alwayes have confest it.

Ape. Ho ho, confest it ? hang'd it ? have you not ?

Tim. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Ape. No : you shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fye, th'art a churle, ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, tis much too blame :
They say my Lords, *Irascutor brevis est*,
But yond man is very angry.
Goe, let him have a Table by himselfe :
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Ape. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee ; Th'art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome : I my selfe would have no power,
prethee let my meate make thee silent.

Aper. I scorne thy meate, twould choake me : for I
should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods ! What a number
of men eates *Timon*, and he sees em not ? It grieves me
to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
all the madnesse is, he cheeres them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Me thinkes they should invite them without knives,
Good for their meate, and safer for their lives.
Theres much example for't, the fellow that sits next him
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a divided draught : is the readiest man to kill him. Tas
beene proved, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spy my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnessse
on their throats.

Tim. My Lord in heart : and let the health goe round.

a Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way ? A brave fellow. He keepes his
tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state
looke ill, *Timon*.

Heeres : that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mird :
This and my food are equall, theres no ods,
Feasts are to proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall gods, I crave no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping.
Or a Dogge that seems asleepeing,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need em.

Amen. So fall too't :

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*.

Tim. Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alci. So they were bleeding new my Lord, theres no
meat like em, I could wish my friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou mightst kill em : and bid me to em.

I Lord. Might we but have that happinesse my Lord,
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
selves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much helpe
from you : how had you beene my Friends else. Why
have you that charitable titie from thousands ? Did not
you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modesty speake in
your owne behalfe. And thus faire I confirme you. Oh
you gods (thinke I) what need we have any Friends ; if
we should nere have neede of em ? They were the most
needlesse Creatures living ; should we nere have use for
em ? And would most resemble sweet Instruments
hung up in Cates, that keepe their sounds to themselves.
Why I have often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might
come neerer to you : we are borne to doe benefits. And
what better or properer can we call our owne, then the
riches of our Friends ? Oh what a pretious comfort tis
to have so many like Brothers commanding one anothers
Fortunes. Oh joyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne,
mine eyes cannot hold out water me thinkes to forget
their faults. I drinke to you,

Aper. Thou weep'st to made them drinke *Timon*.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Aper. Ho, ho : I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you my Lord you mov'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with
Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe ? How now ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirovs of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? what are their wills ?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Baunties taste : the five best Sences acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous
bosome.

There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise :
They onely now come but to Feast thine eyes.

Tim. Their welcome all, let em have kind admit-
tance. Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample ye are below'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweepe of vanity comes this way.
They daunce ? They are madwomen.

Like

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selves fooles, to disport our selves;
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it upagen
With poysonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graves
Of their friends gift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe upon me: Tas beene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
shew their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a lusty straine or two to the
Hoboyes, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Sets a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kind:
You have added worth untoo't, and lively luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne device.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take us even at the best.

Ape. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Pleale you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. *Flavius,*

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket, bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humour,
Else I should tell him well, ifaith I should;
When alls spent, he'd be crost then, and he could:
Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne're be wretched for his mind.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord in readinesse,

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my Friends;

I have one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much.
As to advance this Iewell, accept, and weare it,
Kind my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your gifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome,

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prethee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free love) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Pleale you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucius, entreats your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's lent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him.

And let them be received, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and
all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good,
His promises flye so beyond his state,
That what he speakes is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is so kind, that he now payes interest for't;
His Lands put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, ere I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that doe e'ne Enemies excede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit.

Tim. You doe your selves much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.

Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

2 Lord. With more then common thanks

I will receive it.

3 Lord. O has the very soule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh
my friends affection with mine owne? Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your severall visitations
So kind to heart, tis not enough to give:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my friends,
And nere be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Souldier, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charity to thee; for all thy living
Is mong't the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alci. I desie Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.

1 Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Aper. What a coiles heere, serving of beckes, and jurt-
ing out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes false hearts, should never have iound legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies

Tim. Now *Apermanus* (if thou wert not fullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile upon thee, and then thou
wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giv'st so long *Timon* (I
feare me) thou wilt give away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What neede these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Society once, I am sworne not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Musicke. *Exit.*

Aper. So : thou wilt not heare me now, thou shalt not then. He locke thy heaven from thee :
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flattery. *Exit.*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand : to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dogge coyne Gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better then he ; why give my horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses : No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* ho,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, and hast you to Lord *Timon*
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, then
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Plays in the right hand, thus : but tell him firrah
My ufes cry to me ; I must serve my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my reliefe
Must not be toft and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand : for I doe feare
When every Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I goe sir.

Sen. I goe sir ?

Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things goe from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue : never mind
Wast to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done, he will not here, till feele :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good even *Varro* : what, you come for money ?

Var. Is't not your businesse too ?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore* ?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, we'll forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will ?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues ? whence are you ?

Cap. Of Athens heere : my Lord.

Tim. Goe to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth :
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call upon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll suite,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prethee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good friend.

Var. One *Varroes* servant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy pay-
ment,

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, fixe weekes,
and past.

Isid. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :

I doe beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
He waite upon you instantly. Come hither : pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention long since due debts
Against my Honor ?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this businesse :
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Doe so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apeman-*
tus, lets ha some sport with em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole ?

Aps. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Aps. No tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Isid. Theres the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Aps. No thou standst single, thou art not on him yet

Cap. Wheres the foole now ?

Aps. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues and
Vsurers men, Bands betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus* ?

Aps. Asses.

All. Why ?

Aps. That you aske me what you are, and doe not know
your selves. Speake to em foole.

Foole. How doe you Gentlemen ?

All. Gramercies good Foole :

How does your Mistris ?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Capitaine? what do you in this wife company.

How dost thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Præthee *Apermantus* read me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou wast borne a Bastard, and thou'lt dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone,

Exit.

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst grace,

Foole I will goe with you to Lord *Timon*.

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.

You three serve three Vsurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Ape. So would I:

As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd thee.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I foole

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but has a foole to his Servant. My Mistris is one, and I am her foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and goe away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and goe away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Doe it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed,

Var. What is a Whoremaster foole?

Foole. A foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then's artificiall one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wife man, As much foolery as I have, so much wirt thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become *Apermantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon, and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (foole) come.

Foole. I doe not alwayes follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walke neere,

Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me mervell wherefore ere this time Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expence As I had leave of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propos'd.

Tim. Goe to:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke, When my indisposition put you backe, And that unaptnesse made you minister Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts, Laid them before you, you would throw them off, And say you found them in mine honesty, When for some trifling present you have bid me Returne so much, I have shooke my head, and wept: Yea gainst th' Authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did indure Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I have Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate, And your great flow of debts; my deare lov'd Lord, Though you here now (too late) yet nowes a time, The greatest of you having, lacks a halfe, To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone, And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues; the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim, and at length How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a world, Were it all yours, to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood. Call me before the exactest Auditors, And set me on the prooffe. So the gods blesse me, When all our Offices have beene oppress'd With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept With drunken spilt of Wine; when every roome Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrellie, I have retr'y'd me to a wastefull cocke, And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Præthee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I said, the bounty of this Lord! How many prodigall bits have Slaves and Pezants This night englutted: who is not *Timon*, What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is *L. Timon*: Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*: Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise, The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made: Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres, These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart; Vnwisely, not ignobly have I given. Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke, To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart, If I would broach the vessels of my love, And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing, Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly use As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance blesse your thoughts,

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd That I account them blessings. For by these Shall I try friends. You shall perceive How you mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there, *Flavius*, *Servilius*?

kk 3

Enter

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loves, and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Goe you sir to the Senators;
Of whom even to the States best health? I have Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th instant A thousand Talents to me.

Stew. I have beene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to use your Signet, and your Name,
But they doe shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a joynt and corporate voyce,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
Doe what they would, are sorry: you are Honourable,
But yet they could have wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pittie,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheereely. These old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, tis cold, it seldome flowes,
Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Goe to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in fear of Friends,
I cleer'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With those five Talents; that had, give'these Fellowes
To whom tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe?
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt.

*Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
enters a servant to him.*

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming downe to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heres my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Gift I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Bason and
Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are ve-
ry respectively welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And
how does that honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted

Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what halt thou there under thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe; I come to intreat your honor to supply: who having great and instant occasion to use fifty Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes he? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keepe to good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to have him spend lesse, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee alwayes wise. Heres to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure,

Luc. I have observed thee alwayes for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sir rah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowst well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Heres three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that lived? Fly damned baseness To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit Lucullus.

Fla. May these adde to the number that may scald thee: Let multen Coyne be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe: Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you gods! I feele my Masters passion. This Slave unto his honor, Has my Lords meate in him: Why should it thrive, and turne to Nutriment, When he is turn'd to poysen? O may Diseases onely worke upon't: And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature Which my Lord paid for, be of any powre, To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happy howres are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, doe not beleeve it; be cannot want for money.

2 But beleeve you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay urg'd extreemely for't, and shewed what

What necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luc. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was very little honour shew'd in. For my owne part, I must needs confesse, I have received some small kindneses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're have denied his occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. Sec, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have sweet to see his honor. My honor'd Lord.

Luci. *Servilius*? You are kindly met sir. Farthellow, commend me to thy honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Servil. May it please your Honor, my Lord hath sent

Luci. Ha? what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; hes ever sending: how shall I thanke him think'it thou? And what has he sent now?

Serv. Has onely sent his present occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents,

Servil. But in the meane time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not urge it halfe so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speake seriously *Servilius*.

Serv. Vpon my soule tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my selfe against such a good time, when I might ha shewne my selfe honorable? how unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undoe a great deale of honor? *Servilius*, now before the gods I am not able to doe (the more bealt I say) I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my selfe, these gentlemen can witnesse; but I would not for the wealth of Athens. I had don't now commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so farre, as to use mine owne words to him?

Serv. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Servilius.

Luci. Ile looke you out a good turne *Servilius*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed, And he thats once deny'd, will hardly speed.

Exit.

1 Doe you observe this *Hositiuss*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule, And iust of the same peece
Is every Flatterers sport: who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinks;
But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstroufnesse of man,
When he lookes out in an ungratefull shape:
He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest.
For his right Noble mind, illustrious Vertue,
And honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me.
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men must learne now with pittie to dispence.
For policie sits above Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemd from prison. All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin rouch'd, and all are found Base-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? have they denyde him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shewes but little love, or judgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? his friend: (like Physitians)
That thri'd, give him over. Must I take th' Cure upon
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him, (me?)
That might have knowne my place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first:

For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere received gift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it last? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter.
To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a Foole:
Ide rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my minds sake:
Ide such a courage to doe him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer joyne;
Who bates mine honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villaine. the
divell knew not what he did, when he made man Poli-
ticke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but
in the end, the villanies of man will set him cleere. How
fairely this Lord strives to appeare foule? Takes Virtu-
ous Copies to be wicked; like those, that under hot ar-
dent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a na-
ture is his politike love.

This was my Lords best hope, now a'l are fled
Save onely the gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. *Ex.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, good morrow *Timon* and *Hortensius*
Titus

Tit. The like to you kind *Varro*.
Hort. *Lucius*, what doe we meet together?
Luc. I, and I thinke one businesse do's command us all.
 For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.

Phi. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What doe you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seaven.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
 You must consider, that a Prodigall course
 Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
 Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
 may reach deepe enough, and yet find little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. He shew you how't observe a strange event:
 Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he weares Jewels now of *Timons* gift,
 For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it shoves,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
 And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,
 Ad send for money for 'em.

Hort. I'm weary of this Charge,
 The gods can witness:
 I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
 And now ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth,

Varro. Yes mine's three thousand Crownes:
 Whats yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Var. Tis much deepe, and it should seeme by th'sum
 Your Masters confidence was above mine,
 Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flaminius*? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready
 to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too
 diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
 He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Doe you heare, sir?

2 Varro. By your leave, sir.

Stew. What doe ye aske of me, my friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
 Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes
 When your false Masterseate of my Lords meat?
 Then they would smile and fawne upon his debts,
 And take downe th'intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
 You doe your selves but wrong, to stirre me up,
 Let me passe quietly:

Beleeve't, my Lord and I have made an end,
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serve.

Stew. If twill not serve, tis not so base as you,
 For you serve Knaves.

1 Varro. How? what does his casheer'd Worship mut-
 ter?

2 Varro. No matter what, he's poore, and thats re-
 venge enough. Who can speake broader, then he that
 has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
 great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh heres *Servilius*: now we shall know some an-
 swer.

Serv. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre
 some other houre, I should derive much from't. For tak't
 of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent:
 his comfortable temper has forsooke him, hes much out
 of health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luci. Many doe keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:
 And if it be to farre beyond his health,
 Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a cleare way to the gods.

Servil. Good gods.

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. *Servilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
 Have I bin ever free, and must my house
 Be my retentive Enemy? My Goale?
 The place which I have Feasted, does it now
 (Like all Mankind) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Heres mine.

1 Var. And mine, my Lord.

2 Var. And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with em, cleave me to the
 Girdle.

Luc. Alas my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my bloud.

Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops payes that.
 What yours? and yours?

1 Var. My Lord.

2 Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceive our Masters may throw their
 caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despe-
 rate ones, for a madman owes em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Tim. They have e'ne put my breath from me the
 slaves. Creditors? Divels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile have it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Goe, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, add *Sempronius*: All,
 Ile once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-
 cted soule; there's not so much left to furnish out a mo-
 derate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care :
Goe I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cooke and Ile provide. *Exeunt.*

*Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them,
with Attendants.*

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voyce, too't;
The faults Blondy;
Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2 Most true; the Law shall bruise em.

Alci. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate;

1 Now Captaine.

Alci. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heavy
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heed) doe plunge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues;
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice.
(And honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe;
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did bechoove his anger ere twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 Sen. You undergoe too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such paines, as they labour'd
To bring Mad-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hes truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What Folly tis, to hazard life for ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1 Sen. You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,
To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me.
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why doe fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? sleepe upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Assle, more Captaine then the Lyon? the fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisdome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impiety:
But who is Man, that is not Angry.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 Sen. You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?

His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alci. Why I say my Lords ha's done faire service,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with em
Hes a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Fots, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beastly fury,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrish Factions. Tis inferr'd to us,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke drangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might have dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you.
Take my deserts to his, and joyne em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my honours to you,
Vpon his good returnes.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Waare receive't in valiant gore;
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another,

Alci. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I doe beseech you know me.

2 How?

Alci. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alci. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Doe you dare our anger?
Tis few words, but spacious in effect.
We banish thee for ever.

Alci. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement,
And not to swell our Spirit.
He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*

Alci. Now the gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coyne upon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the usuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? ha Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Fury,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere up
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts:
Tis honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as gods. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter divers Friends at severall doors.

- 1 The good time of day to you, sir.
 2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this honourable Lord did but try us ~~this~~ other day.
 1 Vpon that were my thoughts tying when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the triall of his severall Friends.
 2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.
 1 I should thinke so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my neere occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appeare.
 2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businessse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Provision was out.
 1 I am sicke of that griefe too, as I understand how all things goe.
 2 Every man heares so: what would he have borrowed of you?
 1 A thousand Peeces.
 2 A thousand Peeces?
 1 What of you?
 2 He sent to me sir — Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

- 1 Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
 2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musicke a while: if they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets found: we shall too presently.

1 I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheere?

The Banquet brought in.

2 My most honorable Lord, I am e'ne sicke of shame, that when your Lordship the other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Begger.

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.

2 If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

- 2 All cover'd Dishes.
 1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
 3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it
 1 How doe you? Whats the newes?
 3 Alcibiades is banish'd: here you of it.
 Both. Alcibiades banish'd?
 3 Tis so, be sure of it.
 1 How? How?
 2 I pray you upon what?
 Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
 3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
 2 This is the old man still.
 3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
 2 It does: but time will, and so.

3 I doe conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spur as hee would to the lip of his mistress: your dyet shal be in all places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sir, sir. The gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your owne guises, make your selves prais'd: But reserve still to give, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your Fees, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legges of People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blasse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncover Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What doe's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold You knot of Mouth-friends: Smoke, and luke warme Is your perfection. This is Timons last, (water Who flucke and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces Your reeking villany. Live leath'd, and long Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites, Curteous destroyers, affable Wolves, mecke Beares: You fooles of fortune, Trencher-friends, Time flies, Cap and knee Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jackes Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady Crust you quite o're, What do'st thou goe? Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou; Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none. What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast, Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest. Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be Of Timon, Man, and all humanity. Exit.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

- 1 How now, my Lords?
 2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?
 3 Push, did you see my Cap?
 4 I have lost my Gowne.
 1 Hes but a mad Lord, and nought but humors swaies him. He gave me a Jewell th'other day, and now he has beate it out of my hat.
 Did you see my Jewell?
 2 Did you see my Cap.
 3 Heere tis.
 4 Heere lyes my Gowne.
 1 Lets make no stay.
 2 Lord Timons mad.
 3 I fee't upon my bones.
 4 One day he giues us Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators,

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O thou Wall That girdles in those Wolves, dive in the earth, And fence not Athens. Mutrons, turne incontinent, Obedience fayle in Children: Slaves and Pooles

Plucke

Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Convert oth' instant Greene Virginitie,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Servants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide to thy Masters bed;
Thy Mistris is o'th Brothell. Sonne of sixtene,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire;
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and feare,
Religion to the gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feavors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust and liberty
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That gainst the streame of Vertue they may strive,
And drowne themselves in Rior. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th' Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meere poysen. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th' unkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankind.
The gods confound (heare me you good gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen.

Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1 Heare you Master Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alacke my fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poore as you.

1 Such a house broke?
So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And goe along with him.

2 As we doe turne our backs
From our Companion, throwne into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away leave their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt, and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
Walkes likes contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
3 Yet doe our hearts weare *Timons* Livery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good fellowes all.

The latest of my wealth Ile share amongst you.
Where ever we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Lets shake our heads, and say
As twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes,
We have seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Nor one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that glory bring us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To have his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by goodnesse: Strange unusuall blood,
When mans worst sinne is, he do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be haile so kindagen?
For Bounty that makes gods, doe still marre Men,
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chiefe Afflictions. Alas (kind Lord)
Hes flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor his he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile ever serve his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I have gold, Ile be his Steward still,

Exit.

Enter Timon in the Woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarfe is dividant; touch them with severall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all fores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raile me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Nature honor.
It is the Pastor Lords, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leane: who dares? who dares
In purity of Manhood stand upright
And say, this mans a flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for every grize of fortune
Is smoothe'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden foole. Alls obliquy:
Theres nothing levell in our curst Natures
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heavens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valliant.
Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below the heads.

This

This yellow Slave,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeves.
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench? This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlceroous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee.
Doe thy right Nature. *March a farre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury tee: Thou't goe (strong Theefe).
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner
and Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Alci. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy heart
For shewing me againe the eyes of man,

Alci. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I doe wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might love thee something.

Alci. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee to, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know, Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fill whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alci. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone doe's, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alci. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I doe thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alci. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alci. I have heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alci. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timandra. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world,
Voyc'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Timandra.* Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they love thee not that use thee,
give them diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make
use of thy salt houses, season the slaves for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-checkt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.

Timandra. Hang thee Monster,

Alci. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and greiv'd
How curst Athens, mindlesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.

Tim. I prethee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alci. I am thy Friend, and pittie thee decree *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pittie him whom thou dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alci. Why fare thee well:

Heere is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eat it.

Alci. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'st thou, gainst Athens?

Alci. I *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alci. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, goe on;
Be as a Planetary plague, whom love
Will ore some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one.
Pittie not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheek
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Lease of pittie writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse. Swear against Objects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose prooffe, nor yls of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. Theres Gold to pay thy Souldiers.
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Counfounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alci. Hast thou gold yet, Ile take the gold thou givest
me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heavens curse upon
thee.

Both. Give us some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortall gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trust to your Cenditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to convert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him up,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary. And Tharch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Believe't

Be eue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly; Hoare the Flamen,
That scold't against the quality of flesh,
And not beleevs himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it stat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make cur'd pate Ruffians
And let the unscarr'd Braggarts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plagve all,
That your Activity may defeat and quell
The source of all Ere'ction. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches grave you all.

Beth. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I have given
you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, Ile visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile never see thee more,

Alc. I never did the harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exit.

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans unkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasurable, and infinite brest
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Child (arrogant man) is pufft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heaven,
Whereon *Hypocrites* quickning fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plentious bosome, one poore roote:
Enscare thy Fertile and Conceptions wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers: Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all above
Never presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vnctious, greases his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes—

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ap. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate, Consumption catch thee.

Ap. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore unmanly Melancholy sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade: this place?
This Slave like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye sofa,
Hugge their diseased Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Bethou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's undone thee; hindege thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow of thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bid welcome)
To Knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascalls should have't, Do not assume my likenesse,

Tim. Where I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

Ap. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights surfer? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heaven, whose bare unhoused Trunks,
To the consiſting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ap. I love thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ap. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ap. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ap. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwaies a Villaines Office, or a Fools.
Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ap. I.

Tim. What, a Knaves too?

Ap. If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
To calligate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'lt Countier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lives: in certaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling stil, never compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour never claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like us from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passive drugges of it
Freely command't: thou would'st have plung'd thy selfe
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The leie precepts of respect, but followed
The sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employments:
That numberlesse upon the sticke, as leaves
Do on the Oake, have with one Winters bruff
Fell from their boughes, and left me open bare,
For every storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made the hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse: thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in t'pight put stuffe
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogve, hereditary. Hence be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knave and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not the.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give the leave to hange it. Get the gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, looke, so I have.

Ape. Heere is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, and knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiosity: in thy Raggess thou knowest none, but art des-
pis'd for the contrary. Ther's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou should'st
have loved thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I understand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Ape. What things in the world canst thou neereft
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
pemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thy selfe fall in the confusion
of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddess grant
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee:
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflicte thee,

and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horfe:
wert thou a Horfe, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotres of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
ject to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me thou might'st
Have hit upon it heere.

The Common wealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the City.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and give way.

When I know not what else to do,
Ile see the againe.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,

Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles alive.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy dogge.
Coller does kill me,

That thou art alive, I swoond to see thee,

Ape. Would thou would'st burst,

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose
a stone by thee,

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will love nought
But even the meere necessities upon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy grave-stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare divorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

of *Himene* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou ever, young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lies on Dians lap.

Thou visible God,

That should'st close Impossibilities.

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with every Tongue

To

To every purpose ; O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.

Apo. Would'twere so,
But not till I am dead. He sayth'hast Gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too ?

Apo. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee,

Apo. Live, and love thy misery,

Tim. Long live so, and so dye. I am quit.

Apo. Mo things like men,

Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman

Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he have this Gold ? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder : the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, drove
him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd

He hoth a masse of Treasure,

3 Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply us easily : if he couetously referue it, how
shall's get it ?

2 True : for he beares it not about him :

Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee ?

All. Where ?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He ? I know him.

All. Save thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeves.

All. Soldiers, not Theeves.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sons.

All. We are not Theeves, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat :
Why should you want ? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes :
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs :
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want ? why Want ?

1 We cannot live on Grass, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeves profest : that you worke not
In holier shapes : For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeves
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feavour seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob : Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.

Like Workemen, He example you with Theevery :
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe.
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.

The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'rall excrement : each think's a Theefe.

The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's uncheck'd Theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeves : to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeves do loose it : steale lesse, for this I give you
And Gold confound you howsoere : Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus advises
vs not to have vs thrive in our mystery,

2 He beleve him as an Enemy,

And give over my Trade.

1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable but a man may be true. *Exeunt Theeves.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stw. Oh you Gods !

Is yon'd dispis'd and ruinous man my Lord ?

Full of decay and sayling ? Oh Monument

And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made ?

What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,

Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends,

How rarely does it meete with this times guise,

When man was wisht to love his Enemies :

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would miscreese me, then those that doo.

Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
unto him ; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.

My deereft Master.

Tim. Away : what art thou ?

Stw. Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost aske that ? I have forgot all men.

Then if thou grunt'st th'art a man,

I have forgot thee.

Stw. An honest poore servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I all,

I kept were Knaves, to serve in meate to Villaines,

Stw. The Gods are witnesse,

Nev'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe

For his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What dost thou weepe ?

Come neerer, then I love thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankinde : whose eyes do never give,
But thorow Lust and Laugh'er : pittie's sleeping : (ping.
Strange times that weepe with laughing, not with wee-

Stw. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so iust, and now so comfortable ?

It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wild.

Let me behold thy face : Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgive my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse

You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime

One honest man : Mistake me not, but one :

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I have hated all mankinde,

And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all save thee,

I fell with Curses,

Me thinkes thou art more honest now then wife :

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou might'st have sooner got another Service :
For many, so arrive at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
If not a Vsuruing kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one ?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd to late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes where an estate is least,
That which I shew, Heaven knowes, is meercly Love,
Duty, and Zeale, to your unmarched minde;
Care of your Food and Living, and beleeve it,
My most honovr'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke the 'tis so : thou singly honest man,
Heere take : the Gods out of my misery
Ha's sent the Treasure. Go, live rich and happy :
But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou releeve the Begger. Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Stew. O let me stay and comfort you my Master:

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free :
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit.

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
Where he abides,

Poet. What's to be thought of him ?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold ?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibiades reports it : *Phrynia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis faide, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his.
Ha's beene but a try for his Friends ?

Painter. Nothing else :
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his :
It will shew honestly in us,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they travaile for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
To present unto him ?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation : onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must serue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best
Promising, is the very Ayre o'th' Time ;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deede of Saying is quiet out of use.
To promise, is most Gourtly and fashionable ;
Performance, is a kind of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him :
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the foitnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.

Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke ?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men ?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit mee, and come too late.

Painter. True :
When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night ;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. He mee,te you at the turne :
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshippt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede ?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worshippt, and thy Saints for aye :
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I mee,te them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Have I once liv'd
To see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir :

Having often of your open Bounty tested,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends false off,
Whose thankeslesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heaven, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gave life and influence
To their whole being ? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstros bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe
Have travail'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest men.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our service.

Timon. Most honest men:

Why

Why how shall I requite you?

Can you eat Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you seruice.

Tim. Yare honest men,
Yhave heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speake truth, yare honest men,

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest man: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Bett in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord,

Tim. E'ne so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stufte so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.

But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to us.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, love him, feede him,
Keepe in your bolome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-up Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Pain. Nor I.

Tim. Looke you,
I love you well, Ile give you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in dranght,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile give you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in company:
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye slaves:
You have worke for me, there's payment, thence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chanc'e it as it may,

Stew. Heere is his Cave:

Peace and content be heere- *Timon, Timon,*
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comfort burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Catherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1. *Worthy Timon.*

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. O forget

What we are sorry for our selves in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who have thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best use and wearing.

2. They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timon*'s ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I even such heapes and summes of Love and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so please thee to returne with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captaineship, thou shalt be met with thankses,
Allowed with absolute power and thy good name
Live with Authority: so soone we shall drive backe
Of *Alcibiades* h'approaches wilde
Who like a Boare too savage, doth root up
His Countries peace.

2. And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1. Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not, But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it.

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'unruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my love. before
The reverendst Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow, My long sickn-esse
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1 We speake in vaine,

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countreymen.

1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow
them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them.
He teach them to prevent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne use invites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fill it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his halte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Which once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1 His discontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let us returne,
And straine what other meanes is left unto us
In our deere perill.

1 It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as they report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'caule against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No taile of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard and fearfull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Exeunt.

Enter a Souldier in the Woods seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whos heere? Speake ho. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's no live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb;
I cannot read: the Character He take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill,
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his ambition is.

Exit

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers
before Athens.*

Alc. Sound to this Coward and lascivious Towne,
Our territle approach.

Sounds a Parly,

The Senators appeare upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and slid the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Iustice. Till now my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power.
Have wander'd with our travest Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And purlie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause to feare,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.

2 So did we wooc
Transformed *Timon* to our Citties love
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all unkinde, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophies, & Schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they living

Who

Who were the motives that you first went out,
Shame (that they wanted cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts, Martch, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then decree Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approch the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Glove,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne till wee
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Descend and open your uncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of Timon, and mine owne
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied by your publike Lawes
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme o'th' Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, Catiffs left:

Heere lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gate.

These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane greifes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memory
Heereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace flint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

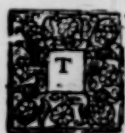
Exeunt.

FIN IS.





THE ACTORS *NAMES.*



TYMON of Athens.

Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeves.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Titus.

Lucius.

Hortensius.

} Severall Servants to Vsurers.

Ventidius, one of Tymons false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius.

With divers other Servants,

And Attendants.





THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Flavins, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
ouer the Stage.*

Flavins.

Hence : home you idle Creatures, get you home :
Is this a Holiday ? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession ? Speake, what Trade art thou ?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule ?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on ?
You sir what Trade are you ?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workeman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobl.

Mur. But what Trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use with, a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knave ? Thou naughty knave,
what Trade ?

Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me : yet
if you be out Sir I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that ? Mend mee, thou
sawcy Fellow ?

Cob. Why sir Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobl art thou ?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Anle : I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womans mat-
ters ; but withall I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes :
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men as ever trod upon Neates Leather, have gone up-
on my handy worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day ?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets ?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir we make Holy-
day to see *Caesar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce ?

What Conquest brings he home ?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheelles ?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senselesse things :

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft ?

Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes ? Yea, to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Armes, and there have fate

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Have you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shotes ?

And do you now put on your best attyre ?

And do you now cull out a Holyday ?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* blood ?

Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault

Assemble all the poore men of your sort ;

Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares

Into the Channell, till the lowest streame

Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,

They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse :

Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,

This way will I : Disrobe the Images,

If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies,

Mur. May we do so ?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let on Images

Be hung with the *Caesars* Trophies : Ile about,

And drive away the Vulgar from the streets ;

So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.

These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesars* wing,

Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soare above the view of men.

And keepe us all in servile fearefulnessse,

Exeunt.

*Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, De-
cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer : af-
ter them Murellus and Flavins.*

Cal. Calphurnia.

Cask. Peace ho, *Caesar* speakes.

Cal. Calphurnia.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cal. Stand you directly in *Antonios* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Caesar*, my Lord.

Cal. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia* : for our Elders say,

The

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,
When *Caesar* sayes Do this; it is perform'd.

Cas. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. *Caesar.*

Cas. Ha? Who calles?

Cas. Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe.

Cas. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke

Cry, *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March,

Cas. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cas. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, looke upon *Caesar*.

Cas. What sayst thou to me now? Speake once againe.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cas. He is a Dreamer let us leave him: Passe.

Sennet. Exeunt. Manent Brut. & Cassi.

Cassi. Will you goe see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you doe.

Brut. I am not Gameiorn: I do lacke some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leave you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I doe obserue you now of late:

I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse

And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:

You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand

Over your Friends, that Loves you.

Brut. *Cassius*.

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Meerely upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,

Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greiv'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,

Forgets the shewes of Love to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistooke your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not himselfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis iust,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,

That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,

And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,

Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what daungers would you

Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would have me seeke into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Where I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oathes my love
To every new Protector: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandal them: or if you know,
That I professe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Brut. What meanes this Showing?
I do feare, the People choole *Caesar*
For their King.

Cassi. I do you feare it?

Then must I thinke you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the generall good,

Set Honour in one eye, and Death in't other,

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love

The name of Honour, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward favour,

Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But my single selfe,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.

I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you,

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters' cold, as well as hee.

For once, upon a Rawe and Gusty day,

The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,

Caesar saies to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.

But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,

Caesar cride. Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.

I (as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,

Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder

The old *Achilles* beare) so, from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is

A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,

If *Caesar* carelesly but nod on him.

He had a Feather when he was in Spaine,

And when the Fit was on him, I did marke

How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lipes did from their colour flye,

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:

I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,

Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke *Tullius*,

As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Maiesticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout.

Flourish.

Brn. Another genarall shout?
I doe beleewe, that these applauses are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?
Why should that name be sounded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniure with'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Caesar* feede,
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes in compast but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
Olyou and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Brn. That you do love me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me to, I have some ayme:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present.
I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further moov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience heare and finde a time
Both meet to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Have stricke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Caesar and his Train.

Brn. The Games are done,
And *Caesar* is returning.

Cassi. As they passe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sowe fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Brn. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth blow on *Caesar*'s brow,
And all the rest looke like a chidden Traine;
Calpurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seene him in the Capitoll

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators,
Cassi. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. *Antonio*.

Ant. *Caesar*.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleecke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should avoyd
So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deedes of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke:
Soldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they be old a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar*
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Ex:unt Caesar and his Train.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?

Brn. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Caesar* lookes so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Brn. I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; and being
offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a shouting.

Brn. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Brn. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, every time
gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest
Neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Brn. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it:
It were mere Foeliry, I did not marke it. I sawe *Mark*
Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne ney-
ther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you,
hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he
would faine have had it. Then he offer'd it to him againe:
then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was
very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd
it the third time: he put it the third time by, and still
as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd
their chopt hands, and threw uppe ther sweaty Night-
cappes, and uttered such a deale of stinking breath,
because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (al-
most) choaked *Caesar*: for hee swooned; and fell
downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receiving the bad.
Ayre.

Cassi.

Cassi. But soft I pray you : what, did *Caesar* swoone ?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honest *Caska*, we have the falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he when he came unto himselfe ?

Cask. Mary, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut : and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their worshipps to thinke it was his infirmity. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts : But there's heed to betaken of them ; if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing ?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cassi. To what effect ?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th'face againe. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads : but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too : *Antrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Caesars* Image, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to night, *Caska* ?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow ?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe so : farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be ? He was quicke Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution Of any bould or Noble Enterprize, How-ever he puts on this tardy forme : This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which gives men stomacke to digest his words With better Appetites

Brut. And so it is :

For this time I will leave you :

To morrow if you please to speake with with me, I will come home to you : or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the world.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art: Noble yet I see, Thy honourable Mettall may be wrought From that it is dispos'd, therefore tis meet, That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes: For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd ? *Caesar* doth beare me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*, He should not humor me. I will this Night, In severall hands, in at his Windows throw, As if they came from severall Citizens, Writtings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his Name : wherein obscurely *Caesars* Ambition shall be glanced at. And after this, let *Caesar* fear him sure, For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska*: brought you *Caesar* home? Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so ?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*, I have seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds Have ri'd the knotty Oakes, and I have seene Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame, To be exalted with the threatening Clouds : But never till to Night, never till now, Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire. Eyther there is a Civill strife in Heaven, Or else the World, too sawcy with the Gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull ?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight, Held up his left hand, which did flame and burne Like twenty Torches ioyn'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword, Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon, Who glaz'd upon me, and went surely by, Without annoying me. And there were drawne Vpon a heape, a hundred gally Women, Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the streets. And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit, Even at Noone day, upon the Market place, Howling, and shrieking. When these Prodigious Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say, These are their Reasons they are Naturall : For I beleve, they are portentous things Vnto the Clymate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time: But men may contrive things after their fashion, Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow ?

Cask. He doth : for he did bid *Antonio* Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*: This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there ?

Cask. A Romane.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this ?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so ?

Cassi. Those that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caesar*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heaven, I did present my selfe
Even in the ayme, and very flash of it. (uens?)

Caesar. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, *Caesar*:
And those sparkes of Life that should be in a Roman,
You doe want or else you use not.

You looke pale, and gaze and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous quality; why you shall finde,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Caesar*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and teares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne;
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Caesar. Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Caesar. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, thew us Womanish.

Caesar. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Caesar. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being weary of these worldly Barres,
Never lackes power to dismiss it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

Caesar. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivity.

Caesar. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caesar. You speake to *Caesar*, and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest,

Caesar. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caesar*, I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Worke we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caesar. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.

Caesar. Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate.
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you for?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus*
Cymbere?

Caesar. No, it is *Caesar*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night?
There's two or three of us have scene strange sights.

Caesar. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party.

Caesar. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cymbere*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bid me.

Caesar. That done, repaire to *Pompey's* Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come *Caesar*, you and I will yet ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Caesar. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Caesar. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us goe.
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brn. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Give guessie how neere to day-- *Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so foundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

*Enter Lucius.**Luc.* Call'd you, my Lord?

Brn. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.*Exit.*

Brn. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Caesar*,
I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the upmost Round,
Hethen unto the Ladder turnes his Backe.
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Caesar* may;
Then left he may prevent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brn. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.*Brn.* Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.*Luc.* I will, Sir.*Exit.*

Brn. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give so much light, that I may reade by them.

*Opens the Letter, and reades.**Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see thy selfe:**Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.**Brutus, thou sleepest; awake.*

Such instigations have beene often dropt,
Where I have tooke them up:

*Shall Rome &c. Thus must I piece it out:**Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?**My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome**The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.**Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated*

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make the promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receivest
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius.**Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fiftene dayes.*Knocks within.*

Brn. Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,
I have not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell; and the state of man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brn. Is he alone?*Luc.* No, Sir, there are moe with him.*Brn.* Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their faces buried in their Cloathes,
That by no meanes I may discover them,
By any marke of favour.

Brn. Let'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'lt thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Caverne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seeke none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brn. I have beene up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brn. He is welcome hither.*Cas.* This, *Decius Brutus*.*Brn.* He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Caska*; this *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus*
Cimber.

Brn. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word?*They whisper.**Dec.* Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake heere?*Cas.* No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cas. You shall confesse, that you are both dectiv'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us sweare our Resolution.

Bru. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weake, breake off betimes,
And every man hence; to his idle bed:
So let high-lighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to Steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women; Then Countrymen,
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
To prick us to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a severall Bastardy,
If he do breake the smallest Particell
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no meanes.

Met. O let us have him, for his Silver haire
Will purchase us a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildnesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cas. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I thinke it is not meet,

Marke Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,

Should out-live Caesar, we shall finde of him

A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes

If he improve them, may well stretch so farre

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,

To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:

Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:

For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar;

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,

And in the Spirit of men; there is no blood:

O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirits,

And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)

Caesar must bleed for it: And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:

Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,

Not hew him as a Carcasse fit for Hounds;

And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,

Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,

And after seeme to chide, em. This shall make

Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd Purgers not Murderers.

And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:

For he can do no more then Caesar's Arme,

When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I feare him,

For in the ingrafted love he bearesto Caesar.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:

If he love Caesar, all that he can do

Is to himselfe, take thought, and dye for Caesar.

And that were much he should: for he is given

To sports, to wildnesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,

For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cas. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:

For he is Superstitious growne of late,

Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,

Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:

It may be, these apparant Prodigies,

The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,

And the perswasion of his Augurers,

May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Dec. Never feare that: If he be so resolv'd,

I can ore-sway him: for he loves to heare,

That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,

And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,

Lyons with Toiles, and men with Flatterers.

But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,

He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:

For I can give his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and faile not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare Caesar hatred,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey,

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,

Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upo'n's:

Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,

And friends disperse your selves; but all remember

What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,

Let not our looks put on our purposes,

But beare it as our Roman Actors do,

With untyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancy,

And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,

Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:

Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

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Which

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleepest so found.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Brutus. What meane you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y^e have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wasier of your hand
Gave signe for me to leave you: So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall;
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,

Which sometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe,

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Brutus. Why to I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke unbraced, and sucke up the humors
Of the darke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurg'd Ayre,
To adde unto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,
You have some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your selfe; your halfe;
Why you are heavy, and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for heere have beene
Some sixe or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darknesse.

Brutus. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus*' Harlot, not his Wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: *Caesar*'s Daughter.

Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proofe of my Constancie,
Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brutus. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Hearke, hearke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,
All the Character of my sad browes:
Leave me with hast, *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speake with you.

Brutus. *Caio Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caio Ligarius*, how?

Caio. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caio*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Caio. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Caio. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Brave Sonne, deriv'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Brutus. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole.

Caio. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is my *Caio*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Caio. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me then.

Thunder.
Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out;
Helpe, ho: They murther *Caesar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caesar. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What meane you *Caesar*? Think you to walke forth?
You shal not stirre out of your house to day,

Caesar. *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of *Caesar*, they are vanished.

Calp.

Calp. Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurried in the Ayre:
Horses did neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeale about the streets.
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do feare them.

Ces. What can be avoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth, for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seene,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

Ces. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Ces. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No, *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Caesar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas my Lord,
Your wife dome is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.
Wee'll send *Marke Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, prevaile in this.

Ces. *Marke Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus* he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Ces. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sicke.

Ces. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Caesar* let me know some cause,
Left I be laught at when I tell them so.

Ces. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dream't to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reviving blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognifance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Ces. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake up the Senate, till another time,
When *Caesar's* wife shall meete with better Dreames:
If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Caesar* is afraid?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Ces. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Tre-
bonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.

Ces. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Calus Ligarius*,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane:
What is't a Clocke?

Bru. *Caesar*, tis stricken eight.

Ces. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*

Ces. Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I have an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Caesar* I will; and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall with I had beene further.

Ces. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Caesar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earne to thinke upon. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of *Brutus*, take heede of *Cassius*; come nois

neere *Caska*, have an eye to *Cynna*, trust not *Trebonius*, marke well *Metellus Cymbel*, *Decius Brutus* loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd *Caius Ligarius*. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against *Caesar*: If thou beest not Immortal, looke about you: *Security* gives way to *Conspiracy*. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Caesar* passe along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Caesar*, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter *Portia* and *Lucius*.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord looke well,
For he went sickly forth, and take good note
What *Caesar* doth, what Sutors presse to him,
Hearke Boy, what noise is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a busling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Caesar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please *Caesar*
To be so good to *Caesar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Caesar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
He get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Caesar* as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Caesar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter *Caesar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Caska*, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cynna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemidorus*, *Popilius*, and the Soothsayer.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Caesar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Caesar*: Read this Scedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leisure) this his humble suite.

Art. O *Caesar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Caesar* neerer. Read it great *Caesar*.

Cas. What touches us our selfe, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Caesar*, read it instantly.

Cas. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Brut. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cas. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Looke how he makes to *Caesar*: marke him.

Cas. *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare prevention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Caesar* never shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Brut. *Cassius* be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.

Cas. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Marke Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cymbel*, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Caesar*.

Brut. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Caesar* and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Caesar*
Metellus Cymbel throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Cas. I must prevent thee *Cymbel*:

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.
To thinke that *Caesar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curie out of my way:

Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy then my owne,

To

Exit.

To sound more sweetly in great *Caesars* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brn. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Caesar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.

Ces. What *Brutus*?

Ces. Pardon *Caesar*: *Caesar* pardon:
As love as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Ces. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moove, Prayers would moove me:
But I am constant as the Northern Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumberd sparkes,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World, 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cin. O *Caesar*.

Ces. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great *Caesar*.

Ces. Do not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Cauk. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Ces. Et Tu *Brute*——— Then fall *Caesar*.

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Ces. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Brn. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cauk. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Brn. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Caesars*
Should chance———

Brn. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.

Ces. And leave us *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Brn. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Ces. Where is *Anthony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Brn. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.

Cauk. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Brn. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:

So are we *Caesars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let us bathe our hands in *Caesars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Ces. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborne, and Accents yet unknowne?

Brn. How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeys* Basis lyes along,
No worthier then the dust?

Ces. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Ces. I every man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brn. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonyes*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus*, did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wile, Valiant, and Honest,
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Caesar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Caesar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love *Caesar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affaires of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
Withall true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.
Brn. Thy Master is a Wile and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worfe:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently.

Exit Servant.

Brn. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Ces. I wish we may: But yet have I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiving still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Brn. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Caesar*! Dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank'd:

If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Caesars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reeke and smoake
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Caesar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Brn. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of us:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Act
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pittie, pittie,
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Marke Antony*;
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Caesar* when I strooke him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours, now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caius*, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee *Caesar*, O tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
Shall it not greeve thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd brave Heart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cas. Marke Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compact meane you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on; and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreover futor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Marke Antony*, heere take you *Caesar*'s body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame us,
But speake all good you can devise of *Caesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Marke Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Rubby lips,
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill, strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadfull Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesar*'s Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confinnes, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry havocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O *Caesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigger: get thee a-part and weepe:
Pasion I see is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,

Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course
Into the market place : There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians.

Pl. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Br. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other streete,

And part the Numbers :

Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere ;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred.

Of *Caesars* death.

1 Pl. I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended : Silence.

Br. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeve mee for
mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeve. Censure me in your Wisedome, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesars*, to them
I say, that *Brutus* love to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*,
this is my answer : Not that I lov'd *Caesar* lesse, but
that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were liv-
ing, and dye all Slaves ; then that *Caesar* were dead, to
live all Free men ? As *Caesar* lov'd mee, I weepe for him ;
as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it ; as he was Valiant, I
honour him : But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Teares, for his Love : Ioy, for his Fortune : Honor, for
his Valour : and death for his Ambition. Who is heere
so base, that would be a Bondman ? If any, speak, for him
have I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not
be a Roman ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who
is heere so vile, that will not love his Countrey ? If any,
speake, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no
more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questio-
on of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll : his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences en-
forc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my
best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dag-
ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house,

2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Caesar*.

4. *Caesars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'll bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Br. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1. Peace ho.

Br. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony* :

Do grace to *Caesars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Caesars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart.

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

Exit.

1 Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go up into the publike Chaire,
Wee'll heare him : Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you,

4 What does he say of *Brutus* ?

3 He sayes for *Brutus* sake

He findes himselfe beholding to us all.

4 'Twere best speake no harme of *Brutus* heere ?

1 This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay thats certaine :

We are glad that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. you gentle Romans.

All. Peace hee, let us heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him :

The evill that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious :

If it were so, it was a greevous Fault,

And greevously hath *Caesar* answer'd it

Heere under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all, all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Caesars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me ;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill :

Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious ?

When that the poore have cry'de, *Caesar* hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterne stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious :

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Ides of March*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious :

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But heere I am, to speake what I do know ;

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him ?

O Iudgement ! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men have lost their Reason. Beare with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*.

And I must pause till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar ha's had great wrong.

(his place.

3 Ha's he Masters ? I feare there will a worse come in

4. Marke

4 Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ſ Crowne,
Therefore tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1 If it be found ſo, ſome will decre abide it.

2 Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping,

3 There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.

4 Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.

Ant. But yeſterday, the word of *Caſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.

O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould doe *Brutus* wrong, and *Caiſius* wrong:
who (you all know) are Honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caſar*,
I found it in his Cloſet, tis his Will:

Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiſſe dead *Caſar*'s wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Vnto their iſſue.

4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it Marke *Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Caſar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Caſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?

4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You ſhall reade us the will, *Caſar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o're ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtabb'd *Caſar*: I do feare it.

4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Teſtament.

2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, reade the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will;
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leave?

All. Come downe.

2 Deſcend.

3 You ſhall have leave.

4 A Ring, ſtand round.

1 Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.

2 Rooome for *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo upon me, ſtand farre off.

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you have teares, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time ever *Caſar* put it on,
Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervij*:
Looke, in this place ran *Caiſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the envious *Caiſius* made:
Through this, the welbelov'd *Brutus* ſtabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolv'd

If *Brutus* ſo unkindely knock'd, or no:

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caſar*'s Angel.

Iudge, O you Gods, how dearly *Caſar* lov'd him:

This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all.

For when the Noble *Caſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muſſing up his face,

Even at the Baſe of *Pompey*'s Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caſar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

Then I, and you, and all of us fell downe,

Whilſt bloody Treafon flouriſh'd over us.

O now you weepe, and I perceive you feele

The dint of pittie: I heere are gracious dropes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold

Our *Caſar*'s Veſture wounded? Look you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

1 O pittreous ſpectacle!

2 O Noble *Caſar*!

3 O wofull day!

4 O Traitors, Villaines!

1 O moſt bloody fight!

2 We will be reveng'd: Revnge

About, ſecke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1 Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*,

2 Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him. (you up)

Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deede, are honourable,

What private griefes they have, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reaſons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts;

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

That give me publicke leave to ſpeake of him:

For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,

To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:

I tell you that, which you your ſelves do know,

Shew you ſweet *Caſar*'s wounds, poor poor dum mouths

And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus* *Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In every Wound of *Caſar*, that ſhould move

The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1 Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus*.

3 Away then, come ſecke the Conſpirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake

All. Peace heere, heare *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath *Caſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?

Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and under *Caſar*'s Seale:

To every Roman Citizen he gives,

To every ſeverall man, ſeventy five Drachmaces.

2 *Pla.* Most Noble *Caesar*, wee'l revenge his death.

3 *Pla.* O Royall *Caesar*.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selves.
Heere was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?

1 *Pla.* Never, never: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traitors houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pla.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pla.* Plucke downe Benches.

4 *Pla.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 What is your name?

2 Whether are you going?

3 Where do you dwell?

4 Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2 Answer every man directly.

1 I, and breecely.

4 I, and wisely.

3 I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then
to answer every man, directly and breecely, wisely and
truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marry:
you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.

Cin. Directly I am going to *Caesar's* Funerall.

1 As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 That matter is answered directly.

4 For your dwelling: breecely.

Cin. Breecely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3 Your name sir, truly,

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad
Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name
out of his heart, and turne him going.

3 Teare him, teare him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:
to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houses and
some to *Caska's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prikt.

Oct. Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Pricke him downe *Antony*.

Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke *Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; looke, with a spot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesar's* house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?

Oct. Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to die
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have scene more dayes then you;
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selves of diuers stand'rous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and sweat under the Businesse,
Either led or driven, as we print the way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made and our best meanes stretcht out,
And let us presently go sit in Councell,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

Exit.

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army.
and Pindarus meete them.*

Titinius

Brn. Stand ho.

Luc. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Brn. What now *Lucilius*, is *Cassius* neere?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Brn. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brn. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Brn. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Luc. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Brn. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him,

Cas. Stand ho.

Brn. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.

Cas. Most Noble Brother; you have done me wrong.

Brn. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cas. *Brutus*, this tober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them ———

Brn. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes
And I will give you Audience.

Cass. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brn. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have dooe our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Exit.

Moveth Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brn. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should beare his Comment.

Brn. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe.
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Brn. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement?

Brn. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What, Shall one of Vs,
That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and baite the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cas. *Brutus*, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Brn. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Brn. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brn. Away slight man.

Cas. Is't possible?

Brn. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brn. All this? I more, Fret till your proud heart break,
Go shew your Slaves how Cholericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I boudge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Thought it do Split you. For from this day forth,
Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Brn. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Brn. If you did, I care not.

(*me.*)

Cas. When *Caesar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
Brn. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cass.

Cassi. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cassi. Doe not presume too much upon my Love,
I may doe that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats.

For I am arm'd so strong in Honesty,

That they passe by me, as the idle winde,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'de me,

For I can raise no money by vile meanes:

By heaven, I had rather Coyne my heart,

And drop my blood for Drachmas, then to wring

From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for Gold to pay my Legions,

Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?

Should I have answer'd *Cassius* *Cassius* so?

When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Covetous,

To locke such Rascall Counters from his friends,

Be ready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to peeces.

Cassi. I deny'de you not.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole

That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart

A friend should beare his friends infirmityes,

But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I doe not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi. You love me not.

Bru. I doe not like your faults.

Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,

Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,

For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:

Hated by one he loves, brau'd by his brother,

Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,

Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate

To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe

My Spirit from mine eyes: There is my Dagger,

And heere my naked Breast: Within a heart

Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine: Richer then gold:

If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.

I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike as thou didst at *Caesar*: for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Then ever thou lovedst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:

Doe what you will, dishonor, shall be humour.

O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lambe

That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,

Who much inforced, shewes a hasty sparke,

And strait is cold agen.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,

When grieve and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cassi. Doe you confesse so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cassi. O *Brutus*!

Bru. Whats the matter?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetfulls?

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth

When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,

Hec'll thinke your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me goe into to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene em, tis not meete
They be alone.

Luci. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cassi. How now? Whats the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals? what doe you meane?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,

For I have seene more yeeres lme sure then yee.

Cassi. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime:

Bru. Get you hence sirrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.

Cassi. Beare with him *Brutus*, tis his fashion,

Bru. He know his humour, when he knowes his time:

What should the Warres doe with these liggig fooles?

Companion, hence.

Cassi. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders

Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cassi. And come your selves, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cassi. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry,

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many griefes.

Cassi. Of your Philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidentall evils.

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cassi. Ha? *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cassi. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?

O insupportable, and touching losse!

Vpon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence.

And griete, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,

Have made themselves so strong: For with her death

That tydings came. With this the fell distract,

And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cassi. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cassi. O ye immortall gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speake no more of her: Give me a bowle of wine

In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*.

Drinks.

Cassi. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge,

Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:

I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in *Titinius*:

Welcome good *Messala*:

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,

And call in question our necessities.

Cassi. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,

That yong *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*

Come downe upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Brn. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlary,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Brn. Therein our Letters doe not well agree :
Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one ?

Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord ?

Brn. No *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her ?

Brn. Nothing *Messala*.

Mess. That me thinkes is strange.

Brn. Why aske you ?

Heare you ought of her, in yours ?

Mess. No my Lord.

Brn. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brn. Why farewell *Portia* : We must dye *Messala* :
With meditating that she must dye once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great men, great losses should indure,

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you.

But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Brn. Well, to our worke alive. What doe you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I doe not thinke it good.

Brn. Your reason ?

Cassi. This it is :

Tis better that the Enemy seeke us,
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Brn. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
The people twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Doe stand but in a forc'd affection :
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we doe face him there,
These people at our backe,

Cassi. Heare me good brother.

Brn. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tride the utmost of our friends :
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or loofe our Ventures,

Cassi. Then with your will goe on : we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Brn. The deepe of night is crept upon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brn. *Lucius* my Gowne : farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius* : Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere brother :
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division twene our soules :
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Brn. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Brn. Good night good brother.

Tit. Mess. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Brn. Farewell every one.

Exeunt.

Give me the Gowne. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Brn. What thou speak'st drowfily ?

Poore knave I blame thee art, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
Ile have them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord ?

Brn. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Brn. I will not have it so : Lye downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heeres the booke I sought for so :
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Brn. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while,

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

Brn. It does my Boy ;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brn. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong blouds looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Brn. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe :
I will not hold thee long. If I doe live,
I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepey Tune ; O Murdrous slumbler !
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That playes thee Musicke ? Gentle knave good night :
I will not doe thee so much wrong to wake thee :
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see ? is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading ? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha ! Who comes heere ?
I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes
That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me : Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some Angell, or some Divell,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare ?
Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus*

Brn. Why comst thou ?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.
Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talkè with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs: awake:
Claudio.
Luci. The strings my Lord are false.
Brut. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luci. My Lord.
Brut. Didst thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst
 out?
Luc. My Lord, I doe not know that I did cry.
Brut. Yes that thou didst; Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Brut. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, fellow,
 Thou: Awake.
Varr. My Lord.
Claudio. My Lord.
Brut. Why did you so cry out firs in your sleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Brut. I: saw you any thing?
Varr. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Claudio. Nor I my Lord.
Brut. Goe, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*:
 Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
 And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come downe,
 But keepe the hilles and upper Regions:
 It proves not so: their battailes are at hand,
 They meane to warne us at *Philippi* here:
 Answering before we doe demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know]
 Wherefore they doe it: They could be content
 To visit other places, and come downe
 With fearefull bravery: thinking by this face
 To fasten on our thoughts that they have Courage:
 But tis not so.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
 Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on
 Vpon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why doe you crosse me in this exigent.
Octa. I doe not crosse you: but I will doe so. *March.*
Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*
Brut. They stand, and would have parley.
Cassi. Stand fast *Tuinius*, we must out and talke.
Octa. Marke *Antony*, shall we give signe of Battaile?
Ant. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the generalls would have some words.
Octa. Stirre not untill the Signall.
Brut. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you doe.
Brut. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.
Ant. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words
 Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesar*'s heart,
 Crying long live, haile *Caesar*.
Cassi. *Antony*,
 The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne;
 But for your words. they rob the *Hibla* bees,
 And leave them Hony-lesse.
Ant. Not stinglese too.
Brut. Oyes, and soundlesse too:
 For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony*,
 And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villaines: you did not so, when your vile daggers
 Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:
 You shew'd your teetthes like Apes,
 And fawn'd like hounds,
 And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesar*'s feete:
 Whilst damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behind
 Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you flatterers.
Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
 This tongue had not offended so to day,
 If *Cassius* might have ruld.
Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us swet,
 The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:
 Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
 When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe?
 Never till *Caesar*'s: hree and thirty wounds
 Be well aveng'd; or till another *Caesar*
 Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Brut. *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traytors hands,
 Vnlesse thou bringst them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
 I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Brut. O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Straine,
 Yong-man, thou couldst not dye more honorable.
Cassi. A peevishe Schoole-boy, worthies of such honor
 Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
 Defiance Traytors, hurle we in your teeth.
 If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
 If not, when you have stomackes,
Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.
Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell billow,
 And swimme Barke:
 The Storme is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brut. Ho *Lucillius*, hearken, a word with you.
Lucillius, and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cassi. *Messala*.
Messa. What sayes my generall?
Cassi. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
 Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala*:
 Be thou my witnesse, that against my will,
 (As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
 Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
 You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
 And his opinion: Now I change my minde,
 And partly credit things that doe presage.
 Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,

Who to *Philippi* here comforted us :
 This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
 And in their steeds, doe Ravens, Crowes, and Kites
 Flye ore our heads, and downward looke on us
 As we were sickely prey ; their shadowes seeme
 A Canopy most fatall, under which
 Our Army lyes, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeve not so.

Cassi. I but beleeve it partly,
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all peril, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucillius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
 The gods to day stand friendly, that we may
 Lovers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
 But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
 Lets reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we doe lose this Battaile, then is this
 The very last time we shall speake together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
 Be which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
 Which he did give himselfe, I know not how :
 But I doe find it Cowardly, and vile,
 For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high Powers,
 That governe us below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
 You are contented to be led in Triumph
 Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no :
 Thinke not thou Noble *Romane*,
 That ever *Brutus* will goe bound to Rome,
 He beares too great a minde, But this same day
 Must end that worke, that Ides of March begun.
 And whether we shall meete againe, I know not :
 Therefore our everlasting, farewell take :
 For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,
 If we doe meete againe, why we shall smile :
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus* :
 If we doe meete againe, we'll smile indeed ;
 If not, tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
 The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come :
 But it suiticeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Billes
 Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once : for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavio's* wing :
 And sodaine push gives them the overthrow :
 Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye :
 My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy :
 This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
 I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,

Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
 Tooke it too eagerly : his Souldiers fell to spoyle,
 Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Flye further off my Lord : flye further off,
 Marke *Antony* is in your Tents my Lord :
 Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This hill is farre enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*
 Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes
 And here againe, that I may rest assur'd
 Whether yond Troopes, are friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought. *Exit.*

Cassi. Goe *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill,
 My sight was ever thicke : regard *Titinius*,
 And tell me what thou notst about the field.

This day I breathed first, time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end,
 My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes ?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes ?

Pind. *Titinius* is encloted round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
 Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him :
 Now *Titinius*, Now some light : O he lights too.
Hestane. *Shows.*

And hearke, they shout for joy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more :
 O Coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend tane before my face

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah ; In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee doe,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
 Now be a free-man, and with this good Sword
 That ran through *Cesar's* bowels, search this bosome.
 Stand not to answer : Heere, take thou the Hilts,
 And when my face is cover'd, as tis now,
 Guide thou the Sword — *Cesar*, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. *Kills him.*

Pind. So, I am free,

Yet would not so have beene
 Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,
 Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius* : for *Octavius*
 Is overthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
 As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground ?

Titin. He lyes not like the Living. O my heart !

Messa. Is not that he ?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
 But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne :
 As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night ;

So in his red blood *Cassius* day it set.
The Sonne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy byrth,
But kilst the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I goe to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my browes this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. (showts)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will doe his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Cassius*:
By your leave gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. Dyes.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala* yong *Cato*,
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.

Br. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Br. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is flaine.

Br. O *Iulius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit wa'kes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. Low *Alarums*.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,

Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Br. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well:

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow: friends I owe no teares

To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*: I shall find time.

Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body,

His funerals shall not be in our Campe,

Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,

And come yong *Cato*, let us to the field,

Labio and *Flavius* set our Battailles on:

Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,

We shall try fortune in a second fight. Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,
and *Flavius*.

Br. Yet Country men: O yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? who will goe with me?

I will proclaime my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries friend.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.

Brutus my Countries friend: Know me for *Brutus*,

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?

Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,

And may't be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

Kill *Brutus*, and be honor'd in his death,

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2 *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane,

1 *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,

Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:

The gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you doe finde him, or a live, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,

Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have

Such men my friends, then Enemies. Goe on,

And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,

And bring us, unto *Octavius* Tent,

How every thing is chanc'd. Exeunt.

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*,
and *Volumnius*.

Br. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Stratillus* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord;
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Br. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Br. Peace then, no words.

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe.

Br. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What illrequest did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,
That it runnes over even at his eyes.

Br. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Br. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me
Two severall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Br. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: Low *Alarum*.

It is more worthy, to leape in our selves,

Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:

Even for that our love of old, I prethee

Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumentius.*

Strato, thou hast bin all this while a sleepe :

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen :

My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this loosing day

More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine unto.

So fareyouwell at once, for *Bruis* tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History :

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye,

Bru. Hence : I will follow :

I prethee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a fellow of a good respect :

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I doe run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato* ?

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Caesar*, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,
Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that ?

Messala. My masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master ?

Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him :

For *Bruis* onely overcame himselfe,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

Luci. So *Bruis* should be found. I thanke thee *Bruis*

That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Bruis*, I will entertaine them,

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Strato. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Octa. Doe so, good *Messala*.

Messala. How dyed my *Strato*.

Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all :

All the Conspirators save onely he,

Did that they did, in envy of great *Caesar* :

He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements

Somixt in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world ; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him

Withall respect, and rites of Buriall.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,

Most like a Souldier ordered honorably :

So call the field to rest, and lets away,

To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FIN IS.






THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I  hen shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2 When the Hurley-burleys done,
When the Battails lost and wonne.
3 That will be ere the set of Sunne,

1 Where the place?

2 Vpon the Heath.

3 There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1 I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

All. *Paddocke* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hover through the fogge and filthy ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
Gainst my Captivity: Haile: haile brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyle,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonnell*
(Worthy to be a Rebelle, for to that
The multiplying Villaines of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow glasses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but al's too weake:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smok'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave toth'Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders breaking
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Crackes
So they doubly redoubled stroakes on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They smacke of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.

Lenox. What hast looke through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Bannars flowt the Sky,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismal Conflict,
Till that *Belona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme gainst Arme,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now *Smere*, the Norways King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburfed, at Saint *Colmes*-hill,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King.

King. No more than *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest : Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title great *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Where hast thou been, Sister ?

2 Killing Swine.

3 Sister, where thou ?

1 A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht :
Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries,
Her husbands to Aleppo gone, Master oth' *Tiger* :

But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,

Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2 Ile give thee a Wind.

1 Th' art kind.

3 And I another.

1 I my selfe have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know.
Ith' Ship-mans Card.

I'le dreyne him dry as Hay :

Sleepe shall neither Night nor day

Hang upon his Pent-house Lid :

He shall live a man forbid :

Weary Seu' nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine :

Though his Barke cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.

Looke what I have.

2 Shew me, shew me.

1 Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3 A Drumme, a Drumme :

Macbeth doth come.

All. The wey ward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land.

Thus doe goe, about, about,

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice againe, to make up nine.

Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not scene.

Banq. How farre is't call'd to Soris ? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th' inhabitants oth' Earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question ? you seeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Vpon her skinny Lips : you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are fo.

Mac. Speake if you can : what are you ?

1 All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis

2 All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3 All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire ? it'h' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew ? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope,

That he seemes wrapt withall ; to me you speake not.

If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,

And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not.

Speake then to me, who neither begge, nor feare
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 Hayle.

2 Hayle.

3 Hayle.

1 Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none :

So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1 *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more :
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor ? the *Thane* of Cawdor lives
A prosperous Gentleman : And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belife,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting ?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And these are of them : whether are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the Ayre : and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.

Would they had staid.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or have we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner ?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words : whos here

Enter Rosse, and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe : and when he reads
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his Praises doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his : silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing a feard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thicke as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did beare
Thy prayfes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to herrald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor :

In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What can the Devill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:

Why doe you dresse me in his borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgement beares that life,
Which he deserves to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or else did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreys wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confests'd, and pron'd,
Have overthrowne him.

Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Acte
Of the imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my heire,
And make my seated Heart knocke at my Ribbes,
Against the use of nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partners rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me.
Without my stirre.

Banq. New honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leysure.

Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Lease,
To reade them.

Let us toward the King; thinke upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speake
Our free hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly,

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm,
Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Are not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come backe.
But I have spoke with one that saw him dye:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confests'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. Theres no Art,
To finde the mindes construction in the face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angui.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wine of Recompence is slow:
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thankes, and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it payes it selfe.
Your highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should
By doing every thing safe toward your Love,
And honor,

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart,

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your owne.

King. My plenteous joyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsman, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him onely.
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Envernes,
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The Rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herberger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're leape,

For

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my blacke and deepe desires:
The eye winke at the hand : yet let that be,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo* : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed :
It is a Banquet to me. Lets after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome :
It is a peerlesse Kinsman. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have learn'd
by the perfectest report, they have more in them, then mortall
knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further,
they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles
I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King,
who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these
weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on
of time, with haile King that shalt be. This have I thought
good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that
thou might'st not loose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant
of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and
farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd : yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neere way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The iilnesse should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily : wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly winne.
Thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which cries,
Thusthou must doe, if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither ;
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings ?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true : our *Thane* is coming
One of my fellowes had the speed of him ;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncane*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty : make thicke my blood,
Stop up th'accesse and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thicke Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feelee now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncane comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your hand, your Tongue: looke like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He thats coming,
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This Nights great businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Give solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke up cleare :
To alter favor, ever is to feare :
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbaine,
Banquo, Lenox, Macduffe, Ross, Angus,
and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loued Mansforny, that the Heavens breath,
Smells wooingly here : no luttie frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt : I have observ'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse :
The love that followes us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid god-eyld us for your paines,
And thanke us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Majesty loades our house :
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Hermites.

King.

King. Wheres the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharpe at his Spurre) hath holpe him
To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your hignesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Ho-boys. Torches.

*Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service
over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when tis done, then twer well,
It were done quickly: if th' Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Success: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloudy instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hes here in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the Deed: then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne this Faculties so meeke: hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked Newborne-babe,
Striding the blast, or heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And fallies on th' other.

Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost syp; why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.

Lady. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage.

Macb. Prethee peace:

I dare doe all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst doe it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fittest now
Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his bonelesse Gummies,
And dash't the Branes out, had I but so sworne
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not faile: when *Duncan* is a sleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so convince,
That Memory, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbecke onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lye as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
His spungy Officers? who shall beare the guile
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepey two
Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Fear,
Away, and mocke the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secuudus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the
Clocke.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

Fleanc. I take't, tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A

A heavy Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleepe :
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword : whos there ?

Macb. A friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt ? the Kings a bed.
He hath beene in unuſuall pleaſure.
And ſent forth a great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſſe,
And ſhut it up in meaſureleſſe content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Banq. Alls well.
I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters :
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them :
Yet when we can intreat an houre to ſerve,
We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.

Ban. At your kindeſt leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,
When tis, it ſhall make honor for you.

Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My boſome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir : the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready
She ſtrike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed, *Exit.*
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill,
Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight ? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine ?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marſhaſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fooler o'th' other Senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt : I ſee thee ſtill ;
And on thy blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing :
It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes
Thus to mine eyes. Now ore the one halfe World
Nature ſenſes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleepe : Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccates Offrings : and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whoſe howles his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* raviſhing ſides, towards his deſigne
Moves like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth
Heare not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :
Words to the heart of deeds too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done : the bell invites me.
Heare it not, *Duncane*, for it is a Knell.
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunke, hath made me
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. (bold :
Hearke, peace : it was the Owle that ſhrick'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open :
And the ſurfeted Groomes doe mocke their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Poſſets,
That death and Nature doe contend a bout them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Whos there ? what ho ?

Lady. Alacke, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And tis not done : th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us : hearke : I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe em. Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had don't.
My husband ?

Macb. I have done the deed :
Didſt thou not heare a noyſe ?

Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry
Did not you ſpeake ?

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended ?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes ith' ſecond Chamber ?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other :
I ſtood, and heard them : but they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſſt them againe to ſleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſcene me with theſe hangmans hands :
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen ?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes : ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, ſleepe no more :
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent ſleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd ſleeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nourisher in lifes feaſt.

Lady. What doe you meane ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, ſleepe no more to all the houſe :
Glamis hath murther'd ſleepe, and therefore *Canador*
Shall ſleepe no more : *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.

Lad. Who was it, that thus cry'd ? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe unbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke
So braine-fickly of things : Goe get ſome Water,

And

And wash this filthy Witsse from your Hand,
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there : goe carry them, and smear
The sleepey Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more :
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done :
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infringe of purpose :
Give me the Daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures : 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Divell. If he doe bleed,
Ile guilde the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt.

Exit.

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me ?
What Hands are here ? hah : they plucke out mine Eyes
Will all great Neptune's Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand ? no : this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour : but I shame
To weare a heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry :
Retyre we to our Chamber :
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
How easie is it then ? your Constancie
Hath left you unattended, *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, lest occasion call us,
And shew vs to be Watchers : be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking :
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Heere's a knocking indeed : if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the
Key. *Knocke.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of Belzebub ? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselfe on th' expectation of Plenty : Come in time, have
Napkins enough about you, here you'll sweate for't. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Who's there in th' other Devils Name ?
Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both
the Scales, against eyther Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Hea-
ven : oh come in, Equivocator, *Knock.* Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there ? Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hole :
Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock, Never at quiet : What are you ? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further :
I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late ?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowing till the second Cock :
And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
provoke ?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine.
Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes : it Provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Le-
chery : it makes him and it marres him ; it sets him on,
and it takes him off ; it perfwades him, and disheartens
him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion,
equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves
him.

Macd. I beleeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me : but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring ?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him : here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you :
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine :
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. *Exit Macduff.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day.

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's beene unruly :
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe.
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre ;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustions and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscene Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some say, the Earth was fevorous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee,

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece :
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the Life ?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie ?

Macb. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake :

See, and then speake your selves : awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell : Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine : Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downy sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on death it selfe : up, up, and see
The great Doomes Image : *Malcolme, Banquo,*
As from your Graves rife up, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell Rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake,
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake :
The repetition in a Womans care,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royall Matter's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas :
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff,* I prythee contract thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time : for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality :
All is but Toyes : Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are and doe not know't :
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stoppt; the very Source of it is stoppt,

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes : they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man :
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan,*
His Silver skinnie, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waitfull entrance : there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade ; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refraine,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa,

Macd. Looke to the Lady,

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claime this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid within an augure hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foote of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady :
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure ; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us :
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of Treasonous Malice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's breefely put on manly readinesse,
And meet it'h' Hall together.

All. Well contented, *Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you doe?
Let's not comfort with them :
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
He to England.

Don. To Ireland, I :
Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer :
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;
The meere in blood, the meere bloody.

Macd. This murderous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted : and our safest way,
Is to avoid the ayne. Therefore to House,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which Time, I have scene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest he heavens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage : by th' Clock tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the travailling Lampe :
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light shall kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis unnaturall,
Even like the deed that's done : on Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd

Rosse. And *Duncan's* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so :

To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

Rosse. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven upon
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gons to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cofin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither:

Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu
Lest our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you sir, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

*Drum sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had beene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-things unbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper, sir,
And Ile request your presence

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
Forever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have els'e desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'll take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall we shall have cause of State,
Craving us joyntly. Hye you to horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I with your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
Till seaven at Night, to make society
The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

Whil'then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lords.

Sirra, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace
Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

Exit Servant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in *Banquo* thicke deepe,
And in his Royalty of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Anthony was by *Caesar*, He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayld him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlincall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue have I fill'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,
And champion me to th' utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call,

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murib. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now have you consider'd of my speeches?

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had beene our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you :
How you were borne in hand, how crost :
The Instruments : who wrought with them :
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to us.

Macb. I did so :

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heaue hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhoundes, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges : the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd : whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Noti'th' worst rank'e of Manhood, say'r,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart ; and love of us,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life : and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe stricke downe : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make love,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command us.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives——

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Palace : alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse ; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke :
Fleane, his Sonne, that keepe him companie,
Whose absence is nolesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre : resolute your selves apart,
He come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. He call upon you straight : abide within,
It is concluded : *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Francies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on : things without all remedie
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it :
Shee'lle close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake us Nightly : Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our place, have sent to peace:
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restless extasie:

Duncane is in his Grave :

After Lifes fitfull Fever, he sleepe well,
Treason ha's done his worst : nor Steele nor Poyson,
Malice domestique, forraine Levie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on :
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Ioviall'mong your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you :
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue :
Vnsafe the while, that we must lave
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleane* lives.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
 Then be thou jocund: ere the Bar hath flowne
 His Cloyster'd flight, ere to blacke *Heccats* summons
 The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowfie hums,
 Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
 There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
 Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible Hand
 Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
 Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
 And the Crow makes Wing to th' Rookie Wood:
 Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
 Whiles nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
 So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three murderers.

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?
 3. *Macbeth.*
 2. He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers
 Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
 To the direction just.
 1. Then stand with us.
 The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
 Now spurres the latest Traveller apace,
 To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approaches
 The subject of our Watch.
 3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.
 2. Then 'tis hee:
 The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i'th' Court.
 1. His Horses goe about.
 3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
 So all men doe, from hence to th' Pallace Gate
 Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
 3. 'Tis hee.
 1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
 1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
 Flye godd *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
 Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!
 3. Who did strike out the Light?
 1. Was't not the way?
 3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
 2. We have lost
 Best halfe of our Affaire.
 1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done:
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox,
 Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
 At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
 And play the humble Host:
 Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in the best time
 We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
 For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
 Both sides are even: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
 Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
 The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
 Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him:

Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
 Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
 If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.

Mur. Most Royall Sir

Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:

I had else beene perfect;
 Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
 As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
 But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
 To sawey doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
 The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that,

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
 Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
 No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
 Wee'l heare our selves againe. *Exit Murderer.*

Lady. My Royall Lord,
 You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making:
 'Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
 From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
 Meeting werebare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
 Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
 And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit,

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
 Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
 Then pity for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
 Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your highnesse
 To grace us with your Royall Company?

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy goary lockes at me,

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentany, upon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell.

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts
(Imposters to true feare) would well become
A womans story at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes. *Exit Ghost.*

La. What? quite unmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times have beene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And push us from our stooles. This is more strange
Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then Ile sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th' generall joy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:
Would he were heere: to all; and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Auant, & quier my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it spoyle the pleasure of the time.

Macb. Wha man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnrecall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What signes, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse,
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secretst man of blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How sayst thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall give way, I am in blood
Spent in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l go sleepe; My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath beene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie,
Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone.
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke flights,
Shall rise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haste, shee'l soone be
Backe againe.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncan's* Sonnes under the Key,
(As and't please Heaven he shall not) they shall finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he say'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast; I heare
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncan*

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Live in the English Court, and is receyv'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him above
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisdome can provide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Meslage ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedges Pigge whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poyfond Entrailes throw

Toad, that under cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillit of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge:
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Birds legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powerfull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the ravin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th darke:
Liver of Blaspheeming Jew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Noise

Noſe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grwell thicke, and ſlab:
Adde thereto a Tigars Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Wiſches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gaines:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who ever knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What iſt you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you untye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waves
Counfound and ſwallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Even till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwere me
To what I aſke you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l anſwer.

1 Say, iſt' hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 Powre in Soves blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's ſweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaſtly ſhow. *Thunder.*

I. Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me thou unknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.

He Deſcends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder*

2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.

2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, and reſolute:

Laugh to ſcorne

The power of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Deſcends.*

Mac. Then live *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?

But yet Ile make aſſurance, double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not live.

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder.*

3 *Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*

What iſt this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.

3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, untill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſinane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend:*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Unfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe never till the Wood
Of Byrnam riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe iſt this? *Hobbes*

1. Shew.

2. Shew.

3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Heart,
Come like ſhadowes, to depart.

*A ſhow of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe
in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, iſt like the firſt:
A third, iſt like the former. Filthy Haggas,
Why do you ſhew me this? — A fourth? Start eye!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A ſeventh? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible fight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What iſt this ſo?

1 I Sir, all this iſt ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
He Charme the Ayre to give a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*

The Wiſches Dance, and vaniſh.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernitiouſ houre,
Stand aye accuſed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Enter Lenax.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Sihers ?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horfe. Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word :
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it, From this moment,
The very firstling of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Cattle of *Macduff*, I will surprize.
Seize upon Fife ; give to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen ?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had hee done, to make him fly the Land ?

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none :

His flight was madness : when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.

Wife. Wisedome ? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe does flye ? He loves us not.
He wants the naturall touch. for the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle :
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love ;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe, But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves : when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But float upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but Ile be here againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Fatherlesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes ?

Son. With what I get, and so do they.

Wife. Poore bird,
Thoud'st never Feare the Net, nor Line,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother ?
Poore Birds they are not set for :
My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead :
How wilt thou doe for a Father ?

Son. Nay how will you doe for a husband ?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother ?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor ?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traytors, that doe so.

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye ?

Wife. Every one.

Son. VVho must hang them ?

Wife. VVhy, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang up them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie :
But how wilt thou doe for a Father ?

Son. If hee were dead, you'd weepe for him : if you
would not it were a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father.

Son. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you faire Dame: I am not to you knowne,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere : hence with your little ones :
To fright you thus, Me thinks I am to savage :
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
VVhich is too nie your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

Wife. Whether should I flye ?
I have done no harme, But I remember now
I am in this earthly world : where to doe harme
Is often laudable, to doe good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Doe I put up that womanly defence,
To say I had done no harme ?
What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-car'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge ?

Yong fry of Treachery ?

Son. He has killd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murder.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

Mal. Let us seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Doiour.

Mal. What I beleeeve, Ile waile;
What know, beleeeve; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke; it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may discerne of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpōse;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I have lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Children?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,
What ever I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: weare y thy wrongs
The Title is affair'd. Fare thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,
By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Macb. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smoaking of every sinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up
The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-bear
That did oppote my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold: The time you may so hoodwinke:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others Houle,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysonsto fill up your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each severall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay had I power I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vpore the univerfall peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to governe, speake:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Ofner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banisht me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divellish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From over-credulous haile: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my selfe to thy direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature, I am yet
Vnknowne to women, never was serfswore,
Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Diuell to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my selfe. what I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before thy heere approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth?
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
Belike our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Ditease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,

A most miraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I have seene him doe: How he solicites heaven
Himselfe best knowes; but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlceroous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere despaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. with this strange vertue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecie,
And sondry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. Se who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

Macd. My cuer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes, the meanes that makes us strangers,

Ros. Sir. Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ros. Alas poore Country,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knowes nothing is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest griefe?

Ros. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Ros. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Ros. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ros. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How go'st?

Ros. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witness the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot,
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Mal. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older and a better Sculdier, none
That Christendome gives out.

Ros. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Ros. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ros. Let not your eares despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum: I guesse at it.

Ros. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heaven:

What man, ne're pull your hat upon your browes:
Give sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ros. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kill'd too?

Ros. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly griefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But

But I must also feele it as a man ;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me : Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part ? Sinfull *Macdoffe*,
They were all strooke for thee : Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules : Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Convert to anger : blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission : Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly :
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers about
Put on their Instruments : Receiue what cheere you may,
The night is long that never findes the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Waiting
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last
walk'd ?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown up-
on her, unlocke her closet, take forth paper, folde it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe,

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleepe and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard
her say ?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness
to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes : This is her very guise, and up-
on my life fast asleepe ; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why it stood by her : she ha's light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now ?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme
thus washing her hands : I have knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot : out I say. One : Two : Why
then 'tis time to doo't : Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,
a Souldier, and affear'd ? what need we feare ? who knows
it, when none can call our power to accompt : yet who

would have thought the olde man to have had so much
blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that ?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife : where is she now ?
What will these hands neere be cleane ? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that : you marre all with flat-
ting.

Doct. Goto, goto :

You have knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what she should not, I am sure
of that : Heaven knowes what she ha's knowne.

La. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the per-
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh,

Doct. What a sigh is there ? The heart is sorely charg'd

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome,
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise : yet I have
knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have
dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale : I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried ;
he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady. To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the gate :
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand : What's
done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisp'rings are abroad : unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles : infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets :
More needes she the Divine, then the Physitian :
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes upon her : So goodnight ;
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Montrose, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenx, Souldiers.*

Met. The English power is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macdoff*.
Revenge burne in them : for their deere causes
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbaine* be with his brother ?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not : I have a File
Of all the Gentry ; there is *Seyward's* Sonne,
And many unruffe youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Met. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly Fortifies ;
Some say hee's mad : Others, that lesse hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now doe's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move onely in command,
Nothing in love: Now doe's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a Dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestler'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, doe's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him powre we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds
Make we our March towards Birnam. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnham Wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. Whats the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then flye false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant.

The Divell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geefe Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers sir.

Macb. Goe pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy soule, those linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsaillours to feare. What Souldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sicke at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheere me ever, or diseale me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is false into the Seare, the yellow Lease,
And that which should accompany Old Age,
As honour, love, obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to have: but in their stead,
Curfes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honour, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. Whats your Gracious pleasure?

Mac. What newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Mac. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh is hackt.

Give me my Armour.

Sey. Tis not needed yet.

Mac. Ile put it on:

Send out moe horses, skirre the Countrey round,
Hang those that stand in feare. Give me mine Armor:
How doe's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stuffe bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighe upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must Minister unto himselfe,

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armor on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should appland againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cæny, or what Purgative drug
Would scowre these English hence: heast thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall preparation
Makes us heare something.

Mac. Bring it after me:

I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnam Forrest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleare,
Profit againe should hardly draw me here. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Mac-
duffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Souldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cousins I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of Byrnham.

Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Malc. Tis his maine hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our best Censures
Before the true event, and put we on

Industrious Souldierſhip.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative, their unſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the warre. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: Our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorne: Here let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
A cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time has beene, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhricke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I have ſuſt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdaies, have lighted Fooles
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, briefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger*

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy Tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. My Gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, ſay ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill
I look't toward Byrnam, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lye, and Slave.

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnam Wood
Doe come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, arme, and out,
If this which he avouches doe's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'gin to be a weary of the Sunne,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your Leavy Screenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vncle)
Shall with my Couſin, your right Noble ſonne,
Lead our firſt Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and we
Shall take upon's what liſe remains to doe:
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Doe we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. *(breath,*

Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeake, give them all
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of blood, and death. *Exeunt.*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tyed me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the curſe. Whats he
That was not borne of woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. I thou'lt be afraid to heare it.

T. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

T. Sey. The Divell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

T. Sey. Thou lieſt thou abhorred Tyrant, with my ſword
Ile prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.

Macb. Thou waſt borne of Woman;
But ſwords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyrd to beare their Staves; either thou Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbattered edge
I ſheath againe undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seemes

Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I beg not. *Exit, Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Seyw. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides doe fight,
The Noble Thanes doe bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to doe.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarums.*

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Doe better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Mac. Of all men else I have avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voyce is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Than tearmes can give thee out. *Fight, Alarums.*

Macb. Thou lovest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers wombe
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels me so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with us in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l have thee, as our Rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before yong *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse,
Though Byrnam Wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cryes hold, enough

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.
Sey. Some must goe off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your noble Sonne.

Ross. Your sonne my Lord, ha's paid a Souldiers debt,
He onely liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Ross. I, and brought off the Field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before.

Ross. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he:
Had I as many sonnes, as I have haire,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Vsurper's curst head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine,
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your severall loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor nam'd: Whats more to doe
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt omnes.



THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima,

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.



Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand and unfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your house.

Bar. Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks: Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you doe meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farewell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: give you good night.

Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes, tis but our phantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two nights have seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
Whon yond same Starre thats Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*

Bar. Looke it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with feare and won-

Bar. It would be spoke to. (der

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I charge thee, speake!
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & looke pale:
Is not this something more than phantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God I might nor this beleefe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Pollax on the Ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to worke, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my opinion,
This boads some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the Land,
And why such daily Cast of Brazen Cannon
And forraigne Mart for Implements of Warre:
Why such impresse of Shipwrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joynt-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At least the whisper goes so : Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras* : Who by a seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, yong *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a Litt of Landlese Resolutes,
For food and Dyet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomake in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare unto our State)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And ternes Compulsive, those foresaid Lands
So by his father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the maine motive of our Preparations,
The fourse of this our Watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold : Loe, where it comes againe :
He crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or use of voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand,

Barn. Tis here.

Hor. Tis here.

Mar. Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We doe it wrong, being so Majesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearefull Summons. I have heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of Day : and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit, hies
To his Confinde. And of the truth herein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long :
And (they say) no spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsom, then no Planets strike,
No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme :

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleve it.

But looke, the Morne in Russet Mantle clad,
Waikes o're the Dew of yon high Easterne hill,
Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This spirit dumbe to us, will speake to him :
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conveniently. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrud the
Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister
Ophelia, Lords Attendants.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare Brothers death,
The memory be Greene : and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe :
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Have we, as twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to wife ; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know yong *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake suppotall of our worth ;
Or thinking by our late deare Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and cut of Frame,
Colieagued with the dreame of his Advantage ;
He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We have here writ
To Norway, Vncle of yong *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein. In that the Levies,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject : and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more than the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow :

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing heartily farewell.

Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, whats the newes with you?

You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
 And loose your voyce. What wouldst thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
 The head is not more Native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?
 What sayes *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord:
 I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much it'h Sun,

Quee. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
 Doe not for ever with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
 Thou knowst tis common, all that live must dye,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Quee. If it be;
 Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
 Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play:
 But I have that Within, which passeth show;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. Tis sweet and commendable
 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your Father:
 But you must know, your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 To doe obsequious Sorrow. But to persever
 In obstinate Condolence, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse. Tis unmanly griefe,
 It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven.
 A heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
 An Understanding simple, and unschoold:
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish Opposition
 Take it to heart? Fye, tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cryed,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us,
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Love,
 Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne,
 Doe I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrogarde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheifest Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.

Que. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prethee stay with us, goe not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a loving, and a faire Reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
 No jocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the heavens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Alone Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon gainst selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seemes to me all the uses of this world?
 Fye on't? Oh fie, fie, tis an unwedded Garden
 That growes to Seed: things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meereely. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: so loving to my Mother,
 That he might not beteene the windes of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman:
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niohe*, all teares. Why she, even she,
 (O heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
 My fathers brother: but no more like my father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Month?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I doe forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
 Ile change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you : good even sir.

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*.

Hor. A Truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,

To take it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant :

But what is your affaire in *Elfenour* ?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I prythee doe not mocke me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followeth hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: the Funerall Bak'd meats,
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables ;

Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven,

Ere I had ever seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinkes I see my fa-her.

Hor. Oh where my Lord ?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*.)

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all :
I should not looke upon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ? Who ?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my father ?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent care ; till I may deliver

Vpon the witness of these Gentlemen,

This marvell to you.

Ham. For heavens love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch

In the dead waste and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your father,

Arm'd at ail points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with solemne March

Goes slow and stately : By them thrice he walkt,

By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length ; whilst they bestill'd

Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,

Forme of the thing ; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father :

These hands are not more like,

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My Lord upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once me thought

It lifted up it head, and did ad.dresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake :

But even then, the morning Cocke crew lowd ;

And at the found it shrunke in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe live my honourable Lord 'tis true ;

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the Watch to night ?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his *Beaver* up :

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like : staid it long ? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hun-

All, Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisy ?

Hor. It was, as I have seene it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd. (gaine.

Ham. Ile watch to night ; perchance twill walke a-

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,

Ile speake to it, though I tell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceald this sight ;

Let it be trebble in your silence still :

And whatsoever else shall hap to night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;

I will requite your loves ; so, fare ye well :

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleven and twelve,

Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your love, as mine to you : farewell.

My fathers spirit in Armes ? All is not well :

I doubt some foule play : would the night were come ;

Till then sit still my foule ; foule deeds will rise,

Thoughall the earth orewhelm them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't, farewell :

And sister, as the Winds give benefit,

And Convoy is assistant, doe not sleepe,

But let me heare from you,

Ophe. Doe you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud ;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;

Froward, not permanent ; sweet not lasting

The suppliance of a minute ; No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more :

For nature cressant does not grow alone,

In thewes and Bulke : but as his Temple waxes,

The inward service of the minde and soale

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch

The vertue of his feare : but you must feare

His

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne ;
 For he himselfe is subject to his Birth :
 He may not, as unvalued persons doe,
 Carve for himselfe ; for, on his choyce depends
 The sanctity and health of the whole state.
 And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
 It fits your wisdome so farre to beleve it ;
 As he in his peculiar Sect and force
 May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
 Than the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
 Then weigh what losse your honour may sustaine,
 If with two credent eare you list his Songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaistred importunity.

Fear it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
 And keepe within the reare of your affection ;
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest Maid is prodigall enough,
 If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone :
 Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious stroaks,
 The Canker galls the infant of the Spring
 Too oft before the Buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary than, best safety lies in feare ;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 As watchmen to my heart : but good my Brother
 Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to heaven ;
 Whilst like a puffed and reckless Libertine
 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reakes not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long ; but here my Father comes :
 A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polon. Yet here *Laertes* ? Aboard, aboard for shame,
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are staid for there : my blessing with you :
 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any disproportion'd thought his Act :
 Be thou familiar ; but by no means vulgar :
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy soule, with hoopes of Steele :
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
 Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell : but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine eare ; but few thy voyce :
 Take each mans censure : but reserve thy judgement :
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy ;
 But not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the best ranke and Nation,
 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For Loane oft loses both it selfe and friend :
 A borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all ; to thine owne selfe be true :
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell : my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
 And you your selfe shall keepe the Key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What ist *Ophelia*, he hath said to you ?

Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the *L. Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you your selfe
 Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous,
 If it be so, as so tis put on me ;

And that in way of caution : I must tell you,
 You doe not understand your selfe so clearly,
 As it behoves my Daughter, and your honour.
 What is betwene you, give me up the truth ?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
 Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance.

Doe you beleve his tenders, as you call them ?

Ophe. I doe not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you ; thinke your selfe a Baby,
 That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not itarling. Tender your selfe more dearly ;
 Or not to cracke the wind of the poore Phrase,
 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech,
 My Lord, with all the vowes of heaven.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
 Gives the tongue vowes : these blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making ;
 You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
 Be somewhat scantier of your Maiden presence,
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
 Beleeve so much in him, that he is yong,
 And with a larger tether may he walke,
 Then may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Doe not beleeve his vowes ; for they are Broakers,
 Not of the eye, which their Investments shew :
 But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all :
 I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leifure,
 As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet* :
 Looke too't, I charge you ; come your way.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrew'dly : is it very cold ?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now ?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

(season,

Hor. Indeed I heard it not : then it drawes neere the
 Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What

What does this meane my Lord?

(rouse,

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waffels, and the swaggering upspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. It is a custome?

Ham. I marry is't:

And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner borne: It is a custome
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us:
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearst in death,
Have burst their Cearments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat Steele,
Revisist thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our soales,
Say, why is this, wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost Beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waits you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a Pins fee;
And for my soule what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waves me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse? thinke of it.

Ham. It waits me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By heav'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou leade me? speake; Ile goe no

Ghost. Marke me.

(further.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My honour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost. Pitty me not but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit.

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-house;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quills upon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of Flesh and Blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

Ham. Oh heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foule and most unnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and unnaturall.

Ham. Haste, haste me to know it,
That I with wings as swift
As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
May sweepe to my Revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceesse of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetick soule: mine Vncle?

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath traiterous gifts,
Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a Wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fete it selfe in a Celestiall bed, and prey on Garbage.

But

But soft, me thinks I scent the Mornings Ayres:
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure howre thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of curfed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posselt
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and whoisome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht:
Cut off even in the blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, unmanneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
Oh, horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest,
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire:
Aduie, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me.

Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of heaven! Oh Earth; what else?
And shall I couple hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely up: remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records,
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all prestures past,
That youth and observation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the booke and Volume of my braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by heaven:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables: meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
Atleast I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vncle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Aduie, Aduie, Remember me: I have sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heaven secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'll reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (thinke it)

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret?

Both. I, by heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villaine dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Grave to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your businesse and desires shall point you:
For every man has businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wilde and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision here:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene us,
O're-master't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to
Both. My Lord, we will not. (night.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Mar. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Gho. Swear. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come on, you heare this fellow in the felleridge.
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene.
Swear by my Sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'll shift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe upon my sword.
Never to speake of this that you have heard:
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear. (fast?)

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friend.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*,
Than are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase;
As well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,

That

That you know ought of me ; this not to doe :
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you :
Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit : so Gentlemen,
With all my love commend me to you ;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke : let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt : Oh cursed spight,
That ever I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and those notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynold. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe marvels wisely : good *Reynoldo*.
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reynold. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said :

Very well said. Looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danckers* are in Paris ;
And how, and who ; what meanes ; and where they keepe :
What company, at what expence : and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne : Come you more neere
Than your particular demaunds will touch it,
Take you as twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo* ?

Reynold. I, very well my Lord,

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well ;
But if't be he I meane, hees very wilde ;
Addicted so and so ; and there put on him
What forgeries you please : marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that :
But Sir, such wanton, wilde, and usuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynold. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reyn. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge ;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to Incontinency ;
Thats not my meaning ; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A savagenesse in unreclaim'd blood of generall assault.

Reynold. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this ?

Reynold. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I beleve it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these slight fulleyes on my Sonne,
As twere a thing a little soild i'th' working : (sounded.)
Marke you your party in converse ; him you would
Having ever scene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence :
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Countrey.

Reynold. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then sir does he this ?

He does : what was I about to say ?
I was about to say nothing : where did I leave ?

Reynold. At closes in the consequence :
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Reynold. At closes in the consequence, I marry.
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day ;
Or then, or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Rouse,
Their falling out at Tennis ; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile ;
Uidelicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now ;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth ;
And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach
With Windleses, and with assayses of Byas,
By indirections finde directions out :
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my sonne ; you have me, have you not ?

Reynold. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you ; fare you well.

Reynold. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Reynold. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Musicke.

Reynold. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell :

How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter ?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what, in the Name of Heaven ?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was towing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartter'd, and downe-gyved to his Ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittreous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
To speake of horrors : he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love ?

Ophe. My Lord, I do not know : but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he ?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist.

Then goes he to the length of all his Arme ;
And with his other hand, thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long itaid he so,
At last, a little shaking of my arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He rais'd a sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets goe,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe ;
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Love,
Whose violent propertie foredoes it selfe,

And

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorry,
What have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my jealousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion. Come goe we to the King. (move
This must be knowne, which being kept close might
More grieue to hide, than hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrosse, and Guilden-
stare Cumalijs.*

King. Welcome deare Rosincros and Guildenstare.
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so yong dayes brought up with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thankses,
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures, more into command
Than to Entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thankses Rosincros, and gentle Guildenstare.

Qu. Thankses Guildenstare and gentle Rosincros,
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much changed sonne.
Goe some of ye,

And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises,
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exeunt.*

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the father of good Newes.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policy, so sure
As I have us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlets Lunacy.

King. Oh speake of that, that I doe long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His fathers death, and our ore-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall list him. Welcome good Friends:
Say Voltimand, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat griev'd,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On Fortinbras, which he (in brieve) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vncle, never more
To give th' assay of Armes against your Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Souldiers
So levied as before, against the Polak:
With an intreaty herein further shewne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your Dominions for his enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes us well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke upon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-look't labour.
Goe to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Must welcome home. *Exit Ambaf.*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestie should be, what Duty is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Brevitie is the Soule of Wir,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be brieve. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad,
But let that goe.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no Art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true: 'Tis true, 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will use no Art.

Mad

Mad let us grant him then : and now remains
That we find out the the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.
I have a daughter : have, whilst she is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, marke,
Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.

Thats an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase : but you shall heare the in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth move :

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But never Doubt, I love.

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Number : I have not Art
to reckon my grones ; but that I love thee best, oh most Best
believe it.*

Adieu.

*Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me :
And more above hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine care,

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man, faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prove so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Majesty you Queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight,
What might you thinke ? No, I went round to worke,
And my yong Mistris thus I did bespeake ;
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This must not be : and then, I precepts gave her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens :
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my Advice,
And he repulsed, a short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakenesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Doe you thinke tis this ?

Quee. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, Ide faine know that,
That I have positively said, tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

Quee. So he has indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he love her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon ;

Let me be no Assistant for a State,

And keepe a Farme and Carters,

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I doe beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King and Queene.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet.

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord ?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to be
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. Thats very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——

Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne : Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend
looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter :
yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a Fishmonger :
he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extremitie for love : very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Betweene whom ?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir : for the Satyricall slave sayes here,
that old men have gray Beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ;
their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme :
and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeve, yet I hold it
not Honesty to have it thus set downe : For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse.

Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord ?

Ham. Into my Grave ?

Pol. Indeed that is out oth' Ayre :
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are ?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanity could not
So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.

My honorable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooks.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter Rosincros and Guildenstar.

Rosin. God save you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou *Guildenstar*? Oh, *Rosincros*, good Lads: How doe yee both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. Whats the newes.

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the Worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. *Denmark's* a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow,

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall we to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Borb. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elfinoor*?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks; but I thinke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale justly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kind confession in your looks; which your modellies have not craft enough to colour, I know the good King and Queene have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to me a sturill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre looke you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majestical Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeared no other thing to me, then a soule and petulant congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! How Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angell? in apprehension, how like a god? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not mee; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you see me to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we coated them on the way, and hither, are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle and Target: The Lover shall not sigh *gravis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled at' sere: and the Lady shall say her mind freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeavour keepe in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayry of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt fort: these are now the fashion,

fashion, and so be rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintaines em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are not better) their Writers doe them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there has been much to doe on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Ist possible?

Guild. Oh there has beene much throwing about of braines.

Ham. Doe the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too

Ham. It is not strange for mine Vnckle is King of *Denmarke*, and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophy could find it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinore*: your hands, come: The appertenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremonie. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extant to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handfaw.

Enter Polonius.

Polo. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildenstar*, and you too: at each eare a hearer; that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily hes the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will Prophesie, He comes to tell me of the Players. Marke it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you, When *Roscius* an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe——

Polo. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, history, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall; Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indivisible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephthas* Iudge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more.

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not ith' right old *Iephthas*?

Pol. If you call me *Iephthas* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polo. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot? and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: the first rowe of the *Pans Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; Welcome good friends. O my old friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Comst thou to beard me in *Denmarke*? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Berlady your Ladiship is neerer heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Chopyne. Pray God your voice like a peece of uncurrant gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: we'll e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flye at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come give us a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, twas *Cantary* to the Generall: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cryed in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modesty, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indue the Author of affectation, but ca'd it an honest method. One chiefe speech in it, I chiefly lov'd, twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus* The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as he purpose, did the night resemble When his lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismall: head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horribly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vild Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus* Old Grandfire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

I Play. Anon he findes him, Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it fallies Repugnant to command: unequal match, *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and wind of his fell Sword, Th'unnerved father fells. Then senselesse Illium, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stooptes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milky head Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd ith' Ayre to sicke:

So as a painted Tirant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And lik'd a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowfed Vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*,
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Nave downe the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long:

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pre-
thee say on: Hes for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or he
sleepes. Say on: come to *Hecuba*.

1 Play. But who, O who, had seen the Mobled Queene.

Ham. The Mobled Queene?

Pol. Thats good: Mobled Queene is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loynes,
A blanket in th' Alarm of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
Gainst fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd?
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall move them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turn'd his colour, and
has teares in eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest, soone.
Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestow'd.
Doe ye heare, let them be well us'd: for they are the Ab-
stracts and briefe Chronicles of the time. After your
death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their
ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their de-
fart.

Ham. Godsbodkins man, better. Vse every man
after his defart, and who should scape whipping: use
them after your owne Honor and dignity. The lesse they
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them
in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polonius.

Ham. Follow him friends: we'll heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the
murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteen lines, which
I would set downe, and insert int? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night
you are welcome to *Elfenower*?

Refin. Good my Lord,

Manet Hamlet.

Exeunt.

Ham. I so, god buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pefant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fiction, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction ins Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function suiting
With formes, to his conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
Whats *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free.
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like Iohn a-deames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me byth' Nose? gives me the Lye ith' Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does methis?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindlesse villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Assle am I? I sure, this is most brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curfing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Eye upon't. Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scane,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile observe his looks
Ile rent him to the quicke: if he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I have scene
May be the divell, and the divell hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
A buses me to damne me. Ile have grounds
More Relative then this: The Plays the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
sincros, Guildenstear, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feesles himsele distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speake.

Guild. Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloofe :
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state,

Quee. Did he receive you well ?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime ?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way : of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it : They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true :

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as twere by accident, may there
Assient *Ophelia*. Her father, and my selfe (lawfull espials)
Will to bestow our selves, that seeing unscene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is belov'd,
If he be th'affliction of his love, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*. I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wilkenesse : so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selves : Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this
Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
And pious Action, we doe surge ore
The divell himsele.

King. Oh tis true :

How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience ?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plastring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word,
Oh heavy burthen !

Pol. I heare him comming, lets withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question :
Whether tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe
No more : and by a sleepe, to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shockes

That flesh is hire to ? Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame ; I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When he have shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must give us pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life :
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himsele might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin ? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweate under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather beare those illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied ore, with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia* Nimph, in thy Horizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,

How does your honor for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thanke you : well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left :
Take these againe, for to the Noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha : Are you honest ?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire ?

Ophe. What meanes you Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
Should admit no discourse to your Beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my Lord, have better Commerce
then your honesty ?

Ham. I truely : for the power of beauty, will sooner
transforme honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of honesty can translate Beauty into his likeness,
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proofe. I did love you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have beleev'd me. For vertue
cannot so inoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why wouldst thou
be a breeder of Sinners ? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
vengefull. Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such

Fellowes as I doe crawling betweene heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, beleeve none of us. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Wheres your father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but ins owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Goe, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole: for Wife men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery goe, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prating too well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisse, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your ignorance. Goe, ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall, the rest shall keepe as they are, To a Nunnery, goe.

Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere ore-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers? Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectancie and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme, Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe. Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the Honey of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soveraigne Reason, Like sweet bells iangled out of tune, and harsh, That unmatch'd fortune and feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, T'have seene what I have seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? his affections doe not that way tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd forme a little, Was not like Madnesse. I heres something in his soule, Ore which his Melancholly sits on brood, And I doe doubt the hatch, and the disclose Will be some danger, which to prevent I have in quicke determination

Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Objects, shall expell This something sciled matter in his heart: Whereon his braines still beating, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well. But yet doe I beleeve The Origin and Commencement of this griefe Sprung from neglected love. How now *Ophe*lia? You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* said, We heard it all. My Lord, doe as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To shew his Griefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare Of all their conference. If she find him not, To England send him: Or confine him where Your wisdom best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so: Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Spake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your Players doe, I had as live the Towne-Cryer had spokemy Lines; Nor doe not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothnesse. O it offends me to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-parted fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to very ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I could have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant: it out-*Herods Herod*. Pray you avoyd it.

Player. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sure the Action to the word, the word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modesty of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greive; The censure of the which one, must in your allowance ore-sway a whole Theater of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set down for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: thats Villanous, and shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uses it. Goe make you ready.

Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosincroz, and Guildenstare.

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Bath. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as just a man As ere my Convseration coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no Revennew hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed and cloath thee. Why should the poore be flat-
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe, (terd
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast beene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath tane with equall thanks. And blest are those,
Whose blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for fortunes finger.
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core : I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance;
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prethee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
Even with the Comment of my soule
Observe mine Vnkle : if his occulted guilt,
Doe not it selfe unkenne in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have scene :
And my imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Styth. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face?
And after we will both our judgement joyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whilst this Play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincros;
Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cefin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the Camelions dish : I eate
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons fo.

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
ith' Vniversity, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Polon. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd ith' Capitoll:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Quee. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No good Mother, heres Mettle more attractive.

Polon. Oh ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your Lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my head upon your Lap?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. Thats a faire thought to lye between Maids legs

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker : what should
a man doe, but be merry. For looke you how cheereful-
ly my Mother lookes, and my father dyed within's two
houres.

Oph. Nay, tistwice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Divell weare blacke,
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh heavens I dye two mo-
neths agoe, and not forgotten yet? Then theres hope, a
great mans Memoty, may out-live his life halfe a yeare :
But berlady he must build Churches then : or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horse, whose
Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

*Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embrac-
ing him. She kneeles; and makes shew of Protestation unto
him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke.
Layes h m downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him
a-sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his
Crown, kisses it, and powres payson in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and
makes passionate Altion. The Paysoner, with some two or
three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away : The Paysoner Wooes the
Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling a while,
but in the end, accepts his love.* *Exeunt.*

Oph. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes
Mischiefe.

Oph. Be like this shew imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shall know by these fellowes : the Players
cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they teill us what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not
you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it
meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile make the
Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedy,

Heere stooping to your Clemency :

We begge your hearing Patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

Oph. Tis brieft my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King, and his Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath Phcebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground :
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World have time, twelve thirties beene,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutually, in most sacred Bands.

Quee. So many journies may the Sunne and Moone
Make us againe count ore, ere love be done.

But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you : yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must :
For womens Feare and Love, holds quantity,

In neither ought, or in extremitie:

Now what my love is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Love is siz, my feare is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too:
My overant Powers my functions leave to doe
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honor'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind.
For husband shalt thou——

Que. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who killeth the first.

Ham. Wormewood, Wormewood.

Quee. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Trift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I doe believe you. Thinke what now you speake:
But what we doe determine, oft we breake;
Purpose is but the slave to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poore validity:
Which now like fruit unripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary tis, that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Griefe or joy,
Their owne enacters with themselves destroy:
Where Ioy most Revels, Griefe doth most lament;
Griefe joyes, Ioy greeves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead fortune, or else fortune Love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore aduanc'd makes friends of Enemies:
And hither to doth Love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lacke a friend?
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates doe so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrowne,
Our thoughtes are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed.
But dye thy thoughtes, when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor Earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. Tis deeply tworne:
Sweet, leave me heare a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rocke thy braine, *Sleeper.*
And never come mischance betwene us twaine. *Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Que. The Lady protests too much methinkes.

Ham. Oh but she'll keepe her word,

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't?

Ham. No, no, they doe but jest, poyson in jest, no Of-

fence ith' world.

King. What doe you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: *Gon-
zago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see
anon: tis a knavish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Majesty, and we that have free soules, it touches
us not: let the gall'd jade winch: our withers are unruag,

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your love:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Re-
venge.

Lucian. Thoughtes blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life, usurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him ith' Garden for estate: His
names *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
love of *Gonzagos* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away;

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere goe weepe,
The Heart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe?
So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest
of my fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provin-
ciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in
a cry of Players fir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of *Iove* himselfe,
And now reignes heere,
A very very Pajocke.

Hor. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word, for
a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincros, and Guildenstar.

Ham. Oh, ha? come some Musick. Come the Recorders
For if the King like not the Comedy.
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him.

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdome should shew it selfe more rich to signifiethis to his Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall be the end of my businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits decreased. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command: or rather you say, my mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mocher. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you goe to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I doe still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of destemper? You doe freely barre the doore of your owne Liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I doe not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. Tis as easie as lying: governe these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.

Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play upon me: you would seeme to know my stops: you would plucke out the heart of my Mystery; you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voyce, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why doe you thinke, that I am easier to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse your Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speake with you and presently.

Ham. Doe you see that Clowd? thats almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Misse, and its like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me friends: Tis now the very witching time of night, When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breaths out Contagion to this world. Now could I drinke hot blood, And doe such bitter businesse as the day Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my mother: Oh heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever The Soule of *Nero*, enter this fume bosome: Let me be cruell, not unnaturall, I will speake Daggers to her, but use none: My tongue and soule in this be Hypocrites. How in my words somever she be shent, To give them seales, never my soule consent.

Enter King, Rosincros, and Guildenstar.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us, To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you, The termes of our estate, may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide: Most holy and Religious feare it is To keepe those many bodies safe That live and feede upon your Majesty.

Rosin. The single

And peculiar life is bound

Withall the strength and Armour of the minde, To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more, That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests The lives of many, the ceate of Majesty Dies not alone: but like a Gulfe doth draw Whats neere it, with it, It is a massie wheele Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount, To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd: which when it falles, Each small annexment, petty consequence Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone

Ham. The King sighe, but with a generall grone

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedy Voyage;

For we will Fetters put upon this feare,

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haite us.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hes going to his Mothers Closet :
Behinde the Arras Ile convey my selfe
To leare the Proceffe. Ile warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makethem partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage, Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord,
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
A brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will :
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect ; what if this curled hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence ?
And whats in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe ? Then Ile looke up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne ? Forgive me my foule Murther :
That cannot be, since I am still posselt
Of those effects for which I did the Murther
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene :
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence ?
In the corrupted currans of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law ; but tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? What rests ?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh wretched state ? Oh bosome, blacke as death !
Oh limed foule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd : Helpe Angels, make assay :
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd : that would be scann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, doe this same Villaine send
To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
He took e my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save heaven :
But in our circumstance and course of thought
Tis heavy with him : and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe : or in his Rage ;
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That has no relish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts, never to heaven goe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come Itraight :
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to berre with,
And that your grace hath force'd, and stood betwene
Much heat, and him. Ile silence me e'ne heere :
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Que. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now mother, whats the matter ?

Que. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Que. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with an idle tongue.

Que. Why how now Hamlet.

H. m. Whats the matter now ?

Que. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so :

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Que. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
bodge :

You goe not till I set up a glasse.

Where you may see the inmost part of you ?

Que. What wilt thou doe ? thou wilt not murther me ?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat ? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slaine.

Killes Polonius.

Que. Oh me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King ?

Que. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this ?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Que. As killd a King ?

Ham. I Lady, twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
Iooke thee for thy Betters, take thy fortune,
Thou findst to be too busie, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe ;
If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What have I done, that thou darst wag thy
Innoyse so rude against me ? *(tongue,*

Ham. Such an Act

That blurres the grace and blush of Modesty,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As

As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweet Religion makes
A rapsody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the act.

Que. Aye me, what act, that roares so lowd, and
thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of Iove himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercury
Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every god did seeme to set his Seale,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your husband, like a Mildew'd deare
Blasting his wholsome breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, its humble,
And waites upon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What divell was't,
That thus ha'h coufend you at hoodman-blind?
O Shame! where is thy blush? *Rebellious Hell,*
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Que. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and gain'd spots.
As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the nasty Sty.

Que. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Que. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me: and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Que. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and passion, lets goe by
Th'important act'ing of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Doe not forget: this Visitation
Is but to what thy aim'st blunnd purpose.
But looke Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Que. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the corporall ayre doe hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits widely peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiours in th'Alarime,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Doe not looke upon me,
Least with this pittreous action you convert
My sterne effects: then what I have to doe,
Will want true colour; teares perchanse for blood.

Que. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Que. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Que. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why looke you there: looke how it steals away;
My father in his habite, as he lived.

Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Que. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as youre doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespassse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlceroous place,
Whilst ranke corruption mming all within,
Infects unseene. Confesse your selfe to heaven,
Repent whats past, avoyd what is to come,
And doe not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courbe, and wooe, for leave to doe him'good.

Que. On *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I doe repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so.
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Que. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,

Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft. Twere good you let him know,
For who thats but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide? Who would doe so?
No, in despight of Sense and Secrecy,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try Conclusions, in the Basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Que. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breath
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Quee. Alacke I had forgot: Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall tet me packing:
He lugges the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeepe this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating Knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. Theres matters in these sighes.
These profound heaves
You must translate, Tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Quee. Ah my good Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Quee. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behind the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The unfeene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed.

It had bine so with us had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, lets it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Quee. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettals base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Majesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Rosincros, and*
Ho Guildenstar:

Friends both, go joyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mothers Closet hath he dragg'd him.
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haste in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to doe,
And whats untimely done. Oh come away,
My foule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely flow'd.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noife? Who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Rosincros, and Guildenstar.*

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto tis kinne.

Rosin. Tell us where tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeve it.

Rosin. Beleeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that fokes up the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
best service in the end.) He keepe them like an Ape in
the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squeez-
ing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleepees in a
foolish care.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing.—

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after. *Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hes loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and even,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincros.

How now? what hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your plea-
sure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildenstar*? bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstar.

King. Now *Hamlet*, wheres *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine convocation of wormes are ene at him. Your worm
is your onely Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures
else to fat us, and we fat our selues for Magots. Your fat
King and your leane Begger is but variable service, two
dishes, but to one Table, thats the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a Progresse through the gut of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you goe up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especiall safety Which we doe tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fiery quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewst our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that sees him: but come, for England. Farewell deare Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wite: Man and Wife is one flesh, and so my Mother. Come, for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot, Tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night. Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done That else leans on th' Affaire, pray you make haste. And England, if my love thou holdst at ought, As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to us; thou maiest not coldly set Our Sovereigne Proceesse, which imports at full By letters conjuring to that effect The present death of *Hamlet*. Doe it England, For like the Hesticke in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done, How ere my haps, my joyes were ne're begun.

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Goe Captaine, from me to the Danish King, Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras* Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevouz: If that his Majestie would ought with us, We shall expresse our durie in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Goe safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; sayes she heares There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart, Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speaks things in doubt, That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it, And borch the words up fit to their owne thoughts, Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought. Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with, For she may strew dangerous conjectures In ill breeding mindes. Let her come in To my sicke soule (as sinnes true nature is) Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse. So full of Artlesse jealousie is guilt, It spils it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Othelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmarke.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Oph. How should I your true love know from another By his Cockle Hat and Staffe, and his Sandal shoone (one?)

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, At his head a grasse-green Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the grave did not goe,

With True-love showers.

King. How doe ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morne betime, And I a Maid at your window, to be your Valentine. (dore. Then up he rase, & don'd his cloathes, & dup't the chamber Let in the Maid, let in a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

By gi, and by S. Charity.

Alacke, and fie for shame:

Young men will doo't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

So would I ha done, by yonder Sunne,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. Wee must be patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th cold ground: My Brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Give her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*, When sorrowes come, they come not single spies, But in Battalies. First, her father slaine, Next your sonne gone, and he most violent author Of his owne just remove: the people muddied, Thicke and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers, For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly, In hupper mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia* Divided from her selfe, and her faire judgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts,
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his fathers death,
Where in necessity of matter Beggard
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. *A Noyse within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Que. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mef. Save your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impetuous haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter, you false Danish Dogges.

Noyse within.

Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, first? Stand you all without.

All. No, lets come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here betweene the chaste unsmitched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrude*: Doe not feare our person:
Theres such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus incens'd? Let him goe *Gertrude*,
Speake man.

Laer. Wheres my Father?

King. Dead.

Que. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? He not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest divell.
Conscience and Grace, to the Profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely He be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world.
And for my meanes, He husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your deare fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

La. To his good Friends, thus wide He hope my
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican, (Armes,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now? what noyse is that?
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as levell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noyse within, Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noyse is that?
Oh heat dry up my braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the sense and vertue of mine eye.
By heaven thy madnesse shall be paid by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deare Maide, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh heavens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Love, and where tis fine,
It sends some precions instance of it selfe
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beere.

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his grave raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade Re-
venge, it could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him
a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheelles become it? It is the
false Steward that stole his Masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more than matter.

Oph. There's *Rosemary*, that's for Remembrance. +
Pray Love remember: and there is *Pancies*, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's *Fennell* for you, and *Columbines*: there's
Rue for you, and here's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundayes: Oh you must weare your Rue
with a difference. There's a *Daisie*, I would give you some
Violets, but they wither'd all whē my Father dyed: They
say, he made a good end;

For Bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Pailion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to favour; and to prettinesse.

Oph. And will he not come againe.

And will he not come againe?

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy Death-bed,

He never wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow.

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away monie,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exit Ophelia.

Laer. Doe you see this, you gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right: goe but apart,

Make

Make choyce of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collaterall hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death his obscure buriall:
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones;
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylor's sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in,
I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor,

Say. God blesse your Sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. He shall Sir, and't please him. Theres a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*: as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give
these fellows some meanes to the King: They have
Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Py-
rate of very Warlike appointment gave us Chase. Fin-
ding our selves too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Va-
lour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they
got cleave of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner.
They have dealt with me, like Theeves of Mercy, but
they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for
them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and re-
paire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldst flye
death. I have words to speake in your care, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the
Matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am.
Rosincros and *Guildenstar*, hold their course for England.
Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I wil give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your Noble father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wifedome, all things else,

You mainely were stirr'd up?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unfinow'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queene his Mother,
Lives almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
Shes so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may goe backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that;
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lov'd your father, and we love your selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your
Majesty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylor's my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes* you shall them:

Leave us.

Exit Messenger.

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your King-
ly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto)
recount th' Occasions of my sodaine, and more strangere-
turne.*

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlet's* Character, naked, and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth:
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so?
How otherwise? will you berul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Device,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*.

I've seene my selfe and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant

Had witchcraft in't ; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he been encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't ?

King. A Norman.

Lea. Vpon my life Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And lemme of all our Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence ;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your fodaine comming over to play with him ;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord ?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father deare to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a forrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why aske you this ?

King. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time :
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it :
Hamlet come backe , what would you undertake,
To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should murder Sanctuarize ;
Revenge should have no bounds : but good *Laertes*,
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber ?
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home :
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foiles ? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for that purpose Ile annoiour my Sword :
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall : Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit us to our shape, if this should faile ;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assaid ; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe : Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't : when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bows more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke ; Ile have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there ; how now sweet *Queene*.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they'll follow : your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd ! O where ?

Queen. There is a Willow growes assant a Brooke,
That shewes his bore leaves in the glassie streame :
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Day sies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards give a grosser name ;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them :
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang ; an envious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and deduced
Vnto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drinke,
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious by,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares : but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone
The woman will be out : Adue my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly drownes it.

Exit.

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude* :
How much I had to doe to calme his rage ?
Now feare I this will give it start againe ;
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is sheeto be buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne salvation ?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave
straight, the Crowner hath late on her, and finds it Chri-
stian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned her selfe in
her owne defence ?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else : for
here lies the point : If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Act : and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act
to doe, and to performe ; argall she drown'd her selfe wit-
tingly.

Other. Nay but here you Goodman Delver.

Clown. Give me leave ; here lies the water, good :
here stands the man, good : if the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe ; it is will he, nill he, hee goes ;
marke you that ? But if the water come to him & drowne
him ; he drownes not himselfe. Argall, he that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this Law ?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adams* profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* digg'd; could he digge without Armes? He put another question to thee? if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe—

Other. Goe to.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: Argall, the Gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are askt this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, last till Doomes-day: go, get thee to *Taughan*, fetch me a stoape of Liquor.

Sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweet,
To contract O the for a my bobove,
O me thought there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. Tis ee'n so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never been such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the Knave jowles it to th' ground, as if it were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murder: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Ass ore-Of-fices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

*A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-sheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricke? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seeke out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

*O a pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.
Clo. You lie out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part I doe not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say tis thine: tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. Tis a quicke lye Sir, twill away againe from mee to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, and the toe of the Pesant comes so neare the heele of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ore-came *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or if he doe not, its no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. T will not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in Denmarke: I have been Sexestone here, Man and Boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clow. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he dye (as we have many pocky Coarces now adayes, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeeres.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water is a fore Decayer of your whorson dead body, heres a Scull now: this Scull has laine in the earth three and twenty yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a powr'd a Flagon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull the Kings iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. E'ne that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinit Ielt; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my imagination is, my gorge rites at it. Here hung those lippes, that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mocke your own Teering? Quite chopaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee Horatio tell me one thing,

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ne so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ne so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the Noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bangle hole.

Hor. Twere to consider: too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander dyed: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (where to he was converted) might they not stop a Beer e-barrell?

Imperiall Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a Wall, expell the Winters flaw.

But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is't that they follow,

And with such maimed rights? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Foredoe it owne life; twas some Estate.

Couch we a while, and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have beene as farre enlarg'd,
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command, o'relwayes the order,
She should in ground unfancied have lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewnments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage Requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and unspolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministering Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou heest howling?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewell,
I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlets wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible wooer,
Fall ten times trebble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made,
To o'retop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Divell take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prais't not well,

I pray thee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand

King. Plucke them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theame.
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not (with all their quantity of love)

Make up my summe. What wilt thou doe for her?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? woo't fight? woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke up Esile, eate a Crocodile?

He doo't. Dost thou come here to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a Wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouthe,
He rant as well as thou.

King. This is meere madnesse:
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your sonne,
This Grave shall have a living Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this fir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My Sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packer, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My teares forgetting manners) to unscale
Their gird and Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royal knavery: An exact command,
Larded with many severall forts of reason:
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the gringding of the Axe,
My head should be strucke off.

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, reade it at more leifure:
But wilt thou heare how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines;
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but sir now,
It did me yeomans service: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuraton from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma twene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' Impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'lt already.

Hor. So *Guldenstare* and *Rosincros*, goe too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment
They are not neere my conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
Tis dangerous when later nature comes
Betweene the passe, and felt incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'lt thee, stand me now vpon,
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Ang'e for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with his arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evil.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from *England*
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Than to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; He count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osricke.

(marke.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Den-

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir, dost know this waterfly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for tis a Vice to
know him: hee hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; tis a Chough; but as I say, spacious in the posses-
sion of dirt.

Osr. Swet Lord, if your friendship were at leasure, I
should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonnet to his right use, tis for the head.

Osr. I thanke your Lordship, tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeve mee, tis very cold, the wind is Nor-
therly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Osricke

Orf. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how : but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Orf. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith : Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Orf. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons ; but well.

Orf. The King sir has wag'd with him fixe Barbary horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers, or so : three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages ?

Orf. The Carriages Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more Germane to the matter : If we could carry Cannon by our sides ; I would it might be Hanger still then ; but on, fixe Barbary Horses, against fixe French Swords : their Assignes and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French, but against the Danish ; why is this impon'd as you call it ?

Orf. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Orf. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke here in the Hall ; if it please his Majestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose ; I will winne for him if I can : if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Orf. Shall I redeliver you e'en so ?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Orf. I commend my duty to your Lordship. *Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours ; he does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue ;

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Comply with his Dug before he suck't it : thus had he and nine more of the same Beauty that I know the drossie Age dotes on ; onely got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and doe but blow them to their tryalls, the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene in continuall practice ; I shall winne at the oddes ; but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart : but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we deferre Angury ; theres a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come : if it be not to come, it will be now : if it

be not now ; yet it will come ; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave be-times ?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,

And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd

With fore distraction ? What I have done

That might your natures honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madnesse :

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes* ? Never *Hamlet* ;

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away :

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it :

Who does it then ? His madnesse ? If't be so,

Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His Madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,

And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,

Whose motive in this case should stirre me most

To my Revenge. But in my termes of honor

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour,

I have a voyce, and president of peace

To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,

I doe receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I doe embrace it freely,

And will this brothers wager frankly play.

Give us the Foyles : Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your Foyle *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,

Your skill shall like a Starre i'th'brightest night,

Sticke fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

Kin. Give the Foyles young *Osricke*,

Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laid the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it,

I have seene you both :

But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,

Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,

These Foyles have have all a length. *Prepare to Play.*

Orf. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table :

If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire,

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the Cup an union shall he throw

Richer than that, which fouré successive Kings

In Denmarke's Crowne have worne.]

Give

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinke to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges beare a wary eye,

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come on fir.

They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Indgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup,

Trumpet sound, shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I doe confesse.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowles to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude, doe not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am assur'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come againe.

Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To my Sprindge, Ofricke,

I am justly kill'd with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Qu. No, no the drinke, the drinke,

Oh my deare Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd;
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is here Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No medicine in the world can doe thee good.

In thee there is not halfe an houre of life;

The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbat'd and envenom'd: the foale practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Lo, here I lye,

Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too;

Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,
Damned Dane.

Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion here?

Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poyson temp'ed by himselfe:

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble Hamlet;

Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead Heratio, wretched Queene adiew,

You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but Mutes or audience at this act:

Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death

Is strick't in this Arrest) oh I could tell you,

But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,

Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleewe it.

I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:

Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup,

Let go, by heaven Ile have't.

Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,

(Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.

If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicitie a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,

To tell my Scorie.

March a farre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

(Land,

Ofr. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come from Po-
To th'Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye Horatio:

The potent poyson quie ore-crowes my spirit,

I cannot live to heare the Newes from England.

But I doe prophesie th' election lights

On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrent: more and lesse,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence, O, o, o, o, Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prience,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

Ifought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on Havocke. Oh proud death,

What Feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.

That thou so many Princes at a shoot,

So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The fight is dismall,

And our affaires from England come too late,

The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,

To tell him his command'ment is full fill'd,

That

That *Rosincros* and *Guildenstar* are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you :
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since to jumpe upon this bloody question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from *England*
Are here arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
False on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall alwayes cause to speake
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have prov'd most royally :
And for his passage,
The Souldiers Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the body ; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shewes much amisse.
Goe, bid the Souldiers shoot.

*Exeunt Marching : after the which, a Peale of
Ordnance are shot off.*

FIN IS.





THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glo. It did alwayes seeme to us: But now in the division of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of either moiety.

Kent. Is not this your sonne, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, and had indeed (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Doe you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder than this; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came something sawcily to the world before hee was sent for: yet was his Mother faire, there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Nobleman, Edmond?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent: Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Sonnet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose. Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided In three, our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent, To shake all cares and businesse from our Age, Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you our no lesse loving Sonne of Albany,

We have this houre a constant will to publish Our Daughters severall Dowes, that future strife May be preveted now. The Princes, France, & Burgundy. Great Rivals in our yonger daughters love, Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will divest us both of Rule, Interest of Territory, Cares of State) Which of you shall we say doth love us most, That we, our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill,* Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can weild the Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty, (matter, Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare, No lesse than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as childe ere lov'd, or Father found. A love that makes breath poore, and speech unable, Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this, With shadowy Forrests, and with Champions rich'd With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meades We make thee Lady. To rhine and *Albanies* issues. Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter, Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, I finde she names my very deed of love: Onely she comes too short, that I professe My selfe an enemy to all other joyes, Which the most precious square of sense professes, And finde I am alone felicitate In your deere Highnesse love.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, And yet not so, since I am sure my love's More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever, Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome. No lesse in space, validity, and pleasure Than that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Joy, Although our last and least; to whose yong love, The Vines of *France*, and Milke of *Burgundy*, Strive to be interest. What can you say, to draw A third, more opulent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor.

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may marre your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and most honour you.
Why have my Sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? happily when I shall wed.
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my love with him, halfe my Care, and Duty,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
The mysteries of *Hecate* and the night:
By all the operations of the Orbes,
From whom we doe exist, and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*.

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoyd my sight;
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two Daughters, Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which the calls plainnesse, marry her:
I doe invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Majesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Revennew, Execution of the rest,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my Patron thought on in my praiers.

Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou doe old man?
Thinkst thou that duty shall have dread to speake
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Majesty falls to folly, reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answer my life, my judgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not love thee least,
Nor are these emty hearted, whose low sounds
Reverbe no hollownesse.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

King. My life I never held but as a pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*.

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou swear'st thy gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Mifcreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physician, and thy fee bestow
Vpon the foule disease, revoke thy gift,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
Ile tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make us breake our vovves,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence, and our power:
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we dee allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixth to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our Kingdome; if the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here;
The gods to their deare shelter take thee Maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
Hee'll shape his old course in a Countrey new. *Exit.*

Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy
Attendants.

Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We first addresse toward you, who with this King
Hath rival'd for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Love?

Bur. Most Royall Majesty,
I crave no more than hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When she was deare to us, we held her so,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her.

Bur. Par-

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her sir, for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King, (me,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,
That she who even but now, was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismant
So many folds of favour: sure her offence
Must be of such unnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
He do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonored step
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou hadst,
Not beene borne, then not t'have pleas'd me better,

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to doe; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is herselfe a Dowry.

Bur. Royall King,
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchesse of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I have sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a Father.
That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respect and fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize upon,
Be it lawfull I take up whats cast away,
Gods, gods! Tis strange, that from their cold't neglect
My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowrelesse Daughter, King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of us, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou loofest here a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her bethine, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundy*.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father:
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would perfer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you,
At fortunes almes, you have obedience scantied,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*, Exit *France* and *Cor.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to us both,
I thinke our father will hence to night. (with us.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-
servation we have made of it hath beene little: he always
lov'd our Sister most, and with what poore judgement he
hath now cast her off, appears too too grossely.

Reg. Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but
slennderly knowne himselfe.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath beene but
rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not a-
lone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but
therewithall the unruly way-wardnesse, that infirme and
cholericke yeeres bring with them.

Reg. Such tinconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of *Kents* banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking be-
twene *France* and him, pray you let us sit together, if our
father carry authority with such disposition as he beares
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further thinke of it,

Gon. We must doe something, and i'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Bastard*.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My services are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why *Bastard*? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they us
With Base? With basenesse *Bastardy*? Base, Base?
Who in the lusty stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fiercer quality,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land,
Our fathers love, is to the *Bastard Edmund*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate:

ff

Well

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
Shall to'th Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now gods, stand up for Bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his power,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this gone
Vpon the gad? *Edmund*, how now? What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glo. Who so earnestly seeke you to put up that Let-

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not
such neede to hide it selfe. Lets see: come, if it be no-
thing, I shall not need Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon me; it is a Letter from
my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so much
as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir,

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are too blame.

Glo. Lets see, lets see.

Bast. I hope for my brothers justification, he wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

Glo. reads. *This policy, and reverence of Age, makes the
world bitter to best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from us,
till our oldnesse cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and
fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swages not
as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this
I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him,
you should enjoy halfe his Revennew for ever, and live the belo-
ved of your brother.* *Edgar.*

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should
enjoy halfe his Revennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had he a
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?
When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me, my Lord; theres the
cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of
my Closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst sweare
it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it
were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not
in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this businesse?

Bast. Never my Lord. But I have heard him oft main-
taine it to besit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
declind, the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and
the Sonne manage his Revennew.

Glo. O Villaine, villaine: his very opinion in the Let-
ter. Abhorred Villaine, unnaturall, detested, brutish
Villaine; worse then brutish: Goe sirrah, seeke him: Ile
apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, where is he?

Bast. I doe not well know my L. if it shall please you
to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you
can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you
should run a certaine course: where, if you violently pro-
ceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a
great gap in your honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of

his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feele my affection to your honor, and
to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your honor judge it meete, I will place you
where you shall heare us conferre of this, and by an Auri-
cular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without
any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a Monster. *Edmund* seeke him
out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Businesse
after your owne wisdom. I would unstate my selfe, to
be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently: convey the busi-
nesse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late Elipses in the Sun and Moone por-
tend no good to us: though the wisdom of Nature can
reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd
by the sequent effects. Love cooles, friendship falls off,
brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, dis-
cord; in Palaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, twixt
Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the
prediction: theres Son against Father, the King fals from
by as of Nature, theres father against Child. We have
seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse,
treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly
to our Graves. Find out this Villaine *Edmund*, it shall lose
the nothing, doe it carefully: and the Noble and true har-
ted Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. Tis strange. *Exit.*

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are sick in fortune, often the surfets of our owne
behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the
Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessity,
Foolles by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Theeves, and
Treachers by Spharicall predominance. Drunkards, Ly-
ars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary
influence; and all that we are evill in, by a divine thrus-
ting on. An admirable evasion of Whore-master-man,
to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre,
My father compounded with my mother under the Dra-
gonstaille, and my Nativity was under *Vrsa Maior*, so
that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should
have bin that I am, had the maidenliest Starre in the Fir-
mament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy:
my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sigh like *Tom
o'Bedlam.*—O these Eclipses do portend these divi-
sions. *Fa, Sol, La, Me.*

Edg. How now brother *Edmund*, what serious con-
templation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this
other day, what should follow these Elipses.

Edg. Doe you busie your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise, the effects he writes of, succede un-
happily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no dis-
pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethinke your selfe wherein you may have offen-
ded him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, untill
some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure,
which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-
chiefe

chiefe of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. Thats my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower : and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fildy bring you to heare my Lord speake : pray ye goe, theres my key : if you doe stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you : I have told you what I have seene, and heard : But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon ?

Exit.

Edm. I doe serve you in this businesse : A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes, That he suspects none : on whose foolish honesty My practises ride easie : I see the businesse. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit, All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his foole ?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre He flashes into one grosse crime, or other, That sets us all at odds : Ile not endure it ; His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraides us On every trifle. When he returns from hunting. I will not speake with him, say I am sicke, If you come slacke of former services You shall doe well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Stew. Hes comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please. You and your Fellowes : I'de have it come to question ; If he distaste it, let him to my Sitter, Whose mind and mine I know in that are one, Remember what I have said.

Stew. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder lookes among you : what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech defuse, my good intent May carry through it selfe to that full issue For which I raiz'd my likeness. Now banisht Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, goe get it ready : how now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe ? What wouldst thou with us ?

Kent. I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme ; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and sayes little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What are thou ?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou best as poore for a subject, as he's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve ?

Kent. You,

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow ?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. Whats that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou doe ?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsailes, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a paine meassage bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young Sir to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, that shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, wheres my knave ? my foole ? goe you and call my foole hither. You you Sirrah, wheres my Daughter ?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you —

Exit.

Lear. What sayes the fellow there ? Call the Clotpole backe : wheres my Foole ? Ho, I thinke the worlds asleepe, how now ? Wheres that Mungrell ?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave backe to mee when I call'd him ?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not ?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha ? Saist thou so ?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mittaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your highnesse wrong'd,

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne icalous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindnesse: I will looke further into't : but wheres my Foole ? I have not seene him this two dayes.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France

ff 2

Sir,

Sir, the fooie hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knave, you whorson dog, you slave, you curre.

Stew. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Doe you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Stew. Ile not be stricken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou serv'st me, and Ile love thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe to, have you wisedome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, theres earnest of thy service.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, heres my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part thats out of favour; nay, and thou canst not simile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needes weare my Coxcomb. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gave them all my living, Ild keepe my Coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truths a dog must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th' fire and flinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirra, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Doe.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Have more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest:
Leave thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt have more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then tis like the breath of an unfeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make nouse of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, so much the rent of his land comesto, he will not beleewe a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Dost thou know the difference my Boy, betwene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad; teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, give me an egge, and Ile give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I have cut the egge ith' middle and eate up the meate, the two Crownes of the egge. when thou clovest thy Crowne ith' middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the durt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirra?

Foole. I have used it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putst downe thine owne breeches, then they For todaine joy did weepe,

And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.

Prethy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

Lear. And you lye sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Foole. I marvell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l have me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing ith' middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Generall.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late ith' frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing. Yes fortooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepees nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. Thats a sheal'd Pescod.

Gen. Not onely Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue

Doe hourly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and not to be endured) riots Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne unto you,
To have found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Might in their working doe you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it had its head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

(dome

Gen. I would you would make use of your good wife-
(Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole.

Foole. May not an Ass know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?

Whoop Iugge I love thee.

Lear. Dos any heere know me?

This is not *Lear* :

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lear*s shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much oth' favour

Of other your new pranks. I doe beseech you

To understand my purposes aright :

As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wife.

Heere doe you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so deboth'd, and bold,

That this our Court infected, with their manners,

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Taverne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Traine,

And the remainders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darkenesse, and Divels,

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents :

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses,

Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,

More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.

My Traine are men of choyce, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know,

And in the most exact regard, support

The worships of their name. O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew?

Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*

Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,

And thy deere Iudgement out. Goe, goe, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord,

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare :

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this Creature fruitfull :

Into her Wombe convey sterility,

Dry up in her the Organs of increase,

And from her derogate body, never spring

A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,

Create her child of Spleene, that it may live

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.

Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,

How sharper than a Serpents tooth it is,

To have a thankelesse Childe. Away, away.

Exit.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore.

Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your selfe to know of it:

But let his disposition have that scope

As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

Alb. Whats the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am aham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,

That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce

Should make thee worth them,

Blasts and Fogges upon thee:

Th'untented woundings of a Fathers curse

Pierce every sense about thee. Old fond eyes,

Beweepe thee once againe, Ile plucke ye out,

And cast you with the waters that you loose

To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.

I have another daughter,

Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:

When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes

Shee'l flea thy Wolvisish visage. Thou shalt finde,

That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke

I have cast off for ever.

Gon. Doe you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill*,

To the great love I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald* hoa?

You Sir, more Knave then Foole, after your Master.

Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,

Tarry, take the Foole with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my Cap would by a Halter,

So the Foole followes after.

Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsell,

A hundred Knights?

Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe

At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on every dreame,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powres,

And hold our lives in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then trust too farre;

Let me still take away the harmes I feare,

Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:

If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights

When I have shew'd th'unfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?

What have you writ that letter to my Sister?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,

Informe her full of my particular feare,

And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And hasten your returne ; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and courte of yours
Though I condemne not, yet under pardon
You are much more at taske for want of wisedome,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;
Striving to better, oft we marre whats well.

Gen. Nay then ———

Alb. Well, well, the vent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloster* with these Letters ;
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered
your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were ins heeles, wert not in
danger of kybes ?

Lear. I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit shall not goe
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kind-
ly, for though shes as like this, as a Crabbes like an Ap-
ple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell Boy ?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands ith' middle
on's face ?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either sides nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's
a house.

Lear. Why ?

Foole. Why to puts head in, not to give it away to his
daughters, and leave his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father ? Be
my horses ready ?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about em ; the reason why
the seven Starres are no more then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou wouldst make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce ? Monster ingratitude !

Foole. If you wert my foole Nunckle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that ?

Foole. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst
bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet heaven :
keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now, are
the horses ready ?

Gen. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She thats a Maid now, and laughs at my departure
Shall not be a Maid long, unlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Save thee *Curan*.

Cur. And you Sir, I have bin
With your father, and given him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that ?

Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not I : pray you what are they ?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany* ?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may doe then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Exit

Bast. The Duke be here to night ? the better best,
This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My father hath set guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy question
Which I must act, briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend ; brother I say,
My father watches ; O Sir, flye this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken gainst the Duke of *Cornwall* ?
Hes comming hither, now it's night, it's haste,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing said
Vpon his party gainst the Duke of *Albany* ?
Advise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my father comming, pardon me :
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you :
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my father, light ho, here,
Flye Brother, Torches, so farewell,

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have scene drunkards
Doe more then this in sport ; Father, father,
Stop, stop, no helpe ?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, wheres the villaine ?

Bast. Here stood he in the darke, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris.

Glo. But where is he ?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed,

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund* ?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could

Glo. Pursue him, ho : goe after. By no meanes, what ?

Bast. Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship,
Gainst

But that I told him the revenging Gods,
Gainst Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father, Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arme :
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether galled by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.

Glo. Let him flye farre :
Not in this Land shall he remaine uncaught
And found ; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authority I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake :
He that conceales him, death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threatned to discover him ; he replied,
Thou unpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No, what should I deny,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise :
And thou must make a dallard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O strange and fastned Viliaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he ?
Hearke, the Dukes trumpets, I know not where he comes
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and natnrall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strangenesse.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender : how does my Lord ?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, its crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar* :

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my father ?

Glo. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvaile then, though he were ill affected,
Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have th' expence and wast of Revenues ;
I have this present evening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house.
Ile not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee *Regan* ;

Edmund, I heare that you have shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please : as for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Natures of such deepe trust, we shall much need :
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serve you Sir truly, how ever else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you ?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredde darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your aduice.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home : the severall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our busineses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee friend, art of this house?
Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I th'myre.

Stew. Prethee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee:

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'st thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited, hundred
pound, filthy woofted-stocking knave, a Lilly-livered,
action-taking, whortson glasse-gazing super-serviceable
finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slave, one that
wouldst be a Baud in way of good service, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou
deny'st the least fillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knows
thee ?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me ? Is it two dayes since I tript up thy
heeles, and beate thee before the King ? Draw you rogue,
for

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a
lop oth' Mooneshine of you, you whorson Cullyeny
Barbar-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King, and take Vanity the puppets part, a-
gainst the Royalty of her father: draw you Rogue, or
Ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you Rascall, come
your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slave: stand rogue, stand you neat
slave, strike.

Stew. Helpe ho, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servant.

Bast. How now, whats the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman boy, if you please, come,
Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? whats the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace upon your lives, he dyest that strikes
again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Marvell, you have to bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir; a Stone, cutter, or a Painter, could
not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth' trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient Russian Sir, whose life I have spar'd
at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorson 'Zed, thou unnecessary letter,
my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this un-
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
Iakes with him, Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which art t' intrince, t' unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebel,
Being oile to fire, know to the colder moodes,
Renege, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With every gale, and vary of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague upon your Epilepticke visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a foole?
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glo. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knave.

Cor. Why do'st thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I have seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is some fellow,
Who having beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnesse, and constrains the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, he's plaine.
These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainnesse,
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking *Phabus* front.

Cor. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialect: which you discom-
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your dis-
pleasure to entreat me too't.

Cor. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me upon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd.
And put upon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Ajax* is their foole.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stockes?

You stubborne ancient Knave, you reverent Bragart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:

Call not your Stockes for me, I serve the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, shew too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stockes;

As I have life and honor, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stockes brought out.*

Cor. This is a fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stockes.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to doe so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

Cor. Ile answer that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Cor. Come my Lord, away.

Exit.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubb'd nor stop't, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Give

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,

It will be ill taken,

Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common law,
Thou out of heavens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall find time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most unfaill vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserve my selfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast: my face Ile grime with filth;
Blanket my loynes, else all my haire in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and persecutions of the sky:
The Country gives me prooffe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voyces,
Strike in their numm'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemary:
And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheepes-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometimes with Prayers
Inforce their charity: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*.
Thats something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am,

Exit.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers.

Gen. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Ha, ha, he weares Cruell Garters; horses are tide
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by th'necke, Mon-
kies by th'loynes, and Men by th'legs; when a man is o-
verlusty at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stockes.

Lear. Whats he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke?
To let thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter,

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: tis worfe then murder,
To doe upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose this vñage,
Comming from us.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutation;
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd up their meiney, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your highnesse,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which heere it suffers.

(way,

Foole. Winters not gone yet, if the wild Geese fly that
Fathers that weare rags, doe make their Children blind,
But fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turnes the key toth'poore
But for all this y' shalt have as many Dolours for thy deare
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels up toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy Element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay heere.

Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None;

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set ith' Stockes for that
question, thoud' it well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. We'll set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee
theres no labouring ith'winter. All that follow their
noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and theres not
a nose among twenty, but can smell him thats stinking; let
go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill,
lest it breake thy necke with following. But the great
one that goes upward, let him draw thee after: when a
wiseman gives thee better counsell give me mine againe.
I would have none but knaves follow it, since a foole
gives it.

That Sir, which serves and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;

Will packe, when it begins to raine,

And leave thee in the storme,

But I will tarry, the foole will stay,

And let the wiseman flye:

The knave turnes foole that runnes away,

The foole no knave perdy.

Enter Lear, and Glouster.

Kent. Where learn'd you this foole;

Foole. Not ith' Stockes foole.

Lear.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,
They have travail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The Images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremovcable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion :
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster*,
I'll speake with the Duke of Cornewall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? Dost thou understand me man?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with Cornewall,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (vice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selves,
When Nature being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he sit here? This Aft periwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise onely, Give me my servant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'll speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore lie beat the Drum,
Till it cry sleepe to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart! my rising heart! but downe.

Fosse. Cry to it Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when hee put 'em i th' Paffe alive, she knapt 'em
o'th' Coxcombs with a stick, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
horse buttered his Hey.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reason,
I have to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mothers Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adulteresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*
Thy sisters naught: Oh *Regan*, she hath tyed
Sharpe tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture here,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeeve
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? how is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If sir perchance
She have restrained the Riots of your Followers,
Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleares her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you doe make returne,
Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiveness?

Doe you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'll vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are unsightly trickes:
Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. Never *Regan*:

She hath abated me of halfe my Traine:
Look'd blacke upon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of heaven, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.

Corn. Fye sir, fie.

Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Foggies, drawne by the powerfull Sunne
To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee ore to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Doe comfort, and not burne. Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th purpose.

Tucket within.

Lear. Who put my man i th' Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpets that;

Reg. I know't my Sisters: this approves her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwells in the sickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who steekt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.

Who comes here? O heavens!

If you doe love old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience: if you your selves are old,
Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to looke upon this Beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand Sir? How have I offended?
Alls not offence that indiscretion findes
And dotage termes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?

How came my man i th' Stockes?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders

Deserv'd

Deserv'd much lesse advancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and sojourne with my Sister.
Dismissing halfe your traine, comethen to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse,
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choyce Sir.

Lear. I prethee Daughter doe not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
We'll no more meete, no more see one another,
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease thats in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I doe not call it,
I doe not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*,
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome, give care Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with you passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake gainst so great a number: How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do looke wel favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stand in some ranke of praise, Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you unnaturall Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will doe such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be,
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I have full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal breake into a hundred thousand shawes
Or ere I weepe. O foole, I shall goe mad. *Exeunt.*

Corn. Let us wichdraw, twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Doe sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
Theres scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to willfull men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut up your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him to, being apt,
To have his care abus'd, wisdome bids feare.

Corn. Shut up your doores my Lord, tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out orh' storme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gon. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent.

Kent. I know you : Wheres the King ?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements.
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters bove the Mainie,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-jest
His heart-strooke injuries.

Kent. Sir, I doe know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutuall cunning) twixt Albany, and Cornwall :
Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high ; Servants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them have borne
Against the old kind King ; or something deeper,
Whereof(perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, doe not :

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall ; open this Purse, and take
What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you doe not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will goe seeke the King.

Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet ;
That when we have found the King, in which your paine
That way, lie this : He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, and cracke your cheeks ; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's spout,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drowne the Cocks.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court hoiey-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heeres a night pitties
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full : spit Fire, spowt Raine ;
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my daughters,
I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindnesse.
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children ;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slave,
A poore, infirme, weake, and despis'd old man :
But yet I call you Servile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters joine
Your high-engender'd Battailles, gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho ! tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to puts head in, has a good
Head-peece :

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any ;
The Head, and he shall Lowse : so Beggars marry many.
The man y makes his Toe, what he his heart should make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake,

For there was never yet faire woman, but she made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience.
I will say nothing.

Kent. Whos there ?

Foole. Marry heres Grace, and a Codpiece, thats a
Wiseman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here ? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these : the wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caves : Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great gods
That keepe this dreadful pudder ore our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
Vow hipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand ;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake
That under covert, and convenient seeming
Has practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guiltis,
Rise your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed ?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Hovell,
Some friendship will it lend you gainst the Tempest :
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More harder then the stones whereof tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scantied curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy ? Art cold ?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my fellow ?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your hovell ;
Poore Foole, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
Thats sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With height-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Lear. True Boy : Come bring us to this Hovell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan :
He speake a Prophesie ere I goe :
When Priests are more in word, then matter :
When Brewers marre their Malt with water ;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd but wenches Sutors,
When every Cafe in Law is right :
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight :
When Slanders doe nor live in Tongues ;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs ;
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th' field,

And

And Baudes, and whores, doe Churches build.
Then shall the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shalbe us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I live before his
time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund,

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this unuaturall
dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him,
they tooke from me the use of mine owne house, charg'd
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake
of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most savage and unnaturall.

Glo. Goe too; say you nothing. There is division be-
tweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I have
received a Letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I have lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these injuries the
King now beares, will be revenged home; there is part
of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I
will looke him, and privily relieve him; goe you and
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of
him perceived; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to
bed, if I dye for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King
my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deserving, and must draw me
That which my father looses: no lesse then all,
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Heere is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou thinkst tis much that this contentious
Invades us to the skin: tis to thee, (Storme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meet the Beare ith' mouth, when the minds free
The bodies delicate the tempest in my mind,
Doth from my fences take all feeling else,
Save what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't: But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more: in such a night,

To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Conrill*,
Your old kind Father, whole franke heart gave all;
O that way madnesse lyes, let me shun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee goe in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, goe first. You houselesse poverty, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe:
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittilesse storme,
How shall your houselesse heads, and unfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I have tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe? poore *Tom*.

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, heres a spirit, helpe
me, helpe me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirit, a spirit, he sayes his name's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th straw?
Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the
Sharpe Hawthorne blow the winds. Humh, goe to thy
bed and warme thee,

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy Daughters? And art
thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom
the foule Fiend hath led through Fire, & through Flame
through Sword, and Whirle Poole, ore Bog, and Quag-
mire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters
in his Pue, set Rate-bane by his Porredge; made him
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting horse, over foure
archt Bridges, to course his own shadow for a Traitor,
Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, do, do, do, do,
de, blisse thee from Whirle-Winds, Starre-blasting, and
taking, doe poore *Tom* some charity, whom the foule
fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and
there againe, and there.

Storme still.

Lear. Has his Daughters brought him to this passe?
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give em all?

Foole. Nay, he reserv'd a Blanket, else we had bin all
sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, light on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have subdu'd
To such a lownesse, but his unkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh:
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelicane Daughter.

Edg. Pillicock fat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne us all to fooles, and
Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed oth' foule fiend, obey thy Pa-
rents, keepe thy word, justice, sweare not, commit not,
with

with mansworne Spouse; set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Servingman? Proud in heart, and mind: that curl'd my haire, wore Gloves in my cap: serv'd the Lust of my Miltris heart, and did the act of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. One, that slept in the contriving of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lov'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody hand: Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnesse, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and desye the foule fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold wind: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seffey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy uncover'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou owst the Worme no Silke: the Beast, no Hide: the Sheepe, no Wooll: the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Heres three ons are fophsiticated. Thou art the thing it selfe, unaccomodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Fool. Prethce Nunckle be contented, tis a naughty night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small sparke, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: He gives the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the whire Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swihold footed thrice the old.

He met the Night-Mare, and her ninefold,
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. Whats he?

Kent. Whos there? What ist you seeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the fury of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge: drinckes the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, fixe shirts to his Body:

Horfe to ride, and weapon to weare:

But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,
Have bin Toms food, for seven long yeere:

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Modo* hes call'd, and *Adahu*.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vild, that it doth hate what gets it,

Edg. Poore Toms a cold.

Glou. Goe in with me; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their injunction be to barre my doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer, Goe into th'houle.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this sarme learned Theban: What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in private.

Kent. Inoportune him once more to goe my Lord, His wits begin t'unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

Storme still.

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent, He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man: Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee friend I am almost mad my selfe, I had a Sonne, Now out-law'd from my blood: he fought my life But lately: very late: I lov'd him (friend) No father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee, The griefe hath craz'd my wits. What a nights this? I doe beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Toms a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Hovell; keep thee warme

Lear. Come, lets in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:

Let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: goe along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, sic, fob, and fum
I smell the blood of a Brittiish man.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, something feares me to thinke of.

Cornw. Inow perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers evill disposition made him seeke his death: but a provoking merit set a worke by a reprobable badnesse in himselfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certaine, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Corn.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuffe his supition more fully. I will persever in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt finde a deere father in my Love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glon. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edga. *Fraterello* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray innocent, and beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prethee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentlemen, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hes a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon'em.

Edga. Blesse thy five wits.

Kent. O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retaine?

Edga. My teares begin to take his part so much, They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me,

Edga. Tom will throw his head at them: Avaunt you Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:

Tooth that poysens if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:

Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,

Tom will make him weepe and wale,

For with throwing thus my head;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: sefe; Come, march to Wakes and Faires, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry. *Exit.*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; onely, I doe not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them be chang'd,

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noyse, draw the Curtaines: so, so, we'll goe to supper ith' morning.

Foole. And Ile goe to bed at noone.

Glon. Come hirher friend;

Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glon. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes, I have oreheard a plot of death upon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in't, And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Matter, If thou shouldst dally halfe an houre, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured losse. Take up, take up, And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Servants.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out the Traitor Gloster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasue. *Edmund*, keepe you our Sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your Traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Wheres the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his Knights

Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,

Who, with some other of the Lords dependants, Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit.*

Corn. *Edmund* farewell: goe seeke the Traitor Gloster, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before us: Though well we may not passe upon his life Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power Shall doe a curt'fie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Whost there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glon. What meanes your Graces?

Good my friends consider you are my Ghests:

Doe me no foule play, friends,

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glon. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I me none.

Corn. To this Chaire bind him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glon. By the kinde gods, tis most ignobly done.

To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glon. Naughty Lady,

These haire which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,

With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you doe

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands

You have sent the Lunaticke King : speake.

Glon. I have a Letter guessingly set downe Which came from one thats of a newtrall heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glon. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Was't thou not charg'd, at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glon. I am tyed to th' Stake, And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glon. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister, In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs. The Sea, with such a storine as his bare head, In hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up And quench'd the Stelled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the heavensto raine. If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time, Thou shouldst have said, good Porter turne the Key: All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. Seet shalt thou never. Fellowes hold the Chaire. Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glon. He that will thinke to live, till he be old, Give me some helpe, — O cruell! O you gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord?

I have serv'd you ever since I was a Child: But better service have I never done you, Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Serv. If you did weare a beard upon your chin, Ild shake it on this quarrell. What doe you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy Sword. A pezant stand up thus?

Killes him.

Serv. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you have one eye left To see some mischief on him. Oh.

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it; Out vilde gelly: Where is thy luster now?

Glon. All darke and comfortlesse?

Wheres my Sonne *Edmund*?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature To quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine, Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he That made the overture of thy Treasons to us: Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glon. O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd, Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover.

Exit with Gloucester.

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: Follow me Lady: Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slave Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace, Vntimely comes this hurt. Give me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd, Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst: The lowest, and most deject thing of Fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in feare. The lamentable change is from the best, The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then, Thou unsubstantiall ayre that I embrace: The wretch that thou hast blowne unto the worst, Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorly led?, World, World, O World! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yeeld to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have beene your Tenant, And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeeres.

Glon. Away, get thee away: good friend be gone, Thy comforts can doe me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glon. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes: I stumbled when I saw. Full oft tis seene, Our meanes secure us, and our meere defects Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*, The food of thy abused fathers wrath: Might I but live to see thee in my touch, Ild say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? whos there?

Edg. O gods! Who ist can say I am at worst? I am worse then ere I was.

Oldm. Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not, So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glon. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glon. He has some reason, else he could not beg. It's last nights storme, I such a fellow saw; Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne Came then into my mind, and yet my mind Was then scarce Friends with him.

I have heard more since: As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th' gods, They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should their be?

Bad is the Trade that must play to foole sorrow, Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glon. Is that the naked fellow?

Oldm. I my Lord.

Glon. Get thee away: if for my sake Thou wilt ore-take us hence a mile or twaine I'th way toward Dover, doe it for ancient love, And bring some covering for this naked Soule, Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Oldm. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glon.

Glon. Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde :
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure :
Above the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the Best Parrell that I have
Com on't, what will, *Exit.*

Glon. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glon. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must :

Blesse thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glon. Knowst thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile, and gate, horseway, and foot-path :
poore Tom hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse
thee good mans sonne, from the foule fiend. (plagues

Glon. Here take this purse, thou whom the heav'ns
Have humbled to all strokes : that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier : heavens deale so still :
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feele, feele your power quickly :
So distribution should undoe excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover ?

Edg. I Master.

Glon. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes fearefully in the confined Deepe :
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the misery thou dost beare
With something rich about me : from that place,
I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Give me thy arme ;
Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I marvell our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, wheres your Master ?

Stew. Madam within, but never man so chang'd :
I told him of the Army that was Landed :
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Service of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out :
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake : heell not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer ; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Backe *Edmund* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trusty Servant
Shall passe betweene us : ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this ; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake,
Would stretch thy Spirits up into the ayre :
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. *Exit.*

Gon. My most deere Gloster.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans services are due,
My foole usurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have beene worth the whistle.

Alba. Oh *Gonerill*.

You are not worth the dust which the rude winds
Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liver'd man,
That beart a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning,
Thine honor, from thy suffering.

Alba. See thy selfe divell :
Proper deformity seemes not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall* dead,
Slaine by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of *Gloster*.

Alba. *Glosters* eyes !

Mess. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act : bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, thereat enrag'd
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

Alba. This shewes you are above
You Iustices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore *Gloster*)
Lost he his other eye ?

Mess. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer :
Tis from your Sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my *Gloster* with her,
May ail the building in my fancy plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alba. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes ?

Mess. Come with my Lady hither.

Alba. He is not heere.

Mess. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alba. Knowes he the wickednesse ?

Mess. I my good Lord : twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Al. *Gloster*, I live
To thanke thee for the love thou shewd'st the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,
and Souldiours.*

Cord. Alacke, tis he : why he was met even now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved Sense: he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to provoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage, dissolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittain Powers are marching hitherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powers set forth?

Stew. I Madam,

Reg. Himselfe in person there?

Stew. Madam with much adoe
Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home;

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poast hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance. Gloucesters eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I thinke is gone
In pittie of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreover to descry
The strength oth' Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with us:
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my duty in this businesse.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. He love thee much
Let me unseale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange Iliads, and most speaking lookes
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I Madam?

Reg. I speake in understanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I doe advise you take this note:

My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I have talk'd,

And more convenient is he for my hand

Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:

If you doe find him, pray you give him this;

And when your Mistris hearesthus much from you,

I pray desire her call her wife home to her.

So fare you well:

If you doe chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,

Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I should shew
What party I doe follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glow. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You doe climbe up it now. Looke how we labour.

Glow. Methinkes the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, doe you heare the Sea?

Glow. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish,

Glow. So may it be indeed.

Methinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou didst.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glow. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,

Heeres the place: stand still: how fearefull

And dizey tis, to cast ones eyes so low,

The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre

Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe

Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:

Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.

The Fishermen, that walk'd upon the beach

Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,

Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,

That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chafes

Cannot be heard to high. He looke no more,

Lest my braine turne, and the deficient sight

Topple downe headlong.

Glow. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:

For all beneath the Moone would I not leape upright.

Glow. Let goe my hand:

Heere friends another purse: in it, a Jewell

Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies, and gods

Prosper it with thee. Goe thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glow. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I doe trifle thus with his despaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glow. O you mighty gods!

This world I doe renounce, and in your sights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off :
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposetle willes,
My inuisse, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* live, O plesse him .
Now fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasure of life, when life it selfe
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead ?
Hoo, you Sir : friend, here you Sir, speake :
Thus might he passe indeed : yet he revives.
What arr you Sir ?

Glon. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Hadst thou bene ought
But Gozemoore, feathers and Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thoud'it shiver'd like an Egge : but thou dost breath :
Hast heavy substance, bleedst not, speakest, art found.
Ten Masss at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a Miracle. Speake yet againe.

Glon. But have I false, or no ?

Edg. From the dread Summit of this Chalky Bourne
Looke up a height, the shrill-gor'd Larke so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard : Doe but looke up.

Glon. Alacke, I have no eyes :
Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death ? I was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.

Vp, to : How is't ? Feele you your Legges ? You stand.

Glon. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangenesse,
Vpon the crowne oth' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glon. A poore unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, me thought his eyes
Weretwo full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes wealk'd, and waved like the enraged Sea :
It was some fiend : Therefore thou happy father,
Thinke that the clearest gods, who make them honors'
Of mens Impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glon. I doe remember now : henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it doe cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a inan : often twould say
The fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere ?
The safer sense will ne're accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Natures above Art, in that respect. Theres your
Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-
keeper : draw me a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a
Moufe : peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheefe will
doo't. Theres my Gauntlet, Ile prove it on a Gyant.
Bring up the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird : ith
clout, ith'clout : Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marioram.

Lear. Passe.

Glon. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha ! *Generill* with a white beard ? They flatter'd
me like a Dogge, and told me I had the white haïres in
my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and
no, to every thing that I said : I, and no too, was no good
Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and
wind to make me chatter : when the Thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found em, there I finelt em
out. Goe to, they are not men otheir words ; they told
me, I was every thing : Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooffe.

Glon. The tricke of that voyce, I doe well remember :
Is't not the King ?

Lear. I, every inch a King.

When I doe stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What wasthy cause ?
Adultery ? thou shalt not dye : dye for Adultery ?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Flye
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive :
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his father,
Then my Daughters got'tweene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her
Forkes prefages Snow ; that minces Vertue, and dos shake
the head to, heave of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite : downe from the waste they are Centaures, though
Women all above : but to the Girdle doe the gods inhe-
rit, beneath is all the fiends. Theres hell, theres darke-
nesse, there is the sulphurous pit ; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption : Eye, fie, fie ; pah, pah : Give me a Ounce
of Civet ; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination :
Theres money for thee.

Glon. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,

It smells of Mortality.

Glon. Oruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.

Do'st thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough : dost thou
squiny at me ? No, doe thy worst blind Cupid, Ile not
love. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.

Glon. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glon. What with the Cafe of eyes ?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your
head, nor no mony in your purse ? Your eyes are in a hea-
vy cafe, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glon. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What art mad ? A man may see how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares : See how
yond Iustice railes upon yond simple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare : Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iustice, which is the theefe : Thou hast seene a Far-
mers dogge barke at a Beggar ?

Glon. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur : there thou
mightst behold the great image of Authority, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand : why dost thou lash that Whore ? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly lustst to use her in that kind, for which
thou whippst her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-
rough

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices doe appeare : Robes, and furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with gold, and the strong Lance of justice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw does pierce it. None does offend, none, I say none, Ile able em; take that of me my friend, who have the power to seale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou knowst, the first time that we smell the Ayre We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke

Glon. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great stage of foolles. This a good blocke: It were a delicate stratagem to shooe A Troope of horse with felt: Ile put't in prooffe, And when I have stolne upon these Sonnes in Lawes: Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand upon him, Sir. Your most deere Daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even The Natural! Foole of fortune. Use me well, You shall have ranfome. Let me have Surgeons, I am cut toth' Braines.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?

Why, this would make a man, a man of Sale; To use his eies for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely, Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be loviall: Come, come, I am a King. Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse Which twaine have brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: whats your will?

Edg. Doe you heare ought (Sir) of a Bartell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Every one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour:

How neeres the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine discry Stands on the hourelly thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here Her Army is mov'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glon. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glon. Now good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blowes Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes, Am pregnant to good pittie. Give me your hand, Ile leade you to some biding.

Glon. Hearty thanks:

The bounty, and the benizon of heaven To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happy: That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor, Briefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glon. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant, Darst thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Lest that th'infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let goe his arme.

Edg. Chill not let goe Zir, Without vurther casion.

Stew. Let goe Slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe: and 'chud ha'bin zwagged out of my life, twould not ha'bin zo long as tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che voi'ye, or ice try whither your Coltard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your toynes.

Stew. Slave thou hast slaine me: villaine, take my purse; If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body, And give the Letters which thou findest about me, To Edmund Earle of Gloster: seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A serviceable Villaine, As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris, As badnesse would desire.

Glon. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you.

Lets see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of May be my friends: he's dead; I am onely sorry He had no other Deathfiman. Let us see: Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame us not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers are more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my Goale, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, so I would say) affectionate Servant. Gonerill.

Of indistinguish'd space of Womans will, A plot upon her vertuous husbands life, And the exchange my brother: heere, in the sands Thee Ile rake up, the poste un sanctified Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time, With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him tis well. That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glon. The King is mad: How stiffe is my vildesense That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract, So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Farre off me thinks I heare the beaten Drumme,
Come father, Ile bestow you with a friend. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And every measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pay'd,
All my reports goe with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:
How dos the King?

Gent. Madam sleepest still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring senses, O winde up,
Of this child-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th' sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: in the heaviness of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we doe awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance,

Cor. O my deere father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reverence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gent. Madam doe you, tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You doe me wrong to take me out oth'grave;
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Doe scald, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, doe you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gent. Hes scarce awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I bin?
Where am I? faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should ev'n dye with pitty
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: lets see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition,

Cor. O looke upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray doe not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and upward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Doe not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am,

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not.
If you have poyson for mee, I will drinke it:
I know you doe not love me, for your Sisters
Have (as I doe remember) done we wrong.
You have some cause, they have not,

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir,

Lear. Doe not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: desire him to goe in,
Trouble him no more till further setting.

Cor. Wilt please you highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course, hes full of alteration,
And selfe reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You

You know the goodnesse I intend upon you :
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Doe you not love my Sister ?

Bast. In honour'd Love.

Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place ?

Bast. No by mine honor, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Souldiers.

Alba. Our very loving Sister, well be-met :
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond ?

Gone. Combine together gainst the Enemy :
For these domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Lets then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister youle goe with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. Tis most convenient, pray goe with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heere me one word.

Alb. Ile overtake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter :
If you have victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretch though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I wasforbid it :

When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry.
And Ile appeare againe.

Exit.

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery, but your hast
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Exit.

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworne my love :
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? One ? Or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alive : To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power ;

Shall never see his pardon : for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloucester.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast : pray that the right may thrive :
If ever I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace goe with you Sir :

Exit.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand. away :
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe ?
Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all, come on.

Glo. And thats true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bast. Some Officers take them away : good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst :
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe.
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no : come lets away to prison :
We two alone will sing like Birds ith' Cage :
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies : and heare poore Rogues
Talke of Court newes, and we'll talked with them too,
Who looses, and who wins ; whos in, whos out :
And take upons the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies : And we'll weare out
In a wall'd prison, packes and sects of great ones
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The gods themselves throw incense.
Have I caught thee ?

He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like Foxes : wipe thine eye,
The good yeeres shall devour them, flesh and fell,

Ere

Ere they shall make us weepe?

Weele see e'm starv'd first: come.

Exit.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, goe follow them to prison,
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Does not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other meanes,

Capt. He dot my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th' hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so

Exit Captaine.

As I have set it downe.

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Souldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant straine
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I doe require them of you so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eyes
Which doe command them. With him I sent the Queene
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience.
I hold you but a subject of this Warre,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters doe oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomacke. Generall,
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witnessse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,

Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*,
Let the Trumpet sound:
If none appeare to prove upon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

Bast. Theres my exchange, what in the world he is
That names me Traitor, villaine-like he lyes,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes upon me.

Albany: She is not well, convey her to my Tent,
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

IF any man of quality or degree within the lists of the Ar-
my, will maintaine upon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*,
that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third
sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. *1 Trumpet.*

Her. Againe. *2 Trumpet.*

Her. Againe. *3 Trumpet.*

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed,

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. Whats he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of *Glo-*
Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him? *(Her?)*

Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may doe thee iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-Sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest upward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Thou lyest.

Bast. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain'd and spurne:
Backe doe I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This Sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Save him, save him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gen. This is practise *Gloster*,
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worst then any name, reade thine owne evill:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gen. Say if I doe, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! O, knowst thou this paper?

Bast. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Goe after her, shes desperate, governe her.

Bast. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I doe forgive thee.

Edg. Lets exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers sonne,
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The darke and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Princee I knowt.

Alb. Where have you hid your selfe?
How have you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a brieve tale,
And when tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our lives sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourly dye,
Rather then dye at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans ragges, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from dispaire.
Never (O fault) reveal'd my selfe unto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grieve,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance doe good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe; O helpe.

Edg. What kind of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. Tis hot, it smoakes, came even from the heart
of—O shes dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead i

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out,

This judgement of the heavens that makes us tremble.
Touches us not with pittie. O is this she?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master saye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, wheres the King? and wheres *Cordelia*?
Seest thou this object *Kent*.

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herselfe.

Alb. Even so: cover their faces.

Bast. I part for life: some good I meane to doe
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
(Be brieve in it) to th'Chastle for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To whom my Lord? Who has the Office?
Send thy token of repreeve.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captaine.

Edg. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire,
That she fore-did herselfe.

Alb. The gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heavens vault should cracke: shes gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
Shes dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives: if it be so,
It is a chance which doe's redeeme all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. Tis noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you murderers, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha.

What is't thou saist? her voyce was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?

I have seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoyle me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are o'th best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same: your servant *Kent*,

Where is your servant *Caius*?

Lear. He's good fellow, I can tell you that,
Hee'l strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Hane follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:

All's cheerelesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest daughters have fore-don themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he sayes, and vaine is it

That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mes. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. Thats but a trifle here:

You Lords and Noble friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applid. For us we will resigne,
During the life of this old Majesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deservings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: No, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'it come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.

Pray you undoe this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Doe you see this? Looke on her, looke on her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

He dyes.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke to my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey sir, shortly to goe,
My Master calmes me, I must not say no.

Dyes.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The Oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long,

Exeunt with a dead march.

FIN IS.



THE TRAGEDY OF

Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

Rodorigo.

Never tell me, I take it very unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse, (this.
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of
Iago. But you'll not heare me. If ever I did
Of such a matter, abhorre me. (dreame

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
If I doe not. Three great ones of the Citie,
(In personall suit to make me his Lievetenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purposes)
Evades them, with a Bum-bast Circumstance,
Horribly stuff with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, sayes he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Mischaell Cassio*, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the division of a battaile knowes
More than a Spinster: Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he, Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election
And I (of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-Caster,
He (in good time) must his Lievetenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-

Iago. Why, there's no remedy, (man
Tis the curse of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heire to th' first. Now sir, be Iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any just terme am Assur'd
To love the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him to serve my turne upon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Assie,
For nought but Provender, & when he's old Casheer'd,
Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
Who trim'd in Formes, and visages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shewes of service on their Lords,
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd their Coates,
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellowes have some soule,
And such a one doe I professe my selfe. For (sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heaven is my Iudge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeve
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the thicke-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flyes: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodo. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa:

Iago. Awake, what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeves, theeves,
Looke to your house, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Theeves, theeves.

Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? what is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior, is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore aske you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are robb'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your

Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe your soule
Even now, now, very now an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Divell will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voyce?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of supper, and distempering draughts)
Vpon malicious knavery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God,
if the Divell bid you. Because we come to do you service,
and you thinke we are Russians, you'll have your Daughter
cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have your Ne-
phewes neigh to you, you'll have Coursers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Roderigo*:

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lascivious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Doe not beleeve
That from the sense of all Civillitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I say againe, hath made a grosse revolt,
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in your Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho:
Give me a Tapet: call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beliefe of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light.

Iago. Farewell: for I must leave you:
It seemes not meet, nor wholsome to my place

To be produced, as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore. For I doe know the state,
(How ever this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's imbar'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus warres,
(Which even now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they have none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I doe hate him as I doe hell,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a Flag, and signe of Love,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches:

Bra. It is too true an evill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitternesse. Now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh unhappy Girl)
With the Moore fast thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know twas she? (Oh she deceives me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raile all my Kinred. Are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truly I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh heaven: how got she out?
Oh treason of my blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them Act. Are there not charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes sir: I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (ho)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, I will deserve your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Iag. Though in the trade of warre I have slaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very stuffe o'th' conscience
To doe no contriv'd murder: I take iniquitie
Sometime to doe me service. Nine, or ten times
I had thought to have yerke'd him here under the Ribbes.

Othel. Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy, and provoking termes
Against your honor, that with the little godlinesse I have
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voyce potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what restraint or grievance,

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Othe. Let him doe his spight;
My services, which I have done the Signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (unbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhouse'd free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best goe in.

Othel. Nor I: I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soule
Shall manifestly me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.

Othel. The servants of the Dukes?
And my Lievtenant?
The goodnesse of the night upon you (friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke does greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Othel. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequest messengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the Consuls (rais'd and met,)
Are at the Dukes already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel. Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I doe not understand.

Iago. He's marri'd.

Cassio. To whom?

Iago. Marry to — Come Captaine, will you goe?

Othel. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you:

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othel. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You *Rodorigo*? Come sir, I am for you.

Othe. Keepe up your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of Magicke were not bound)
Whether a Maide, so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled Dearling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Runne from her Guardage to the sooty bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens motion. Ile have't disputed on,
Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he doe resist
Suddeue him at his perill.

Othe. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and courte of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othe. What if I doe obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Councell?
In this time of the nigh? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne:
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no composition in this newes,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they jumpe not on a just accompt,
(As in these Cafes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet doe they all confirme
A Turkish Fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus,

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I doe not so secure me in the error,
But the maine Article I doe approve
In fearefull sense.

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Saylor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be
By no assay of Reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe us in false gaze, when we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turke:
And let our selves againe but understand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is drest'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so unskilfull,
To leave that latest, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Ottomises, Reveren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleet.

1. Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

Mess. Of thirty Saile: and now they doe re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitour,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to beleve him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, for ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my particular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead.

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this fowle proceeding
Hath thus beguild your Daughter of her selfe,

And you of her; the bloody Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper sonne
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othel. Most Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seven yeeres pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they have us'd
Their deereft action, in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More than pertaines to Feats of Broyles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round un-varnish'd Tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love.

What Drugs, what Charmes,
What Conjuraton, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold:
Of spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she in spight of Nature,
Of yeares, of Countrey, credite, every thing
To fall in Love, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some Dram (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought upon her.

Duk. To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more over-Test
Then these thin habits, and peere likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, doe preferre against him.

Sen. But Othello, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maids affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe find me foule, in her report,
The trust, the office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othel. Ancient, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And till she come, as truly as to heaven,
I doe confesse the vices of my blood,
So justly to your Grave eares, Ile present

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othe. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me :
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare : the Battails, Sieges, Fortnne,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my Boyish dayes,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood, and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellers history.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts wilde, (ven,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, & Hills, whose heads touch hea-
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Anthrophagi*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline :
But still the house affaires would draw her hence :
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Devoure up my discourse. Which I observing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd : My story being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith twas strange, twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull : twas wondrous pittifull.
She wist'd she had not heard it, yet she wist'd
That heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onley is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady : Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men doe their broken Weapons rather use,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake :
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Doe you perceive in all his Noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My Noble father,
I doe perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life, and education :
My life and education both doe learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;
And so much duty, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her father :
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you : I have done.

Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires ;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither Moore,
I here doe give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at ioule, I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe :

And lay a Sentence,
Which like a grise, or step may helpe these Lovers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd, when Fortune takes :
Patience, her Injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootlesse griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile :
He beares the sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equivocall.
But words are words, I never yet did heare :
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the eare.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus : *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you. And though we have there a Substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiency ; yet opinion, a more
Sovereigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safe
voyce on you : you must therefore be content to stubber
the grosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-
borne, and boisterous expedition.

Othe. The Tyrant Custome, most Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driven bed of Downe. I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardnesse : and doe undertake
This present warre against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such accomodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her Fathers.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Othe. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous care,
And let me find a Character in your voyce
T'assist my simplenesse.

Duke. What would you *Desdemona* ?

Des. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his minde,
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he goe to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me goe with him.

Otho. Let her have your voyce.
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the Palate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong effects
In my defect, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And heaven defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, feeble with wanton dulnesse
My speculative, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wives make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cryes haste:
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Otho. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th morning, here wee'l meet againe.
Othello, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Otho. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assigne my wife.
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall thinke
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son-in Law is farre more faire than blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moore, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her (Moore) if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Otho. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their best advantage.
Come *Desdemona*, I have but an houre
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speake with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What saist thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why
thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is sillinesse to live, when to live is torment:
and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our
Physitian.

Iago. Oh villanous: I have look'd upon the world
for fouretimes seven yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefit, and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drowne my selfe for the love of a Gyney Hen, I would
change my humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I doe, I confesse it is my shame to
be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, tis in our selves that wee are
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wils are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-
tels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hysope, and weede up Time:
Supply it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
many: either have it sterill with idlenesse, or manu-
red with Industry, why the power and Corrivable au-
thority of this lies in our Wils. If the braine of our lives
had not one scale of Reason, to poyse another of Sensu-
ality, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But wee
have reason to coole our raging Motions, or carnall
Stings, or unbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
call Love, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerely a Lust of the Blood, and a permissi-
on of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe?
Drowne Cats, and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy
Eriend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with Ca-
bles of perdurable toughnesse. I could never better steed
thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou
the Warres, defeat thy favour, with an usurped Beard. I
say; put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Des-
demona* should continue her love to the Moore. Put Mo-
ney in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Com-
mencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Se-
questration, put but money in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with money.
The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall
to him shortly bee as bitter as Coloquintida. Shee must
change for youth: when shee is sated with his body, she
will finde the errours of her choyce. Therefore put mo-
ney in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, doe
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the mo-
ney thou canst: If Sanctimony and a fraile vow, be-
twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian, be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her: therefore make money: a pox of drow-
ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-
ther to bee hang'd in compassing thy joy, then to bee
drown'd, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the
issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Goe make money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Events in the
Wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, goe,
provide thy money. We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. He be with thee betimes.

Iago. Goe to, farewell. Doe you here *Roderigo*?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus doe I ever make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a Swaine,

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheets
He ha's done my Office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for meere suspicion in that kinde,
Will doe, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume up my will
In double Knavery. How? how? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by 'th' Nose
As Asses are:
I have't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1 Gen. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the Maine,
Descry a Sayle.

Mon. Me thinkes, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so upon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For doe but stand upon the foaming Shoare,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The wind-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine,
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th' ever-fixed Pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchaufed Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleet
Be not in shelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a grievous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3 The Ship is here put in: A *Veronesio*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't:
Tis a worthy Governor.

3 But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier. Lets to the Sea-side (ho)
As well to see the Vessell thars come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
And indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, lets doe so;
For every Minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivancy.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moore: Oh let the heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea,

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of very expert, and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfett'd to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noyse?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry a Sayle.

Cassio. My hopes doe shape him for the Governour,

Gent. They doe discharge their shot of courtesie,
Our friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you sir goe forth,
And give us truth who tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lievtenant, is your Generall wiv'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of blazoning Pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tire the Ingeniver.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

Gent. Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall.

Cassio. Ha's had most favourable, and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As having sense of Beauty, doe omit
Their mortall Natures, letting goe safely by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Capitaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great *Iova*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quicke pants in *Desdemona's* armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,
The riches of the ship is come on Shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tydings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cassio.

Cas. He is not arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the Sea and Skies,
Parted our fellowship. But heere, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:

Let it not gall your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Courtesie,

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes of me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas: she has no speech.

Iago. In faith too much:
I find it still, when I have leave to sleepe,
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of dores:
Beis in your Parlors: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your injuries: Divels being offended:
Players in your Huswifery, and Huswives in your beds.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me.

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, doe not put me toot,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Des. Come on, allay.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iag. I Madam.

Des. I am not merry: but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise,
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus shee
is delivered.

*If she be faire, and wise; fairenesse and wit,
The ones for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd:

How if she be blacke and witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if faire and foolish.

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was faire,
For even her folly helpt her to an heire.

Des. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foule and foolish.

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish therunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones doe.

Des. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deser-
ving woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her

merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe.

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Hast tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt gold, and yet was never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her revenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She that in wisdom never was so fraile,
To change the Gods-head for the Salmon's taile:
She that could thinke, and nev'r disclose her mind,
See Sutors following, and not looke behind:
She was a Wight, (if ever such Wights were)

Des. To doe what?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Doe
not learne of him *Amillia*, though he be thy husband.
How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and li-
berall Countailor?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may relish
him more in the Souldier, than in Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, we'l said, whif-
per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as *Cassio*. I, smile upon her, doe: I will gyve thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, tis so indeed.
If such trickes as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-
try, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fin-
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curt-
sie: tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Clister-pipes for your
fate.

The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Cassio. Tis truely so.

Des. Lets meet him, and receive him.

Cassio. Lo, where he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.

Des. My deere *Othello*.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content
To see you here before me.

Oh my soules joy:

If after every Tempest, come such calmes,
May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duckye againe as low,
As hel's from heaven. If it were now to dye,
Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknowne Fate.

Des. The heavens forbid

But that our Loves

And Comforts should encrease

Even as our dayes doe grow.

Oth. Amen to that (sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content,

It stoppes me here: it is too much of joy,

And this, and this the greatest discords be

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well-tun'd now: But Ile set downe
the Pegges that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Oth.

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle.
 Newes (Friends) our warres are done :
 The Turkes are drown'd.
 How doe's my old acquaintance of this Isle ?
 (Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
 I have found great love amongst them. Oh my Sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I doat
 In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
 Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke thy Coffers :
 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
 He is a good one, and his worthinesse
 Doe's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come
 thither, if thou be'st valiant, (as they say base men being
 in love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more than
 is native to them) list-me; the Lievtenant to night wat-
 ches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this :
Desdemona, is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ? Why, tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus : and let thy soule be instru-
 cted. Marke me with what violence shee lov'd the
 Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastick lies.
 To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart
 thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall
 she have to looke on the Divell ? When the blood is
 made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game
 to enflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetitive. Love-
 linesse in favour, simpthy in yeares, Manners, and Beau-
 ties : all which the Moore is defective in. Now for
 want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate ten-
 dernesse will find it selfe abus'd, begin to heave the gorge,
 disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will in-
 struct her in it, and compell her to some second choyce.
 Now sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-
 forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
 this Fortune, as *Cassio* doe's : a Knave very voluble : no
 further conscionable, than in putting on the meere forme
 of Civill, and humane seeming, for the better compasse of
 his Salt, and most hidden loose Affection ? Why none,
 why none : A slippery, and subtle Knave, a finder of occa-
 sion : that ha's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Advan-
 tages, though true Advantage never present it selfe. A
 Divellish Knave : besides, the Knave is handsome, yong :
 and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
 mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat Knave, and the
 woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleve that in her, she's full of most
 blefs'd condition.

Iago. Blefs'd figges-end. The Wine shee drinke is
 made of Grapes. If she had beene blefs'd, shee would
 never have lov'd the Moore : Blefs'd pudding. Didst thou
 not see her paddle with the palme of his hand ? Didst not
 marke that ?

Rod. Yes, that I did : but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leachery by this hand : an Index, and obscure
 prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
 They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
 embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when
 these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
 comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate
 conclusion : Pish. But sir, be you rul'd by mee. I have
 brought you from Venice. Watch you to night : for
 the command, Ile lay't upon you. *Cassio* knowes you
 not : Ile not be farre from you. Doe you find some oc-

casion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
 tainting his discipline, or from what other course
 you please, which the time shall more favourably mi-
 nister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choler : and
 happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may : for
 even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
 Whose qualification shall come into no true taste againe,
 but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shor-
 ter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then
 have to preferre them. And the impediment most pro-
 fitably removed, without the which there were no expe-
 ctation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
 tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Citta-
 dell. I must fetch his necessaries a shore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

Exit.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I doe well beleev't :
 That she loves him, tis apt, and of great credite.
 The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
 Is of a constant, loving, noble Nature,
 And I dare thinke, he'll prove to *Desdemona*,
 A most deare husband. Now I doe love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sinne)
 But partly led to dyet my Revenge,
 For that I doe suspect the lusty Moore
 Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof,
 Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwards :
 And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
 At least into a Ielouzie so strong,
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to doe,
 If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 Ile have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
 (For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cap too)
 Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an Asse,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madnesse. Tis here : but yet confusd,
 Knaveries plaine face, is never seene, till us'd.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
 ant General; That upon certaine Tydings now arriv'd,
 importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleet,
 every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to dance,
 some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
 Revels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-
 ficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
 ces are open, and there is full liberty of Feasting from this
 pre-

present houre of five, till the Bell have told eleven.
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.
Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio and Attendants.

Othel. Good *Michael*, looke you to the Guard to night.
Let's teach our selves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to doe.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othel. *Iago*, is most honest :
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my deare Love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come tweene me, and you.
Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*; we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lievtenant : 'tis not yet ten o'th
Clocke. Our Generall cast us thus early for the love of
his *Desdemona* : Whom, let us not therefore blame; he
hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and shee
is sport for *Iove*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed shee's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she ha's ?

Me thinks it founds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye :

And yet me thinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks,

Is it not an Alarum to Love ?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well : happinesse to their sheets. Come Lieve-
tenant, I have a stope of Wine, and here without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a mea-
sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago* : I have very poore, and
unhappy Braines for drinking. I could well with cour-
tesie would iavent some other custome of entertaine-
ment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends : but one Cup, Ile
drinke for you.

Cassio. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too : and behold what innovation
it makes here. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare
not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man ? tis a night of Revels, the Gallants
desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here, at the doore : I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile doo't, but it dislikes me.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistris Dog,

Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath tonight Carrows'd,
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling spirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle)
Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of Drunkards;
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If consequence doe but approve my dreame,
My Boat sayles freely, both with wind and streame.

Cas. Fore heaven, they have given me a rowse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one : not past a Pint, as I am
a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa,

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke :

And let me the Cannakin clinke.

A Souldiers a man : Oh, mans life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke,

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. Fore heaven : an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England : where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germane, and
your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to
your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-
ing ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane
dead drunke. He sweares not to overthrow your Al-
maine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lievtenant : and Ile doe you Iustice.

Iago. Oh sweet England.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,

His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,

He held them sixepence all to deere,

Wish that he call'd the Taylor Lowne :

He was a Wight of high Renowme,

And thou art but of low degree :

Tis Pride that pul's the Countrey downe,

And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite song than the o-
ther.

Iago. Will you hear't againe ?

Cas. No : for I hold him to be unworthy of his place,
that do's those things. Well : heav'ns above all : and
there be foules must be saved, and there be foules must not
be saved.

Iago. Its true, good Lievtenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of quality : I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so doe I too Lievtenant.

Cassio. I : (but by your leave) not before me. The
Lievtenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Lets have
no more of this : lets to our affaires. Forgive us our
sinnes : Gentlemen lets looke to our businesse. Doe not
thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke : this is my Ancient, this
is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
now : I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then : you must not thinke then,
that I am drunke.

Montan. Toth' Platforme (Masters) come, lets set
the Watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Soldier, fit to stand by *Cesar*,
And give direction. And doe but see his vice,
Tis to his vertue a just Equinox,

The

The one as long as th'other. Tis pitty of him :
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus ?

Iago. Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe.
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set,
If drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it :
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo* ?
I pray you after the Lievtenant, goe.

Mont. And tis great pitty that the Noble Moore
Should hazzard such a place, as his owne Second,
With one ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I doe love *Cassio* well : and would doe much
To cure him of this euill. But hearken, what noyse ?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue : you Rascall.

Mont. Whats the matter Lieutenant ?

Cas. A Knave teach me my duty ? He beat the
Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.

Rod. Beate me.

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue ?

Mont. Nay, good Lievtenant :

I pray you sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe (sir)

Or Ile know you ore the Mazzard.

Mont. Come, come : you're Drunke.

Cassio. Drunke ?

Iago. Away I say : goe out and cry a Mutiny.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen :

Helpe ho. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano* :

Helpe masters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell : Diablo, ho :

The towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'll be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter here ?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Othe. Hold for your lives.

Iag. Hold ho : Lievtenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen :

Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie ?

Hold The Generall speaks to you : hold for shame

Oth. Why how now ho ? From whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd Turkes ? and to our selves doe that

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle :

He that stirres next to carve for his owne rage,

Holds his foule light : He dies upon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters !

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,

Speake : who began this ? On thy love I charge thee :

Iago. I do not know : Friends all, but now, even now

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride and Groome

Devesting them for Bed : and then, but now :

(As if some Planet had unwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breasts,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speake

Any beginning to this peevish oddes.

And would in action glorious, I had left

Those legges that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civill :

The gravitie and stilnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. Whats the matter

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,

While I spare speech which something now offends me.

Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought

By me ; that's said, or done amisse this night,

Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selves, it be a sinne

When violence assailes us.

Othe. Now by heaven,

My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,

And passion (having my best judgement collied)

Assaies to leade the way. If I once stirre,

Or doe but life this Arme, the best of you

Shall sinke in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foule Rout began : Who set it on,

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall looke me. What in a towne of warre,

Yet wilde, he peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To manage private, and domestick Quarrell ?

In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie ?

Tis monstrous : *Iago*, who began't ?

Mont. If partially Affect'd, or league in office,

Thou dost deliver more, or lesse than truth,

Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*.

Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake so the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall :

Montano and my selfe being in speech,

There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,

And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword,

To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,

Steps into *Cassio*, and intreats his pause :

My selfe, the crying fellow did pursue,

Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foot)

Out-ran my purpose, and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords,

And *Cassio* high in oath : Which till to night

I nere might say before : When I came backe

(For this was brieft) I found them close together

At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were

When you your selfe did part them,

More of this matter cannot I report,

But men are men : the best sometimes forget,

Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike thot that with them best,

Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd

From him that Red, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honestie, and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
He make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (*Deere*?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. *Exit.*

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heaven forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have
lost my Reputation. I have lost the immortal part of my
selfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation, *Iago*,
my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had
received some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unlesse you
repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
more wayes to recover the Generall againe. You are
but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie,
then in malice) even so as one would beate his of-
fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him againe and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to bee despis'd, then to deceive
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian
with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let us call
thee Divell.

Iago. What was hee that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing dis-
tinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemie in their moutnes, to steale a-
way their Braines? that wee should with joy pleasure,
revell and applause, transforme our selves into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came
you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the divell drunkenesse, to give
place to the divell wrath, one unperfectnesse shewes me
another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Country stands
I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as
it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, hee shall tell
me, I am a drunkard: bad I as many moutnes as *Hydra*,
such an answer would stop them all. To bee now a sen-
sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
strange! Every inordinate cup is unbles'd, and the Ingre-
dient is a divell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well us'd: exclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I love
you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, Sir, I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time
man. I tell you what you shall do: Our Generals Wife,
is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for
that he hath devoted, and given up himselfe to the con-
templation, marke: and devotement of her parts and
Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune
her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so
free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds
it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is re-
quested. This broken joynt betweene you, and her hus-
band, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against
any lay worth naming, this cracke of your love, shall grow
stronger, then it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Love, and honest kind-
nesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning,
I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to undertake for
me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest *Iago*.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That sayes I play the Villaine?
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most easie
Th' inclyning *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
His Soule is so enfetters'd to her Love,
That she may make, unmake, doe what she list:
Even as her appetite shall play the god,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell *Cassio* to this parallell course;
Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell,
When divels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore.
He powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undoe her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-mash them all.
How now *Roderigo*?

Enter Roderigo.

Roderigo. I doe follow heere in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the
Crie. My Mony is almost spent; I have bene to night
exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue

will bee, I shall have so much experience for my paines ; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that have not Patience ? What wound did ever heale but by degrees ? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time : Dos't not go well ? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that final hurt hast casheer'd *Cassio* : Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe : Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning ; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited : Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter : Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.* Twothings are to be done : My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistris : Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moore apart, And bring him jumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way : Dull not Device, by coldnesse and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I will content your paines, Some thing that's brieft : and bid, goodmorrow Generall. *Clo.* Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake i'th' Nose thus ?

Mus. How Sir ? how ?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments ?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, hee's money for you : and the Generall so likes your Musick, that hee desires you for loves sake to make no noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Musicke that may not bee heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend ?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend : I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe up thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee : if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entertains her a little favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring sir : if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie unto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then ?

Cassio. Why no : the day had broke before we parted : I have made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife : My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some access.

Iago. Ile send her to you Presently : And he devise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your converse and businessse May be more free. *Exit.*

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am forrie For your displeasure : but all will sure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Asinitie : and that in wholsome Wisedome He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you And needs no other Sutor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brieft Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Emil. Pray come in : I will bestow you where you shall have time To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give (*Iago*) to the Pyriot, And by him do my duties to the Senate : That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to me,

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll waite upon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will doe All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Emil. Good Madam doe I warrant it grieves my Husband, As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio* But I will have my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam, What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*, He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't : I thanke you : you do love my Lord : You have knowne him long, and be you well assur'd He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady, That policie may either last so long. Or feede upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd. My Generall will forget my Love, and Service.

Des. Doe not doubt that : before *Emilia* here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I doe vow a friendship, Ile perforce it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter *Othello*, and *Iago*.

Emil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake.

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease.
Unfit for mine owne purposes.

Des. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit *Cassio*.

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would scale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleieve 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord?

I have bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loves you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Mooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with me
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him backe.

Oth. Not now (sweet *Desdemona*) some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Capitaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wednesday Morne.

I praythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:

And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason

(Save that they say the warres must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

T'incurre a private checke. When shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I would deny.

Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you? and so many a time

(When I have spoke of you dispraisingly)

Hath tane your part, to have so much to doe

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is now a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloves,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit

To your owne person. Nay, when I have a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: fare well my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.

Des. *Emilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:

What ere you be, I am obedient-

Exit.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do love thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*

When you woo'd my Lady, know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last:

Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with it.

Oth. O yes, and went betwene us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed? Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know

Oth. What do'st thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou eccos't me;

As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost meane something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy braine
Some horrible conceite, if thou do'st love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:

For I know thou'rt full of Love, and honestly,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knave
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,

Or those that bee not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this?

I pray thee speake to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me.
Though I am bound to every Act of duty,
I am not bound to that : All Slaves are free:
Vtter my Thoughts ? Why say, they are vild, and false ?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not ? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Lætes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations Lawfull ?

Othe. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his care
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, honestly and Wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Othe. What dost thou meane ?

Iago. Good name in Man, and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse steales trash :
Tis something, nothing ;
Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slave to thousands :
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Othe. Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custodie.

Othe. Ha ?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of jealousy,
It is the Greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loves not his wronger :
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts : Suspects, yet soundly loves !

Othe. O misery.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that ever feares he shall be poore :
Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From jealousy.

Othe. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions ? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufficate, and blowed Surmises,
Matching the inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealous,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances :
Where Vertue is, these are most vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weak merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Iealousie.

Ia. I am glad of this : for now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe :
Looke to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus : not Iealous, nor Secure :
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd looke too't :
I know our Country disposition well :
In Venice, they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience;

Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iag. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Othe. And so she did.

Iago. Why go to then :
Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes up, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas witchcraft.

But I am much too blame :

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Othe. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits :

Othe. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me I feare it has :
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my Love.
But I do see y'are mov'd :
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you doe so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vild successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend :

My Lord, I see y'are mov'd :

Oth. No, not much mov'd :
I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so;
And long live you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature er ring from it selfe—

Iago. I, there's the point :

As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propos'd Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends :
Foh, one may smell in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts unnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife to observe.

Leave me *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Othe. Why did I marry ?

This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place;
For sure he fills it up with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to put him off a-while:
You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I have to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor:

Oth. Feare not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Though that her lesse were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And have not those soft parts of Conversation
That Chamberers have: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon.
Then keepe a corner in the thing I love
For others uses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then, this forked plague is Fated to us,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, Heaven mock'd it selfe:
He not believe't.

Des. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, He go in with you:

Exeunt.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Emil. I am glad I have found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keepe it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kisse, and talke to. He have the worke tane out,
And giv't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heaven knowes, nor I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Emil. Do not you chide: I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——

Emil. Hah?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchiefe?

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Emil. What Handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?

Emil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being heere, took't up:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't that you have bene
so earnest to have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me *Exit Emil.*

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loofe this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poysons,
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowie Syrrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sent had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had bene happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That make Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pompe and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th' immortall loves dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Ocular prooffe,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better have bin borne a Dog
Then answer me my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou do'st slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate,
Doe deeds to make Heaven weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lov'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
He love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honestie's a Foole,
And loses that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not:
He have some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Vifage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
He not indure it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you,
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would, Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gaze on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring to that prospect: Damne them then,
If ever mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Love)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt up kisses by the rootes,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry curfed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. He teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with strawberries, in your wives hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wives) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, if't was hers,
It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poore, too weake for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tistrue. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. Tis gone,
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yield up (O Love) thy Crowne and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Never *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsive course,
Nev'r keepes retiring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall nev'r looke backe, nev'r ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capable and wide Revenge
Swallow them up, Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words——

Iago. Do not rise yet:

Witnesse you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about.
Witnesse that heere *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee too't,
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead:

Tis done at your Request.
But let her live.

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:

O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Divell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for ever.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clowne.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for mee to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to : where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to devise a lodging, and say he lyes heere, or he lyes there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have moov'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clow.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Emilia*?

Emil. I know not Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse, As jealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Drew all such humors from him.

Emilia. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble! How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand, This hand is moyst my Lady,

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart : Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty : Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise devout, For heere's a young and sweating Divell heere That commonly rebels : Tis a good hand, A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so : For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands : But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this : Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me : Lend me thy handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault : That Handkerchiefe Did an Egyptian to my Mother give : She was a Charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, 'Twould make her Amiable, subdue my Father Intirely to her love : but if she lost it, Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying gave it me, And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wiv'd) To give it her. I did so; and take heede on't, Make it a Darling, like your precious eye : To loose't, or give't away, were such perdition, As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. Tis true, there's Magicke in the web of it : A *Sybil* that had numbred in the world The Sun to course two hundred compasses, In her propheticke furie sow'd the worke : The Wormes were hallowed, that did breed the Silke, And it was dyede in Mummey, which the Skilfull Conserv'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would the Heaven, that I had never seene't

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Blesse us.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost : but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can : but I will not now : This is a trick to put me from my suite, Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe, My minde mis-gives.

Des. Come, come : you'll never meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. A man that all his time Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love ; Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I nev'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe, I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Emil. Tis not a yeare or two shewes us a man : They are all but stomackes, and we all but Food, They eate us hungerly, and when they are full They belch us.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way : 'tis she must doo't : And loe the happinesse : go, and importune her.

Des.

Des. How now? (goud *Cassio*) whrt's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam. my former suite. I do beseech you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exist, and be a member of his love, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Intirely honour, I would not be delayd. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde, That not my Service past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his love againe, But to know so, must be my benefit: So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content, And shut my selfe up in some other course To Fortunes Almest.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*) My Advocation is not now in Tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him; Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd. So helpe me every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blanke of his displeasure For my free speech. You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will: and more I will Then for my selfe I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now: And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seene the Cannon! When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre, And like the Divell from his very Arme Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then; I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry, *Exit.*

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State, Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practise Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Hath puddled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other heathfull members, even to a sense Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such observance As fits the Bridall, Beshrew me much, *Emilia*, I was (unhandsome Warrior, as I am) Arraigning his unkindnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse, And he's Indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no Iealous Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Emil. But Iealous soules will not be answer'd so; They are not ever jealous for the cause, But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster Begot upon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heaven keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about: If I do finde him fit, Ile move your suite, And seeke to effect it to my uttermost *Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*? Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*. What? keepe a weeke away? Seaven dayes, and Nights? Eight score eight houres? And Loves absent howers More tedious then the Diall, eight score times? Oh wearie reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*: I have this while with leaden thoughts beene prest, But I shall in a more continuate time Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*: Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this? This is some token from a newer Friend, To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause: Is't come to this? Well, Well.

Cassio. Go to, woman: Throw your wilde gueses in the Divels teeth, From whence you have them. You are jealous now. That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance; No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Cassio. I know not neither: I found it in my Chamber, I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded (As like enough it will) I would have it coppied: Take it, and doo't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall, And thinke it no addition nor my wish To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not. *Bian.* But that you do not love me, I pray you bring me on the way a little, And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend heere, But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago. What to kisse in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friends in bed, An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme? It is hypocrisie against the Divell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so, The Divell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip: But if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers, She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man,

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too: May she give that?

Iago.

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.

Oth. By heaven I would most gladly have forgot it :
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infectious house :
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I: what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now:

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heare him say (as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their owne importunate suite,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
Convinced or supply'd them cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be yon well assur'd,
No more then he'll un-swear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Oth. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,
when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's full some:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-
fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
invest her selfe in such had owing passion, without some
Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-
kerchiefe? O divell.

Falls in a Trance.

Iago. Worke on,

My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaste Dames even thus.
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say *Othello*.

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is faine into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie must have his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to savage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recover straight: when hee is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Have you not hurt your hand?

Oth. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven:

Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Horned man's a Monster and a Beast.

Iago. There's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a civill Monster.

Oth. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke every bearded fellow that's but yoa'k'd
May draw with you. There's Millions uow alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your cause is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of bell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good scuses on your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Do't thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do't thou heare) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amisse.

But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife, that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
From the excess of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:
And his unbookish Ielousie must conserve,
Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you gave me the addition,
Whose want even killes me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Sute lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughs it out,

Iago. Do you heare *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go to, well sayd, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph Romaine? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Pry thee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me; Well.

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giving out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.

Oth. Iago becons me : now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was heere even now: she haunts mee in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians; and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes upon me : So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now hee tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber : oh, I see that nose of yours, but now that dogge, I shall throw it to:

Cassio. Well I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me : looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the divell, and his dam haunt you : what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gave mee even now ? I was a fine Foole to take it : I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, and I must take out the worke? Thereto give it your Hobby-horse, wherefoever you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?

How now? How now?

Othe. By Heaven, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her : after her.

Cas. I must, shee'll rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come : will you?

Iago. Goto; say no more. *Exit.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchife?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife : she gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweet woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature : she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but say what she is : so delicate with her Needle : an admirable Musitian. Oh, she will sing the Savagenesse out of a Beare: of so high a plenteous wit, and invention?

Iag. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine :

But yet the pittie of it, *Iago* : oh *Iago*, the pittie of it

Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquitie : give her patten to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes : Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expostulate with her : lest her body and beautie unprovide my minde againe : this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Even the bed she hath contaminated.

Othe. Good, good :

The justice of it pleases : very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker : You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good : What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice, 'Tis *Lodovico*, this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior : Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you : how dos Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives Sir.

Des. Cozen there's falne betwene him and my Lord, An unkind breach: but you shall make all well,

Othe. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper, Is there division twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one : I would do much T'atone them for the love I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Des. What is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.

For as I thinke they do command him home, Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Othe. Divell.

Des. I have not deserv'd this,

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice, Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much, Make her amends : she weepes.

Oth. Oh divell, divell :

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop she falls, would prove a Crocodile : Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you:

Lod. Truly obedient Lady :

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Oth.

Othe. Mistris.

Des. My Lord.

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
He send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate.
And will returne to Venice. Hence, aunant:
Cassio shall have my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not of light Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the Letters, worke upon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:

It is not honesty in me to speake
What I have seene and knowne. You shall observe him,
And his owne courtes will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia

Othe. You have seene nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard: nor ever did suspect.

Othe. Yes, you have seene *Cassio*, and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made up betweene them.

Othe. What? Did they never whisper?

Emil. Never my Lord.

Othe. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Emil. Never.

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her mask, nor no-

Emil. Never my Lord. (thing?)

Othe. That's strange.

Emil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste and, true,
There's no man happy, The purest of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither: go.

Exit Emilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'll kneele, and pray: I have seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancies this?

Oth. Some of your Function Mistris:
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Myltery, your Mystery; Nay dispatch. *Exit Emi.*

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Fury in your words.

Othe. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.

Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, being like
one of Heaven, the divells themselves should feare to
ceaze thee. Therefore bee double damn'd: sweare thou
art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Othe. Heaven truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Othe. Ah *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heavy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motive of these teares my Lord?
If happely you my Farther do suspect,
An Instrumēt of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
I have lost him too.

Othe. Had it pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lippes.
Given to Captivitie, me and my utmost hopes.
I should have found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and moving finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries up: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my Lord esteemes me honest.

Othe. O I, as Sommer Flies are in the Shamoles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so lovely faire, and smell'st so swēte,
That the Sence askes at thee,
Would thou had'st never bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,

Com.

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne up Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heaven stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des. By Heaven you do me wrong.

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heaven forgive us.

Othe. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you; I you.
We have done our course: there's mony for your paines:
I pray you turne the key and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, haile a sleepe.

Emil. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none: do not talke to me, *Emilia*,

I cannot weepe: nor answeres have I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meete I should be us'd so: very meete.
How have I bin behav'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How ist with you?

Des. I cannot tell: those that doe teach your Babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might have chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Emil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispiight, and heavie termes upon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name (faire Lady?)

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not have laid such termes upon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Emil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't:

How comes this Tricke upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave to get some Office,
Has not divis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keepes her company?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
Oh heavens, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the Rascal naked through the world,
Even from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Emil. Oh fie upon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go to.

Des. Alas *Iago*.

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele

If ere my will did trespass 'gainst his Love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence

Delighted them: or any other Forme.

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, (though he do shake me off

To beggerly divorcement) Love him deerely,

Comfort tofweare me. Unkindnesse may do much,

And his unkindnesse may defeat my life,

But never taynt my Love. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,

To doe the Act, that might the addition earne,

Nor the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,

Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:

The Messenger of Venice staies the meates;

Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rodorigo. Every day thou dost me with some device *Iago*
and rather as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all
conveniencie, then suppliest me with the least advantage
of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet
perswaded to put up in peace, what already I have foo-
lishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodori. I

Rodo. I have heard too much : and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth : I have wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona*, would halfe have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, goe to : very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to : I cannot goe to, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I thinke it is scurvy : and begin to find my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodo. I tell you, tis not very well : I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see theres mettle in thee : and even from this instant doe build on thee a better opinion then ever before : give me thy hand *Roderigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception : but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd : and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleieve now then ever (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treachery, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well : what is it ? Is it within reason and compasse ?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no : he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, unlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane removing him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place : knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to doe.

Iago. I : if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry : and thither will I goe to him. He knowes not yet of his honorable fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with me : I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time : and the night growest to wast. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I doe beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further

Oth. Oh pardon me : twill doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night : I humbly thanke your Lady.

Des. Your honor is most welcome. (Ship.

Oth. Will you walke Sir ? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forth with : dismisse your Attendant there : look't bee done.

Exit.

Des. I will my Lord.

Emil. How goes it now ? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He sayes he will returne incontinent, And hath commanded me to goe to bed, And bid me to dismisse you.

Emil. Dismisse me ?

Des. It was his bidding : therefore good *Emilia*, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu, We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seene him.

Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes, (Prethee un-pin me) have grace and favour.

Emil. I have laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All one : good Father, how foolish are our minds ? If I doe dye before thee, prethee shrowd me In one of these same Sheetes.

Emil. Come, come : you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*, She was in love : and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough, An old thing twas : but it exprest her Fortune. And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night, Will not goe from my mind : I have much to doe, But to goe hang my head all at one side

And sing it like poore *Barbara* : prethee dispatch,

Emil. Shall I goe fetch your Night-gowne ?

Des. No, un-pin me here,

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Emil. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his neither lip.

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.

Sing all a greene Willough :

Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,

Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The fresh Streames ran by her, and murrur'd her moenes

Sing Willough, &c

Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the Stones,

Sing Willough, &c. (Lady by these)

Willough, Willough. (Prethee high thee, hele come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

(Nay thats not next. Hearke, who is't that knockes ?

Emil. Its the wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love : but what said he then ?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I count no woman, you'le couch with no man.

yy

So

So get thee gone, good night : mine eyes doe itch :
Doth that boade weeping ?

Emil. Tis neither heere, nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so, O these Men, these men !
Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emilia*)
That there be women doe abuse their husbands
In such grosse kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed for all the world :

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.

I might doo't as well ith' darke.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. The worlds a huge thing :

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. Introth I thinke thou would'st not.

Emil. Introth I thinke I should, and undoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
joynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture
Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong, is but a wrong ith' world;
and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen: and as many toth'vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.

But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults

If Wives doe fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,

And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;

Or else breake out in peevish Icalousies,

Throwing restraint upon us: Or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despight)

Why we have galles: and though we have some Grace,

Yet have we some Revenge. Let husbands know,

Their wives have sense like them: They see, and smell,

And have their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,

As husbands have. What is it that they doe

When they change us for others? Is it Sport?

I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?

I thinke it doth. Ist frailty that thus erres?

It is so too. And have not we affections?

Desires for Sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well: else let them know,

The illes we doe, their illes instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night:

Heaven me such uses send,

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behind this Barke,

Straight will he come:

Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,

It makes us, or it marres us, thinke on that,

And fixe most firme thy Resolution;

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Behold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,

And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons:

Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dyes.

Iago. I have rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,

And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,

Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,

Every way makes my gaine. Live *Rodorigo*,

He calles me to a restitution large

Of gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,

As gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: if *Cassio* doe remaine,

He hath a dayly beauty in his life,

That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore

May unfold me to him: ther e stand I in much perill:

No, he must dye. But so, I heare him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,

But that my Coate is better then thou knowst;

I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slaine.

Cas. I am maym'd for ever:

Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he: O brave *Iago*, honest, and just,

That hast such Noble sense of thy friends wrong,

Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,

And your unblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:

For off my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood be spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?

Murther, Murther.

Gra. Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. Tis heavy night;

These may be counterfets: Lets thinkt unsafe

To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Heres one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons.

Iago. Whos there?

Whose noyse is this that cryes out murther?

Lodo. We doe not know.

Iago. Doe not you heare a cry?

Cas. Heere, heere: for heaven sake helpe me.

Iago. Whats the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greivously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, undone by Villaines:
Give me some helpe.

Iago. Ome, Lieutenant!

What Villaines have done this?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And

And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me there.

Cassio. Thats one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men ith darke?

Where be these bloody Theeves?

How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or evill?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*.

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: heres *Cassio* hurt by Villaines:

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How ist brother?

Cassio. My Legge is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heaven forbid:

Light Gentlemen, ile bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who ist that cryd?

Iago. Who ist that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cassio. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus;

I have beene to seeke you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:—Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Gentlemenall, I doe suspect this Trash
To be a party in this injurie.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know wethis face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my deere Countryman

Roderigo? No: Yes sure: Yea, tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How doe you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iago. He, he, tis he:

Oh thats well said, the Chaire:

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Save you your labour. He that lyes slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was betweene you?

Cassio. None in the world: nor doe I know the man?

Iago. What looke you pale? Oh beare him out oth' Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Doe you perceive the gassnesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her:

Doe you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of use.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?

What isthe matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke
By *Roderigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

Hes almost slaine, and *Roderigo* quite dead.

Emil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prethee *Emilia*,
Goe know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.

What doe you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you goe with me.

Emil. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fye upon thee.

Iago. Kind Gentleman:

Lets goe see poore *Cassio* drest.

Come Mistris, you must tels another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you goe on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:
Yet she must dye, else she'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunningst Patterne of excellling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
It needes must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree:
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and thats the last.
So sweet, was ne're so farall. I must wepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrows heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, doe it, and be brieve, I will walke by?

I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,

No, (Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then Heaven have mercy on mee.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humh.

Des. And yet I feare you : for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.

Why I should feare, I know not,

Since guiltinesse I know not : But yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy finnes,

Des. They are love I beare to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That deaths unaturall, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,

They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : Whats the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchiefe

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.

Des. No by my life, and soule : send for the man,
And aske him.

Oth. Sweet soule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to dye.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne :

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choake the strong Conception

That I doe grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Des. Oh heaven have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life : never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warranty of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By heaven I saw my Handkerchiefe ins hand.

O perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,

And makest me call, what I intend to doe

A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.

I saw the Handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then :

I never gave it him : Send for him hither :

Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He hath confest :

Des. What my Lord?

Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No : his mouth is stopp'd :

Honest *Iago* hath tane order fort.

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin lives, my great Revenge
Had stomacke for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out Strumpet : weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late,

Smother's her.

Amilia at the doore.

Amil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noife is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.

Amil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Whos there?

Amil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you.

Oth. Yes : tis *Amilia* : by and by. Shes dead.

Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death :

The noife was high. Hah, no more mooving?

Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? Wert good?

I thinke she stirres againe. No, whats best to doe?

If she come in, shell sure speake to my wife :

My wife, my wife : what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! Oh heavy houre!

Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sunne, and Moone : and that th'affrighted Globe

Did yawne at Alteration.

Amil. I doe beseech you

That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee : oh come in *Amilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.

Where art thou? Whats the matter with thee now?

Enter Amilia.

Amil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.

Oth. What? now?

Amil. But now, my Lord,

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Amil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath killd

A young Venetian, calld *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* killd? and *Cassio* killd?

Amil. No, *Cassio* is not killd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* killd? Then Murthers out of tune,

And sweet Revenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Amil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? What?

Amil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe, Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death I dye.

Amil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body : I my selfe, farewell :

Commend me to my kiad Lord : oh farewell.

Oth. Why how should she be mured?

Amil. Alas! who knowes?

Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

Amil. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth. Shes like a Lyar gone to burning hell,
Twas I that killd her.

Amil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker
Divell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly : and she was a whore.

Amil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a divell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Amil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her : Aske thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell :

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Amil.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to Wedlocke;

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
Ild not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. I, twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance, Woman?
I say, thy husband.

Emil. Oh Mistris,
Vilany hath made mockes with love:
My husband say she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband; honest, honest *Iago*.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Oth. Hah?

Emil. Doe thy worst:
This deede of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not halfe that power to doe me
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull, oh dolt, (harme
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee knowne,
Though I lost twenty lives, Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now generall?

Emil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you have done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this Villaine, if thou be'st a man,
He sayes, thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not: thou'rt not such a Villaine.
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him,
She was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee false with *Cassio*?
Did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistris,
Goe to, charme your tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heavens, forefend.

Emil. And your reports have set the Murder on.

Oth. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange Truth.

Mont. O monstrous Act.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:

I thinke upont, I thinke: I smelt: O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for grieffe,
O villany I villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake:
Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will nere goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe and roare:
For thou hast killd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was fowle!
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemona*:
I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy March was mortall to him; and pure grieffe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. Tis pittifull; but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly Powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. Twill out, twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North,
Let heaven, and Men, and divels, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iago. Be wise and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull *Moore*,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did give my husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She give it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou lyes.

Emil. By heaven I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a foole
Doe with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven;
But what serves for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.

Gra. The woman fallies:
Sure he hath killd his Wife.

Emil. I, I; oh lay me by my Mistris side.

Gra. Hes gone, but his wifes kill'd.

Mont. Tis a notorious Villaine: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the *Moore*:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For tis a damned Slave.

Exit.

Oth.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Puny whipster gets my Sword.
But why should honor out-live honesty?
Let it goe all.

Emil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lov'd thee, cruell *Moore*:
So come my soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in upon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Souldiers Thigh. I have seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his fate? Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd:
Heere is my journies end, heere is my but
And very Sea-marke of my utmost Saile.
Doe you goe backe dismaid? Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe?
Now: how dost thou looke now? oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my soule from Heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave!
Whip me ye Divels,
From the possession of this heavenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfs of Liquid fire.
Oh *Desdemon*! dead *Desdemon*: dead. dead. Oh, oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man?

Oth. Thats he that was *Othello*: heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet; but thats a fable,
If that thou beest a divell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, Ild have thee live:
For in my sense, tis happinesse to dye.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
False in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall be said to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:
An honorable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Deere Generall, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I doe beleve it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Divell,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soule and body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,

You shall understand what hath befallne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be undertooke
By *Roderigo*.

Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, heeres another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wives?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole!

Cassio. There is besides, in *Roderigo's* Letter,
How he upbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Warch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with us:
Your Power, and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I have done the State some service, and they knowt:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe caught in malice.

Then must you speake,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Icalious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Indian) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting moode,
Drop teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smote him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kisse.

*Dies.
Cassio.*

Cassio. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Object poysons sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the *Moore*,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the Stare,
This heavy Act, with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Othello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*
Cassio, *An honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *A Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *A guld Gentleman.*
Duke of *Venice.*
Senators.
Montano, *Governour of Cyprus.*

Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodovico, and Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, *wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *A Curtezian.*

FIN IS.





THE TRAGEDY OF

Anthony, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generall
Ore-flowes the measure : those his goodly eyes
I hat o're the files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars :

Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies; the
Trains, with Eunuchs fan-
ning her.*

Looke where they come :
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple Pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. Theres beggery in the love that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile let a bourn how farre to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Rate me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony.*

Fulvia perchance is angry : Or who knowes,
If the scarle-bearded *Caesar* have not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Doe this, or this ;
Take in that Kingdome, and infranchise that :
Perform't, or else we damne thee,

Ant. How, my Love ?

Cleo. Perchance ? Nay, and most like ;
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from *Caesar*, therefore heare it *Anthony.*
Wheres *Fulvia* Procelle ? (*Caesars* I would say) both ?
Call in the Messengers : As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Caesars* homager : else so thy cheek payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall : Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay : Our dungy earth alike :

Feeds Beast as Man ; the Noblenesse of life
Is to doe thus : when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I bind,
On paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand up Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood :

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her ?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe,

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra.*

Now for the love of love, and her soft houres,
Lets not confound the time with Conference harsh ;
Theres not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night ?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene :

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe : whose every passion fully strives
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and ail alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to us.

Exeunt with the Trains

Dem. Is *Caesar* with *Antonius* priz'd to flight ?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should goe with *Anthony.*

Dem. I am full sorry, that he approves the common
Liar, who thus speakes of him at Rome : but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucilius,
Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.*

Char. L. Alexas, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas* ; wheres the Soothsayer that
you prais'd so to th' Queene ? Oh that I knew this Hus-
band, which you say, must change his hornes with Gar-
lands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Soth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the Man ? Is't you sir that know things ?

Soth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecy, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly : Wine enough,

Cho.

Cleopatra health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forsee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiu.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heate my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune. Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of Iewry may doe Homage. Finde me to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have scene and proved a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names: Prethee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have.

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a wombe, and foretell every wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I fo: give thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.

Iras. Theres a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'ne as the ore-flowing Nylus presageth Famine.

Iras. Goe you wild Bedfellow, you eannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyl Palme be not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine care. Prethee tell her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better than I: where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my husbands Nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more waight: good *Isis* I beseech thee.

Char. Amen, deere Goddess, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to behold a foule Knave uncuckolded: Therefore deare *Isis* keepe decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No Madame.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine A Roman thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cle. Seeke him, and bring him hither: where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your service.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke upon him:

Goe with us.

Exeunt.

Messen. *Fulvia* thy Wife, First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*.

Mess. I, but soone that Warre had end, And the times state

Made friends of them, joynting their force 'gainst *Caesar*. Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst.

Mess. The nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.

Things that are past, are done, with me. Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mess. *Labirius* (this is stiffe-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whilst —

Ant. *Anthony* thou wouldst say.

Mess. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full License, as both Truth and Malice

Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told us

Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1 *Mess.* The man from *Scicion*,

Is there such an one?

2. *Mess.* He staves upon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,

Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3 *Mess.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Mess. In *Scicion*, her length of sicknesse,

With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares,

Ant. Forebeare me

Theres a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:

What our contempts doe often hurle from us,

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shov'd her on.
I must from this Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more than the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. Whats your pleasure, Sir?

Anth. I must with haste from hence,

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortall an unkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
parture death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling an occasion, let women dye.
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be-
tweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this,
dyes instantly: I have seene her, dye twenty times upon
farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
which commits some loving acte upon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke sir no, her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
as well as love.

Ant. Would I had never seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left unseene a wonderfull
peece of worke, which not to have beene blest withall,
would have discredited your Travaile.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, give the gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when old Robes are worne out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented: This griefe is crown'd with Censo-
lation, your old Smocke brings fourth a new Petticoate,
and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere can-
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatras*, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more like Answers:

Let our Officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience, to the Queene,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches
Doe strongly speake to us: but the Letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome,
Petition us at home. *Sexus Pompeius*
Hath given the dare to *Cesar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Love is never link'd to the deserfer,

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in blood and life, stands up
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides oth' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courfers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whole place is under us, requires
Our quicke remove from hence.

Eno. I shall doot.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,

Who's with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report

That I am todaine sicke. Quickly, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did love him deereley

You doe not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I doe I doe not?

Ch. In each thing give him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbearre,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature

Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deereft Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me;

Ant. Whats the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye theres some good newes

What sayes the married woman you may goe?

Would she had never given you leave to come,

Let her not say tis I that keepe you heere,

I have no power upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queene

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, and true

(Though you swearing shake the Throned gods)

Who have beene false to *Fulvia*?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and goe:

When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then,

Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes.

Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,

But was a race of heaven. They are so still,

Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greater Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Ch.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Services a while: but my full heart
Remaines in use with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with civill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domestick powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Love: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
Vpon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is *Fulvia* death.

Cle. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?

Ant. Shee's dead my Queene,
Looke here, and at thy Sovereigne leyiure reade
The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where she dyed.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred Viols thou shoul'dst fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia* death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quertell no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I goe from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affectst.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queene forbear,
And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'l hear my blood no more?

Cleo. You can doe better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean* Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ileave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Anthony*.

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To beare such Idlenesse so neare the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calls you hence.
Therefore be deafe to my unpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Law rell'd victory, and smooch successe
Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let us go.

Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing heere, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away.

Exeunt.

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.*

Cas. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Casars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: he fishes, drinckes, and wastes
The Lampes of night in revells: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
Or did vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstract of all faults;
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, evils enow to darken all his goodnesse,
His faulrs in him, seeme as the Spots of heaven,
More fiery by nights Blacknesse; Hereditary.
Rather then purchasse: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses.

Cas. You are too indulgent. Lers graunt it is
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slave,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaves that smell of sweate: Say this becomes him
(As his compofure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foyles, when we doe beare
So great waight in his Lightnesse. If he filld
His vacancy with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full surfets, and the drinck of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heeres more newes.

Mes. Thy biddings have beene done, and every houre
Most Noble *Casars*, shalt thou have report
How tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belov'd of those
That only have feard *Casars*: to the Ports
The discontents repaire, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have knowne no lesse,
It hath bin taught us from the primall state,
That he which is, was wisht, untill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To

To rot it selfe with motion.

Mef. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacres and *Menas* famous Pyrates
 Makes the Sea serve them, which they care and wound
 With keeles of every kind. Many hot inrodes
 They make in Italy, the borders Maritime
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flesh youth revolt,
 No Vessell can peepe forth, but tis as soone
 Taken as scene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
 Then could his Warre resisted.

Caesar. Anthony,
 Leave thy lascivious Vassailes. When thou once
 Wert beaten from *Medena*, where thou slewest
Hirsin, and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heele
 Did famine follow, whom thou foughtst against,
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Then Savages could suffer. Thou didst drinke
 The stale of horses, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would coughat. Thy pallat then did daine
 The roughest Berry, on the rudest hedge.
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
 The barks of Trees thou browfedst. On the Alpes,
 It is reported thou didst cate strange flesh,
 Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honor that I speake it now)
 Was borne solike a Souldiour, that thy cheeke
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. Tis pittie of him.

Caes. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome, tis time wetwaine
 Did shew our selves ith' Field, and to that end
 Assemble we immediate counsell, *Pompey*
 Thrives in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow *Caesar*,
 I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Caes. Till which encounter, it is my businesse too. Fare- (well.

Lep. Farewell my Lord, what you shall know meane
 Offtirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir (time
 To let me be partaker.

Caes. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
 My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. Whats your highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
 In ought an Eunuch has: Tis well for thee,
 That being unfeminari'd, thy freer thoughts
 May not flye forth of Egypt, Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not indeed Madam, for I can doe nothing
 But what indeed is honest to be done:
 Yet have I fierce Affections, and thinke
 What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*;
 Where thinkst thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
 Doe bravely horse, for wor'st thou whom thou moov'st,
 The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
 And Burgonet of man. Hes speaking now,
 Or murmuring, wheres my Serpent of old Nyle,
 (For to he calls me:) Now I feed my selfe
 With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
 That am with Phebus amorous pinches blacke,
 And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,
 When thou wast heere above the ground, I was
 A morfell for a Monarke; and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
 With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Sovereigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much unlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
 Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
 With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Marke Anthony*?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Queene)
 He kist the last of many doubled kisses,
 This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart:

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he:
 Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
 To mend the petty present, I will peece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
 (Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steed,
 Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beaitly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time oth' yeare, betweene the extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition: Note him:
 Note him good *Charmian*, tis the man; but note him.
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both.
 Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So do's it no man else. Metst thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty severall Messengers.
 Why doe you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
 to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmi-*
an. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, ever
 love *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Caesar*.

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
 Say the brave *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with *Caesar* Paragon againe
 My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
 When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
 To say, as I said then. But come, away,
 Get me Inke and Paper,

he shall have every day severall greeting, or Ile unpeople Egypt.

Exeunt.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that which they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selves. Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powers Deny us for our good: so finde we profit By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: The People love me, and the Sea is mine; My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony* In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No warres without doores. *Cesar* gets money where He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both, Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field, A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius* Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Love, Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip, Let witchcraft joyne with beauty. Lust with both, Tye up the Libertine in a field of Feasts, Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes, Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite, That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour, Even till a Lethied dulnesse

Enter Varrus.

How now *Varrus*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliver: *Marke Anthony* is every houre in Rome Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for farther travaile,

Pom. I could have given lesse matter A better care. *Menas*, I did not thinke This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helme For such a petty Warre: His Souldierish Is twice the other twaine: But let us reare The higher our Opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope, *Cesar* and *Anthony* shall well greet together; His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cesar*, His Brother warr'd upon him, although I thinke Not mov'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*, How lesser Enmities may give way to greater, Were't not that we stand up against them all: 'Twer pregnant they should square betweene themselves, For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords: but how the feare of us May Ciment their divisions, and binde up The petty difference, we yet not know: Bee't as our Gods will have't; it only stands Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands, Come *Menas*.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him To answer like himselfe: if *Cesar* move him, Let *Anthony* looke over *Casars* head, And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearer of *Anthony's* Beard, I would not shave't to day.

Lep. Tis not a time for private stomacking.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enop. Not if the small come first:

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre No Embers up. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cesar*.

Enter Cesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well-heere, to Parthia: Hearke *Ventidius*.

Cesar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not A leaner action rend us. What's amisse, May it be gently heard. When we debate Our triviall difference lowd, we do commit Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners, The rather for I earnestly beseech, Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes, Nor curstnesse grow to'th' matter.

Ant. Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armes and to fight, I should do thus.

Flourish.

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit fir.

Ces. Nay then.

Ant. I learne you take things ill, which are nor for Or being, concerne you not.

Ces. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, Should say my selfe offended, and with you Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I should Once name you derogately: when to sound your name It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cesar*, what was't to you?

Ces. No more then my residing heere at Rome Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt Might be my question,

Ant. How intend you, practise'd?

Ces. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother Made warres upon me, and their contestation Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your business, my brother never Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it, And have my learning from some true reports That drew their swords with you, did he not rather Discredit my authority with yours, And make the warres alike against my stomacke, Having alike your cause: Of this, my Letters Before did satisfie you. If you patch a quarrell: As matter whole you have to take it with,

It must not be with this.

Ces. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patcht up your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cesar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greiving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Cesar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cesar. You have broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cesar*.

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talkes on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cesar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cesar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather.

And then when poisoned houres had bound me up
From mine owne knowledge, as neerly as I may,
He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe; the ignorant motive, doe
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoope in such a case.

Lep. Tis Nobly spoken.

Meca. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betwene ye: to forget them quite.
Were to remember, that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthy spoken *Micenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the
instant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey returne it againe: you shall have time to wrangle
in, when you have nothing else to doe.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That truth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
more.

Enob. Go to then: your Considerate stone.

Cesar. I doe not much dislike the matter but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold us staunch from edge to edge
Ath' world: I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave *Cesar*.

Ces. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by thy Mothers side, admir'd
Octavia? Great *Marke Anthony* is now a widdower.

Ces. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your
proofe were well deserved of rashnesse.

Anth. I am not married *Cesar*: let me heere *Agrippa*
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie, I
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men:
Whose vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Ielousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales;
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cesar* speake?

Cesar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cesar. The power of *Cesar*,
And his power, unto *Octavia*.

Anth. Mao I never
(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this house,
The heart of Brothers governe in our Loves,
And tway our great Designes.

Ces. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whome no Brother
Did ever love so deerely. Let her live
To joyne our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Flic off our Loves againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not thinke to draw my Sword against *Pompey*
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thanke him onely,
Lest my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that desie him.

Lepi. Time calls upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,
Or else he seekes out us.

Anth. Where lies he?

Ces. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Ces. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we have talkt of.

Ces. With most gladnesse,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,

Whe-

Whither straight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let us *Lepidus* not lacke your company.

Lep. Nobild *Anthony*, not sickenesse should detaine me.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecnas.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Caesar*, worthy *Mecnas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stayd well by't in Egypt.

Enb. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance: and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wilde-Boars rosted whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mecnas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Enb. When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst up his heart upon the river of *Cydnuus*.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,

The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sables: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Love-sicke.

With them the Oares were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster:
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,

It beggerd all description, she did lye
In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancie out-work Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To glove the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfes. The Cittie cast
Her people out upon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to 'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agrip. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman heard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paises his heart,
For what his eyes ate only.

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great *Caesar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she crop't.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse power breath forth.

Mec. Now *Anthony*, must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome steale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wiledome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octavia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes divide me from your bosome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule: good night deere Lady:

Octa. Good night Sir.

Caesar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Soothsayer.

Anth. Now firrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither.

Aut. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher,
Caesars or mine?

Soot. *Caesars*, Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side
Thy Dæmon (that's thy spirit which keepes thee) is
Noble, Couragious, high unmatchable.
Where *Caesars* is not. But neere him thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-pow'd, and therefore
Make space enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more, but when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke.
He beates thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to governe thee neere him:
But he alway is Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius* I would speake with him.
He shall to Parthia, be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots, he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaille, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailles ever
Beate mine (in hoop) at odd's. I will to Egypt:

Exit.

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to Parthia; your commissions ready :
Follow me and receive't.

Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Messenus and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selfe no farther: pray you hasten
your generals after.

Agg. Sir, Marke *Anthony* will e'ne but kisse *Othavia*,
and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both : Farewell,

Mece. We shall, as I conceive the journey, be at the
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'll win two dayes upon me.

Both. Sir, good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musicke : Musicke, moody foode
of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The Musicke, ho.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Clo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards : come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come too short
The Actor may please pardon. He none now,
Give me mine Angle, weele to'th' River, there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimie jawes : and as I draw them up,
He thinke them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with servencie drew up,

Cleo. That time ? Oh times :
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed :
Then put my Tires and Mantels on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Philippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine cares,
That long time have bin barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead,
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse : a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.

But sirrah marke, we use
To say, the dead are well : bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powre
Downe thy ill uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam heare me,

Cleo. Well, go to I will :

But there's no goodnesse in thy face, if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mes. Wilt please you heare me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speake'st,
Yet if thou say *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cesar*, or not Captaine to him,
He set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well sayd.

Mes. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Marke thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet is as a taylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine care,
The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cesar*,
In state of health thou saist, and thou saiest, free.

Mes. Free Madam ! no : I made no such report,
He's bound unto *Othavia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mes. For the best turne i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Othavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mes. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Strikes him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or He spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me : He unhaire thy head:

She hales him up and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud : the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beside
Thy modesty can begge.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Mes. Nay then He runne :

What meane you Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt :
Melt Egypt into Nyle ; and kindled creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slave againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him : Call?

Char. He is as feard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,

These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe : since I my selfe
Have given my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes : give to a gracious Messlage

An host of tongues, but let it tydings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yes.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appeare most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me doe,
Seemes much unequall: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all to deere for me:

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.

Char. Good your highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charman*: tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly:
Let him for ever goe, let him not *Charman*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charman*,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cesar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Cesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let us know,
If't will tye up thy discontented Sword
And carry backe to Sicily much tall youth,
That else much perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should revengers want,
Having a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Cesar*,
Whoat Philippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Mad the all-honor'd, honest *Romane Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauntious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that is it
Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant

To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.

Cesar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou caust not feareus *Pompey* with thy sailes,
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed

Thou dost orecount me of my fathers house:
But since the Cookoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist,

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us;
(For this is from the present now you talke)

The offers we have sent you,

Cesar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to,
But waigh what it is worth embrac'd.

Cesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Sicily, and did finde
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I have gained by't.

Cesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune cast's upon my face,
But in my bosome shall she never come,
To make my heart a vassale.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd betweene us,

Cesar. That's the next to doe.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I *Pompey*.

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the fame, I have
heard that *Julius Cesar*, grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard *Apolodorus* carried——

Eno. No more that: he did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cesar* in a Materice.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to doe, for I perceive

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seene thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manent Enob & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're have made this
Treaty. You, and I have knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We have Sir.

Enob. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne
safely: you have bin a good Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land service: but give me
your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they
might take two Theeves kissing

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsoere their hands
are.

Enob. But there is never a faire Woman, ha's a true
Face

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-
ing. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he doe, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y' have said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke An-
thony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cesar*'s Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*

Men. Pray y'e Sir.

Enob. Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cesar* and he, for ever knit together

Enob. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I wold
not Prophesie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage then the Love of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
that seemes to tie their friendship together, will bee the
very stranger of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold,
and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Enob. Not hee that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke
Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the fighes of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cesar*, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *An-
thony* will use his affection where it is. Hee married but
his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we have us'd our Throats in
Egypt.

Men. Come, let's a way.

Exeunt.

Musicke plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them
downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high colourd.

1 They have made him drinke *Almes* drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition he
cries out no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to'th' drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him and his
discretion.

2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellow-
ship: I had as live have a Reede that will doe me no ser-
vice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to bee seene
to move i't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittiflly disalter the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

*Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Maccenas,
Enobarbus, Menas, with other Capitaines.*

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certaine scale, i'th' Pyramid: they know
By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises as it ebbs, the Seedtman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. Y' have strange Serpents there;

Anth. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of the Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sir, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But lie ne're out.

Enob. Not till you have slept: I feare me you'l bee in till
then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemies* Pyra-
mids are very goodly things: without contradiction
have heard that.

Menas, Pompey, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Menas Forsake thy seat I do beseech thee Capitaine;
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.

Whispers in's Eare.

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth; It is just so high as it is, and mooves with it
owne organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else hee
is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare me,
Rise

Rise from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad : the matter ?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith : what's else to say ? Be jolly Lords.

Anth. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off them, for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world ?

Pom. What saist thou ?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world ?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be ?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke mee
poore, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Iove :
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way ?

Men. These three world-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their throates :
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good service : thou must know,
Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour :
Mine Honour is, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine act. Being done unknowne,
I should have found it afterwards well done.
But must condemne it now : desist, and drinke.

Men. For this Ile never follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once tis offerd,
Shall never finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him a shore,

Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*,

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strang Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why ?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man : seest
not ?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk : would it were
all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou : encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it : strike the Vesselles hoa.
Heere's to *Caesar*.

Caesar. I could well forbear't, its monstrous labour
when I wash my braine, and it growes fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Caesar. Possesse it, Ile make answer : but I had rather
fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my brave Emperor, shall we daunce now
the Egyptian Bachanals, and celebrate our drinke ?

Pom. Lets ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands :

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

The while, Ile place you ; then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beate as loud.
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. *Enobarbus* places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,

Plumpie *Bacchus* with punke eyne :

In thy Fatties our Cares be drown'd.

With thy Grapes our haire be crown'd.

Cup us till the world go round,

Cup us till the world go round.

Ces. What would you more ?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our graver businesse

Frownes at this levitie. Gentle Lords let's part,

You see we have burnt our cheeke. Strong *Enobarbe*

Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleets what it speakes : the wilde disguise hath almost

Antickt us all. What needs more words ? goodnight.

Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.

Anth. And shall Sir, gives your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you have my Fathers house.

But what, we are Friends ?

Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas* ; Ile not on shore,

No to my Cabin : these Drummes,

These Trumpets, Flutes : what

Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell

To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Florsb with Drummes.

Enob. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

Exennt.

*Enter Ventidius as it were in a triumph, the dead body of
Pacorus borne before him.*

Ven. Now darting Parthia art thou stroke and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death

Make me revenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army, thy *Pacorus* Orades,

Payes this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romane. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilt yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurne through Media,

Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whither

The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

I have done enough. A lower palce, note well

May make too great an act. For learne this *Silius*,

Better to leave undone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serue saway.

Caesar and *Anthony*, have ever wonne

More in their officer, then person. *Soffius*

One of my place in Syrja, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which he atchiv'd by th' minute, lost his favour.

Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can,

Becomes his Captaines Captaine : and Ambition

(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse

Then gaine, which darkens him.

I could doe more to doe *Antonius* good,

But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name, That magicall word of Warre wee have effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We have jaded out o'th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast The waight we must conuay with's, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes To part from *Rome*: *Caesar* is sad, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* sayes, is troubled With the Greene-Sickenesse.

Agri. Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loves *Caesar*.

Agri. Nay but how deercly he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Caesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Caesar*? Oh! the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Caesar*, say *Caesar*, go no further

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Caesar* best, yet he loves *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot Thinke, speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo. His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Caesar*, Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agrip. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so: This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antho. No farther Sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vse me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band Shall passe on thy approuse: most Noble *Anthony*, Let not the peece of Vertue which is set Betwixt us, as the Cyment of our love To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortune of it: for better might we Have lov'd without this meane, if on both parts This be not cherish't.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Caesar. I have said.

Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be herein curious, the least cause For what you seeme to feare, so the gods keepe you, And make the hearts of Romanes serve your ends: We will heere part.

Caesar. Farewell my deere Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother.

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loves spring, And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and —

Caesar. What *Octavia*.

Octa. Ile tell you in your care.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swanes downe feather That stands upon the Swell at full of Tide: And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Caesar* weep?

Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worfe for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Julius Caesar* dead, He cryed almost to roaring: And he wept, When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slaine.

Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume, What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, Belcey't till I weep too.

Caesar. No sweet *Octavia*, You shall heare from me still: the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,

Ile wrastle with you in my strength of love: Looke heere I have you: thus I let you go, And give you to the gods.

Caes. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light To thy faire way.

Caesar. Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets sound.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe asfeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majestie, *Herod* of Iury dare not looke upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile have: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Comethou neere.

Mes. Most gracious Majesty.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes. I, dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?

Is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long:

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish What Majesty is in her gate, remember If ere thou look'st on Majesty.

Mes. She creepes; her motion, & her station are as one: She shewes a body, rather then a life,

A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Cha. Three in *Egypt* cannot make better note,

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't, There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow ha's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Char.* hearle.

Mef. And I do thinke she's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mef. Round, even to faultinesse.

Cle. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?

Mef. Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it,

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,

Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,

I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee

Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cle. The man hath scene some Majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he scene Majestie? *Isis* else defend: and serving you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to aske him yet good *Char.*
mian: but tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where
I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*, Made his will, and read it,
To publike care, spoke scantily of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he had look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavi. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeve not all, or if you must beleeve,
Stomacke not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: oh blesse my Lord and husband,
Vndo that prayer: by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seekes
Best to preserve it: if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then yours so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
He raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest haist
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thankes to my Lord,
The love of Power make me most weake, most weake,
Your reconciler: Warres twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that staine men
Should soader up the Rift.

Anth. When it appeares to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so equall, that your love
Can equally moove with them. Provide your going,
Chooise your owne companie, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now friend *Eros*?

Eros. There's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Eros. *Cesar* & *Lepidus* have made Warre upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. *Cesar* having made use of him in the warres
'gainst *Pompey*: presently denied him rivalitie, would not
let him partake in the glory of action, and not resting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore
third is up, till death enlarge his Confinde.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of Chaps no more,
and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le
grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threatens the throate of that his Officer,
That mured *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Cesar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. I will be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cesar.

Ces. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heeres the manner of it:
Ith Market-place on a Tribunall silverd
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cesarion whom they call my father Sonne,
And all the unlawfull issue, that their lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
Hegave the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.
Meca. This is the publike eye?
Cesar. Ith common shew place where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolemy* he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phcenicia: she
In th'abiliments of the Goddesse *Isis*
That day appeard, and oft before gave audience,
As tis reported, so.

Meca. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cesar. The people knowes it,
And have now receivd his accusations.

Agri. Whom does he accuse?

Cesar. *Cesar*, and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoild, we had not rated him
His part o'th Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestord. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate, should be depos'd,
And being that, we deraine all his Revenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answerd.

Cesar. Tis done already, and his Messenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That

That his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his chance for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdomes, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l never yeeld to that.

Cas. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Ota. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.

Cas. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Ota. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cas. Why hast thou stolne upon me thus? you came not
Like *Casars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*;
Should have an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare; The trees by'th way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roofe of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which left unshewne,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Ota. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greiving eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cas. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract' twene his Lust, and him,

Ota. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cas. I have eyes upon him.

And his affaires come to me on the wind: where is he now?

Ota. My Lord, in Athens.

Cas. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archelaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphus* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Maachus* of Arabia, King of Pont;
Herod of Iewry, *Mitridates* King
Of Comagat, *Polemon* and *Ambius*,
The King of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Ota. Aye me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That doe afflict each other. (breaking forth)

Cas. Welcom hither, your letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wronged,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more deere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To doe you iustice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pittie you,
Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large

In his abominations, turnes you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against us.

Ota. Is it so sir?

Cas. Most certaine: Sister welcome; pray you
Be ever knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee: doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we
be there in person.

Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should serve with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meereely lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your present needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Phoebus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against us. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdom will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,

That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Tornyne. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, we,
Will fight with him by Sea

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't

Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight,

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharfalia,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Muliters, Reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift Impresse. In *Casars* Fleete,
Are those, that often have gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footemen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quire forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your selfe meereely to chance and hazard,
From firme Security.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burne;
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' heart of Actium
Beate th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy businesse?

Mes. The newes is true, my Lord, he is discried,
Cesar ha's taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be so, *Camidius*,
Our nineteenes Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Theris*.

Enter a Souldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
And the Phenicians go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *Exeunt Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th' light.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but the whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iulius,
Publicola, and Celim, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cesar*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the time's with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Cas. Towrus?

Tow. My Lord.

Cas. Strike not by Land.

Keepe whole, provoke not Battaile
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *Exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In eye of *Cesar*'s battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

*Camidius Marching with his Land Army one way over the
stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cesar other way:*

After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarm. *Enter Enobarbus and Scarnus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught; I can behold no longer:
Thautoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarnus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cattle of the world is lost
With very ignorance. we have kist away
Kingdomes, and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. You ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
When vantage like a paire of Twinnes appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in June,
Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh hee ha's given example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight in-
deede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. Tis easie too,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cesar* will I render
My Legions and my horse, fixe Kings already
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. Ile yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not we.

Ant. I have fled my selfe, and have instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my selfe, resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke upon,
My very haire do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad.
Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaves it selfe, to Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

Leave

Leave me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Doe, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Inno.*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſſe.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the brave squares of Warre: yet now: no matter,
Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee is unqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whither hast thou led me Egypt, see
How I convey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I have left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by 'th' strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after, O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Give me a kisse,
Even this repayes.

We sent our Schoole master, is a come backe?

Love I am full of Lead: some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,

We scorne her most, when most she offers blows. *Exeunt*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dolabella, with others.

Cas. Let him appeare that's com for *Anthony*.
Know you him.

Dolla. Caesar, tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach, and speake,

Amb. Such as I am I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Cas. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy greatnesse:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Gace.

Cas. For *Anthony*,
I have no cares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, to she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if she performe,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cas. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, when she requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Caesar*, I go.

Cas. Observe how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that mooves.

Thid. *Caesar*, I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose severall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Tis a shame no lesse
Then was his loss, to course your flying Flagges,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is this his answer.

Amb. I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then have courttesie,
So she will yeeld us up.

Am. He sayes so.

Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wish to the brimme,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth upon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coyne, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would prevaile
Vnder the service of a childe, as soone
As i'th Command of *Cesar*. I dare him therefore
To Lay his gay comparisons a-part
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Our selves alone; He write it, Follow me.

Eno. Yes, like enough: hie-battell'd *Cesar* will
Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' shew
Against a Swordsman. I see mens judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Doe draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cesar* will
Answer his emptinesse; *Cesar* thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cesar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him fir.

Enob. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place i'th Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cesar*'s will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly:

Thid. So haply are they friends to *Anthony*.

Enob. He needs as many (fir) as *Cesar* has.
Or needs not us. If *Cesar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his friend: For as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cesar*'s.

Thid. So, Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cesar* intreats
Not to consider in what case thou standst
Further than he is *Cesar*.

Cleo. Goe on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarres upon your honour therefore he
Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god,
And knowes what is most right. Mine honour
Was not yeilded, but conquer'd meere.

Enob. To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, fir, thou art to leaky
That we must leave thee thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Exit Enob.

Thid. Shall I say to *Cesar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a Masse
To leape upon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe under his shrowd, the vniverfall

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger, (Landlord.
Say to great *Cesar* this in disputation.

I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feet, and there to kneele.
Tell him from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. Tis your noblest course:
Wisdom and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cesar*'s Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in)
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours? By Iove that thunders. What art thou

Thid. One that but performs (Fellow?
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obeyde.

Enob. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch theretah you Kite. Now gods & divels,
Authority melts from me of late. When I cride ho,
Like Boyes unto a muffle, Kings would start forth,
And cry your will. Have you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iacke and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Enob. Tis better playing with a Lyons whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wert twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That doe acknowledge *Cesar*, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she here, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke *Anthony*.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt,
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cesar*'s shall
Beare us an arrant to him. *Exit with Thidias.*
You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of Women, to be abused
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have beene a boggler ever,
But when we in our viciousnesse grew hard
(Oh misery ont) the wise gods feeble our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleere judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, ist come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold upon
Dead *Cesar*'s Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the Hill of *Babylon*, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I have Savage cause,
And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which does the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Scundly my Lord.

Ant. Cryed he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou sorry
To follow *Cesar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cesar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie tis to doo:
When my good starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into the Abisme of Hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terene Moone is now Eclipse.
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his poynts.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,

From my cold heart, let heaven ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolve my life, the next *Cæsarian* smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandring of this pelleted storme,
Lye gravelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by land,
Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too
Have knit againe, and Fleet, threatening most Sea-like.
Where hast thou beene my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the field I shall returne once more
To kisse these lips, I will appeare in blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne my Chronicle,
Theres hope in't yet.

Cleo. Thats my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-finewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests: but now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darknesse all that stop me. Come,
Lets have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Lets mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet doe well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,

Ant. Doe so, wee'l speake to them,

And to night Ile force

The Wine peepe through their skarres.

Come on (my Queene)

Theres sap in't yet. The next time I doe fight

Ile make death love me: for I will contend

Even with his pestilent Sythe

Exeunt.

Enob. Now he'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious

Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode

The Dove will pecke the Estridge; and I see still

A diminution in our Captaines braine,

Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,

It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke

Some way to leave him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Cesar, Agrippa, and Mecenai with his Army,
Cesar reading a Letter.*

Ces. He calls me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personall Combat.
Cesar to *Anthony*: let the old Russian know,
I have many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. *Cesar* must thinke,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction: Never anger

Made good guard for it selfe.

Ces. Let our best heads know,

That to morrow, the last of many Battails

We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,

Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done,

And feast the Army, we have store to doo't,

And they have earn'd the waste. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Enob. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Souldier,

By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood,

Shall make it live againe. Woo't thou fight well?

Enob. Ile strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my household servants, lets to night

Enter three or foure Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand;

Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,

Thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,

And Kings have beene your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

En. Tis one of those odde tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapt up together, in

An *Anthony*: that I might doe you service,

So good as you have done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night :
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he meane ?

Eros. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night ;

May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the gods yeeld you for't.

Enob. What meane you (sir)
To give them this discomfort ? Look, you weepe,
And I an Ass, am Onion-ey'd ; for shame,
Transforme us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho :
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me a too dolorous a sence,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches : know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honour. Lets to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a company of Souldiers.

1 *Sol.* Brother, good night : to morrow is the day.
2 *Sol.* It will determine one way : Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1 Nothing : what newes ?
2 Belike tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1 Well sir, good night.

They meet with other Souldiers.

2 Souldiers have carefull Watch.
1 And you : Goodnight ; goodnight.
They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.
2 Here we, and if to morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand up.

1 Tis a brave Army, and full of purpose.
Musicke of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.

2 Peace, what noyse ?
1 Lift, lift.

2 Hearke.
1 Musicke i'th' Ayre,
3 Vnder the earth.

It signes well, does it not ?
3 No.

1 Peace I say : What should this meane ?
2 Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.

1 Walke, lets see if other Watchmen
Doe heare what we doe ?

2 How now Masters ? *Speake together.*

Omnes. How now ? how now ? doe you heare this ?

1 I, is't not strange ?

3 Doe you heare Masters ? Doe you heare ?

1 Follow the noyse so farre as we have quarter.

Lets see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content : Tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke, *Eros*, come mine Armour *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is.
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
Whats this for ? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe : Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seest thou my good Fellow. Goe, put on thy defences,
Eros. Briefly sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we doe please
To doft for our repose, shall heare a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this : Dispatch. O Love,
That thou couldst see my warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou shouldst see
A workeman in't.

Enter an armed souldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou lookst like him that knowes a warlike charge :
To businesse that we love, we rise betime,
And goe too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, have on their
Riveted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Shows.*

Trumpets flourish.

Enter Capitaines and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire : Good morrow Generall,

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. Tis well blowne Lad :

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so : Come give me that, what ere becomes of me,
Fare thee well Dame, what ere become of mee,
This is a Souldiers kisse : rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaveth thee :
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't : Adieu. *Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly : that he and *Cesar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight ;
Then *Anthony* ; but now. Well on. *Exeunt.*

Trumpet sound. Enter Anthony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, and those thy scarres had once pre-
To make me fight at Land. (vaile,

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Souldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Eros. Who'd one ever neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*.

He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæsars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Goe *Eros*, send his Treasure after; doe it,
Detaine no jot I charge thee: writeto him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a Master. Oh my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Eros*.

Exit.

*Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus,
and Dollabella.*

Cæs. Goe forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alive:
Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of univerrall peace is neere,
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Goe charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*: there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cæsar*,
And leave his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment; but
No honorable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I doe accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Be it you say t the bringer
Out of the host, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperôr
Continues still a Iove.

Exit.

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have payed
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my heart
If swift thought breake it not: a swiftd meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight against thee: No I will goe seeke
Some Ditch, where to dye: the foult best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit.

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too farre:
Cæsar himselfe has worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarum.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperôr, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clowts about their head.

Farts off.

Ant. Thou bleedst apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now tis made an H.

Ant. They doe retyre.

Scar. We'll beat em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Roome for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage serves
For a faire victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch em up, as we take Hares behind,
Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.

Scarus, with other.

Ant. We have beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, and let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shali see, we'll spill the blood
That has to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you and have fought
Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you have shewne all *Hectors*,
Enter the City, clip your Wives, your friends,
Tell them your fears, whilst they with joyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand,
To this great Faery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blesse thee. Oh thouday o'th' world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through prooffe of Harnesse to my part, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'f't thou smiling from
The world: great snare uncaught.

Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beate them to their Beds.

What Gyrle, though gray
Do something mingle with our yonger browne, yet ha we
A braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get goll for goll of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his Lippes thy favouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a god in hate of Mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile give thee friend

An Armour all of gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them,
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Campe this host, we all would sup together,
And drinke Carowfes to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promises Royall perill. Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties care.
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centery, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this houre,
We must returne to th' Court of Guard : the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By th' second houre ith' Morne.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one to's

Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night.

2 What man is this?

1 Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men revolted shall upon Record
Beare hatefull memory : poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

2 Peace : hearke further.

Enob. Oh Sovereigne Mistris of true Melancholly;
The poysonous dampe of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very Rebelle to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with griefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts, Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leaver, and a fugitive :
Oh *Anthony* ! Oh *Anthony* !

1 Lets speake to him.

Cent. Lets heare him, for the things he speakes
May concerne *Cesar*.

2 Lets doe so, but he sleepes.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.

1 Goe we to him.

2 Awake sir, awake, speake to us.

1 Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes asafre off.

Heare how the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers :
Let us beare him to th' Court of Guard : he is of note :
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recover yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'ld fight ith' Fire, or ith' Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adjoyning to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the haven :
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looke on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best advaniage.

Exeunt.

Alarum asafre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd :
Where yond Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
He bring thee word straight, how tis like to goe. *Exit.*

Scar. Swallowes have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost :
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yeilded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye :
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy uprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, even heere
Doe we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, doe dis' Candy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cesar* : and this Pine is barkt,
That over-topd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt ! this grave Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, and cal'd them home :
Whose bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gyphis, hath at fast and loose
Beguild me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell ! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Cesar's* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to th' shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor't Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octavia*, plough thy visage up
With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra.*

Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live. But better twere
Thou fellst into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me, teach me
Aleides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes oth' Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest selfe : the Witch shall dye,
To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot : she dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *Exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my woman : Oh he is more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theflay
Was never so imbold.

Char. To th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead :

The soule and Body rive not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th Monument :

Mardian, goe tell him I have slaine my selfe :

Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prethee) pittcoulsly. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Anth. *Eros*, thou yet beholdst me ?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd thats Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast scene these signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord:

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body : heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine :
Which whilst it was mine, had annex unto't
A Million moe, (now lost :) she *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Casars*, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword,

Mar. No *Anthony*,

My Mistris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst doe
Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake

Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony* :

Then in the middst a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony* : it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips : she tendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe : that thou departst hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly : goe.

Exit Mardian.

Oh, plucke off,
The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides,
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace :
No more a Souldier : bruised peeces goe,
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *Exit Eros.*
I will ore-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture : since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does : yea, very force entangles
It selfe with strength : Seale then and all is done.

Eros ? I come my Queene. *Eros* ? Say for me,
Where Soules doe couch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Post make the Ghostes gaze :
Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord ?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I have liv'd in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and ore greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Citties ; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Cesar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed : When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable profection of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then wouldst kill me.
Doo't, the time is come : thou strik't not me,
Tis *Cesar* thou defear'st. Put colour in my cheek.

Eros. The gods with-hold me,
Shall I doe that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not,

Ant. *Eros*,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheeld seate
Of fortunate *Cesar* drawne before him, branded
His basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then : for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worne
Most usefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworst thou not then
To doe this when I bad thee ? Doe it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it doe at once

The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now *Eros*,

Killes himselfe.

Eros. Why there then :

Thus I doe escape the sorrow of *Anthones* death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me : Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not, my Queene and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dyes thy Scholler : to doe thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead ? not dead ?
The Guard, how ? oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1 *Guard.* Whats the noise?

Ant. I have done my worke ill friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2 The Starre is false.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one.

[Exeunt.]

Decr. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers flye
This sword but shewne to *Cesar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dis. Wheres *Anthony*?

Decr. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Lives he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and give me,
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dis. Most absolute Lord:

My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When didst see thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

(fear)

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. To late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prethee.

Dis. What hoa: the Emperors Guard.

The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4 or 5 of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends were *Cleopatra* bides,
Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we fir you may not live to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my fellowes, doe not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now good friends,
And have my thanks for all. *Exeunt bearing Anthony.*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides also, with
Charmian, and Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never goe from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His deaths upon him, but not dead.
Looke out oth other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,

Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore oth' world. O *Anthony*, *Anthony*, *Anthony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Irás* helpe: helpe friends
Below, lets draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Not *Cesar*'s Valour hath orethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthony*, hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,

That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying: onely
I heere importune death a-while, untill
Of many thousand kisses the poore last
I lay upon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th' Imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cesar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Kaife, Drugges, Serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me: but, come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee up:
Assist good friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone,

Cleo. Heeres sport indeed:
How heavy weighe my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by loves side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come.

They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liv'd;
Quickened with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.

Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
Of *Cesar* seeke your honor, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They doe not goe together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,

None about *Cesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Cesar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with these my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince oth world,
The Noblest: and doe now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Styx? Oh see my women:
The Crowne oth earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is false : young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuell now with men : The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quitnesse, Lady.

Iras. Shes dead too, our Sovereigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt : Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. Alls but naught :
Patience is fottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad : then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How doe you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrls? Ah women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, its out. Good firs, take heart,
Wee'll bury him : And then, whats brave, what Noble,
Lets do't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women! Come, we have no friend
But Resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.*

Cesar. Goe to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawfes that he makes.

Dol. *Cesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretus with the sword of Anthony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Apppeare thus to us?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretus*,
Marke Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I as was to him,
Ile be to *Cesar*: if thou pleasest not, I yeild thee up my life.

Cesa. What ist thou sayst?

Dec. I say (Oh *Cesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Cesa. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should have shooke Lyons into civill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Cesar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it staine
With his most Noble blood.

Ces. Looke you sad friends,

The gods rebuke me, but it is a Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persifted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors, way equall with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit never
Did steere humanity : but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cesar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirrors set before him,
He needes must see himselfe.

Ces. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we doe launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine : we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Sovereigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe ; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle ; that our Starres
Vnreconcilable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good friends,
But I will tell you at some meetter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'll heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian..

Whence are you?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queene my Mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To th' way shees forc'd to.

Ces. Bid her have good heart,
She soone shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable, and how kindly We
Determine for her. For *Cesar* cannot leave to be ungentle

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee.

Exit.

Ces. Come hither *Proculeius*, Goe and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Left in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She doe defeate us. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph : goe,
And with your speediest bring us what she sayes,
And how yon find of her.

Pro. *Cesar* I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Ces. *Julius*, goe you along : wheres *Dolabella*, to se-
cond *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella.*

Ces. Let him alone : for I remember now
How hes imployd : he shall in time be ready.
Goe with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Goe with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defelation does begin to make
A better life : Tis paltry to be *Cesar* :
Not being fortune, hes but fortunes knave,
A minister of her will : and it is great

To doe that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleepes, and never pallats more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Casars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. Whats thy name?

Pro. May name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I doe not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Majesty to keepe decorum, must
No lesse beggethen a Kingdome: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

Y'are false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes over
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him ith' Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cesar* come.

Isas. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not be'rraid,

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, doe not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your selfe: Let the world see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house ile ruine;
Doe *Cesar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoyst me up,
And shew me to the shewting Varlotry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt,
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries hygh pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me up in Chaines,

Pro. You doe extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Find cause in *Cesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,

What thou hast done, thy Master *Cesar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,

It shall content me best: be gentle to her,
To *Cesar* I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll imploy me to him.

Exit Proculeius.

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empreffe, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Ist not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Sovereigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crested the world: his voyce was propertyed
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,
He was as rattling Thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realmes and Islands
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the gods:
But if there be, nor ever were one such
Its past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stufte
To vye strange formes with fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, gainst fancy,
Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:

Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might never
Ore-take pursu'de successe: but I doe feele
By the rebound of yours, a griefe that suites
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you sir:

Know you what *Cesar* meanes to doe with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you sir.

Dol. Though he be honorable.

Cleo. He'll leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I knowt.

Enter Proculeius, Cesar, Gallus, Meneas,
and others of his Traines.

All. Make way there, *Cesar*.

Cesar?

Cas. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cas. Arise, you shall not kneele :

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I much obey,

Cas. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir oth' world,
I cannot project mine owne cause so well
To make it cleare, but doe confesse I have
Beene laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cas. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce :
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change, but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antonies course, you shall bereave you selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, and we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Cas. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*,

Cleo. This is the brieve : of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am posselt of, tis exactly valedwed,
Not petty things admitted. Wheres *Selenus* ?

Selen. Heere Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I have reserv'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Selenus*.

Selen. Madam I had rather feele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept backe?

Selen. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Cas. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisedome in the deed.

Cleo. See *Caesar* : Oh behold,
How pompe is followed : Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine,
The ingratitude of this *Selenus*, does
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more trust
Then love thats hyr'd? What goest thou backe, thou shalt
Goe backe I warrant thee : but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings, Slave, soule-lesse, Villaine, Dog,
O rarely base !

Cas. Good Queene, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Caesar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meeke, that mine owne Servant should
Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say (good *Caesar*)
That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignity
As we greet moderne friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred : the gods ! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee goe hence,

Cleo. kneeles.

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th'Ashes of my chance : Wer't thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cas. Forbeare *Selenus*.

Cleo. Be it knowne, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others doe : and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.

Cas. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we ith' Roll of Conquest : still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleewe
Caesar's no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons : No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall give us counsell : Feede, and sleepe :
Our care and pittie is so much upon you,
That we remaine your friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cas. Not so : Adieu.

Exeunt Caesar, and his Traine.

Cleo. He words me Gyrls, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearken thee *Charman*.

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye thee againe.

I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Goe put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Wheres the Queene ?

Char. Behold sir.

Cleo. *Dolabella*.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)

I tell you this : *Caesar* through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Servant :

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Caesar*,

Exit.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Now *Iras*, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shalt be shewne
In Rome aswell as I : Mechanicke Slaves
With greazy Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vplift us to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, tis most certaine *Iras* : sawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
Ballad us out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandria Revels : *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking-*Cleopatra*-Boy my greatnesse
Ith' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay thats certaine.

Iras. Ile never see't; for I am sure my Nails
Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why that the way to foole their preparation,
And conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Goe fetch
My best Attires. I am againe for *Cidrus*
To meet *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, goe
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeed,) *A noyse within.*
And when thou hast done this chare, Ile give thee leave
To play till Doomeſday: bring our Crowne, and all.

Wherefore's this noyse?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in.

Exit Guardsman.

How poore an Inſtrument
May doe a Noble deed: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clowne.

Guards. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoyd and leave him.

Exit Guardsman.

Halt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That kills and paines not?

Clow. Truly I have him: but I would not be the partie
that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is
immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or never
recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dyed ont?

Clo. Very many men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honeſt woman,
but ſomething given to lye, as a woman ſhould not
doe, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the by-
ting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truly, ſhe makes a very
good report o'th' worme: but he that will beleve all that
they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by halfe that they doe: but
this is moſt fallible, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You muſt thinke this (looke you) that the
Worme will doe his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Cleo. Looke you, the Worme is not to be truſted, but
in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeed, there is no
goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Cleo. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is
not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Cleo. You muſt not thinke I am ſo ſimple, but I know
the divell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the divell dreſſe her
not. But truly, theſe ſame whorſon Divels doe the gods
great harme in their women: for in every ten that they
make, the divels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee hence, farewell.

Cleo. Yes forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' worme. *Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The juyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras* quicke: me thinkes I heare

Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Aſt. I heare him mocke
The lucke of *Caſar*, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I give to baſer life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Have I the Aſpicke in my lips? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Diſſolve thicke Cloud, & Raine, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves doe weepe.

Cleo. This proves me baſe:

If ſhe proves the curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortall
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intricate, (wretch,
Of life at once untie: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh couldſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Caſar* Aſſe, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſterne ſtarre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:

Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breſt,
That ſuckles the Nurſe aſleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.

What ſhould I ſtay—

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde world? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A Laſſe unparaſell'd. Downy Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard ruſſling in, and Dolabella.

Guard. Wheres the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

Guard. *Caſar* hath ſent.

Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.

Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.

Guard. Approach hee,

All's not well: *Caſar*'s beguilde.

Guard. There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Caſar*: call him.

Guard. What worke is here *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Guard. All dead.

Dol. *Caſar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Aſt which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Caſar and all his Traine marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Caſar*.

Dol.

Dol. Oh Sir, you are too sure an Augurer :
That you did feare, is done.

Cesar. Bravest at the last,
She level'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way : the manner of their deaths,
I doe not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her Figs :
This was his Basket.

Ces. Poyson'd then.

Guard. Oh *Cesar* :
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake :
I found her trimming up the Diadem ;
On her dead Mistris, tremblingly she stood,
And on the sedaine dropt.

Cesar. Oh noble weaknesse :
If they had swallow'd poyson, twould appeare.
By externall swelling : but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace,

Dol. Here on her brest,
There is a vent of blood, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

Guard. This an Aspects traile
And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' Aspicke leaves upon the Caves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable
That so she dyed : for her Physitian tels me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A paire so famous : high events as these
Strike those that make them : and their story is
No lesse in pittie, than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemn shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity. *Exeunt omnes.*

FIN IS.



THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent.

You doe not meet a man but frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme as do's the Kings.

2 Gent. But whats the matter?

1 His daughter, and the heire of kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. Shes wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 And wy so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princeesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the earth
For one, he like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I doe not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.

1 I doe extend him (Sir) which himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then unfold
His measure dully.

2 Whats his name and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did joyne his honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which their father
Then old, and fond of issue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) decaft
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that histime
Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
As we doe ayre, fast as twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to doe) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feared them: and to the graver,
A child that guid'd Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole child to th'King?

1 His onely child?

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeeres old
I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this agoe?

1 Some twenty yeeres.

2 That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1 How soere, tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I doe well beleve you.

1 We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeesse.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Que. No, be assur'd you shall not find me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Evill-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes

.b b b

That

That locke up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate : marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may informe you.

Post. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Que. You know the perill :
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling Curtisie ! How fine this Tyrant
Cantickle where she wounds ? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can doe on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes : not comforted to live,
But that there is this lewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistris :
O Lady, weepe no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filario's*,
Who, to my Father was a friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter ; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Que. Be brieft, I pray you :
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure : yet He move him
To walke this way : I never doe him wrong,
But he do's buy my injuries, to be friendes.
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow : Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers ; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you wooe another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how ? Another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And scare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on : And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse : so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Love, He place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods !
When shall we see againe ?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoyd hence, from my sight :
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainders of the Court :
I am gone. *Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That shouldst repaire my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on me.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath ; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace ? Obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

Cym. That mightst have had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not : I chose an Eagle,
And did avoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, wouldst have made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman : Over-buys me
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What ? art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost Sir : heaven restore me : would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ;
They were againe together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Que. Beseech your patience : Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereigne,
Leave us to our selves, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Que. Fye, you must give way :
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir ? What newes ?

Pis. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Que. Hah ?

No harme I trust is done ?

Pis. There might have beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger : they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Que. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile, O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master ?
Pis. On his command : he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : lest these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Que. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant : I dare lay mine honour
He will remaine so.

Pis. I humbly thanke your highnesse.

Que.

Que. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) goe see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1 Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reeke as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: Theres none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carcasse if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went oth' Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.]

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwene us.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a foole you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty and her Braine goe not together. Shees a good signe, but I have seene small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not upon Fooles, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, unlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll goe with us?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, lets goe together.

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grewst unto the shores oth'haven,
And questioned'st every Saile: if he should write,
And I not have it, twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or care,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,
Still waving, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how flow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did:

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him?

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honor: or have charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words. comes in my father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you doe, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutch-
man, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Beleeve it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; he
was then of a Cressent note, expected to prove so wor-
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then have look'd on him, without the helpe of Ad-
miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Item's.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now he is, with that which makes him both with-
out, and within.

French. I have seene him France: we had very ma-
ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King Daughter,
wherein he must be weighed rather by her vawew, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully

to extend him, be it but to fortifie here judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to journey with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

Fren. Sir, we have knowne together in Orleance.

Post. Since when I have bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Fren. Sir, you ore-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had beene pittie you should have beene put together, with so morall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and triviall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shunn'd to goe even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to bee put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have false both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

Fren. Safely, I thinke, twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more faire, Vertuous, Wife, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living: or this Gentlemans opinion by this worne out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so farre provok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britany: if she went before others. I have seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not beleieve she excelled many: but I have not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so doe I my Stone.

Iach. What doe you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enjoyes.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistris is dead, or shes out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casuall. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I doe nothing doubt you have store of Theeves, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave heere Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her goe backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moyty of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion ore-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to baile your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what yare worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. Whats that?

Post. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

Phil. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancy you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold deere as my finger, tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you feare.

Post. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a graver purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would under-goe whats spoken, I sweare.

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heres my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours so

so is your Diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in : She your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours : 'provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us : onely thus farre you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remaine uneduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise : for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant : we will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and sterve : I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow em.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Quee. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who has the note of them ?

Lad. I Madam.

Quee. Dispatch.

Exeunt Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges :

Cor. Pleaseth your highnesse, I : here they are, Madam : But I beseech your Grace, without offence (My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds, Which are the moovers of a languishing death : But though slow, deadly.

Quee. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question ; have I not beene Thy Pupill long ? hast thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes ? Distill ? Preserve ? Yea so, That our great King himselfe doth woe me oft For my Confections ? having thus farre proceeded, (Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) ist not meete That I did amplifie my judgement in Other Conclusions ? I will try the forces Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none humane) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their Act, and by them gather Their severall vertues, and effects.

Corn. Your highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart : Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noysome and infectious.

Quee. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, upon him Will I first worke : Hes for his Master, And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio* ? Doctor, your service for this time is ended, Take your owne way.

Cor. I doe suspect you, Madam,
But you shall doe no harme.

Quee. Hearke thee a word.

Cor. I doe not like her. She doth thinke she has Strange ling'ring poysons : I doe know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice, with A drugges of such damn'd Nature : Those she has, Will stupifie and dull the Sense a while, Which first (perchance) she'll prove on Cats and Dogs, Then afterward up higher : but there is No danger in what shew of death it makes, More then the locking up the Spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect : and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Quee. No further service, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Exit.

Quee. Weepes she still (saist thou ?)
Dost thou thinke in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter Where Folly now posselles ? Doe thou worke : When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne, Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy Master : Greater, for His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor Continue where he is : To shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that comes, comes to decay A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect To be depend on a thing that leanes ? Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends So much, as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up Thou knowst not what : But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I make, which hath the King Five times redeem'd from death. I doe not know What is more Cordiall. Nay I prethee take it, It is an earnest of a farther good That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how The case stands with her : doo'r, as from thy selfe : Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke Thou hast thy Mistris still, too boote, my Sonne. Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King To any shape of thy Preferment, such As thou'lt desire : and then my selfe, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisanio* Thinke on my words. A flye, and constant knave, Not to be shak'd : the Agent for his Master, And the Remembrancer of her, to hold The hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that, Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of Leidgers for her Sweet : and which she after, Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so : Well done, well done :
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset : Fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Thinke on my words. *Exit Queene, and Ladies.*

Pisa. And shall doe :
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
Ile choake my selfe : theres all Ile doe for you.

Exit.
Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd : O, that Husband,
My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy : but most miserable
Is the desire thats glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? Eye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam !
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highnesse deerely.

Imo. Thankes good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich :
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend :
Arme me Audacity from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud,
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can doe.

Iach. Thankes fairest Lady :
What are men mad ? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this valuted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea, and Land, which can distinguish twixt
The fiery Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be ith'eye : for Apes, and Monkeyes
Twixt two such Shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor ith' judgement :
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit : Nor ith' Appetite.
Sluttry to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow ?

Iach. The Cloyed will :
That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Ravening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thankes Madam, well : Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Mans abode, where I did leave him :
Hes strange and peevish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord ?
His health beseech you ?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant : none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome : he is call'd
The Britaine Reveller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did inclinè to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loves
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sides from him ; whiles the rolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs froms free lungs : cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to thinke that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be : with free houres languish,
For assured bondage ?

Imo. With my Lord say so ?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman :
But heavens know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he :

But yet heavens bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himselfe tis much ;
In you which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittie too.

Imo. What doe you pittie Sir ?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir ?

You looke on me : what wracke discerne you in me
Deserves your pittie ?

Iach. Lamentable : what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
Ith Dungeon by a Snuffe ?

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why doe you pittie me ?

Iach. That others doe
(I was about to say) enjoy your —— but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You doe seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me ; pray you
Since doubting things goe ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they doe. For Certainties
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon : this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch) would force the feelers soule
To th'oath of Loyalty. This object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it onely heere, should I (damnd then)

Slaver

Slaver with lippes as common as the staires
That mount the Capitoll : I oyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourelly falshood (falshood as
With labour :) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoaky light
Thats fed with stinking Tallow : it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change : but tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereft Soule: your Cause doth strike my heart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Empery
Would make the greatft King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe-exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld : with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenesse can lend Nature. Such boyld stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reveng'd :

How should I be reveng'd ? if this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is valting variable Ramps
In your despight, upon your purse : revenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio* ?

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I doe condemne mine eares, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange :
Thou wrongst a Gentleman, who is as farr
From thy report, as thou from honor : and
Solicist heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Divell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio* ?
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault : if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to us ; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio* ?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit, Blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his ; and you his Mistis, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new ore ; and he is one
The truest manner'd : such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him :
Halfe all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits mongst men, like a descended god :
He hath a kinde of honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angry
(Most mighty Princeesse) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare.
Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeleffe. Pray your pardon.

Imo. Alls well Sir :

Take my powre ith' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks : I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns,
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what ist ?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of us, and your Lord
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor :
Which I (the factor for the rest) have done
In France : tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their vales great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage : May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly :

And payne mine honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will kepe them
In my Bed chamber:

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night :
I must aboard to morrow,

Imo. One, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech : or I shall short my word.
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines :
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I have out-stood my time, which is materiall
To th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write :

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yeilded you : you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such lucke ? when I kist
the Iacke upon an up-cast, to be hit away ? I had a hun-
dred pound on't ; and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes,
must

must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowle.

2 If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2 No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I give him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2 To have smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing tin th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every Iacke-Slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must goe up and downe like a Cocke, that no body can match.

2 You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cocke, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2 It is not fit you Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiours.

2 I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1 Did you heare of a Stranger thats come to Court to night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Hes a strange fellow himsele, and knowes it not.

1 Theres an Italian come, and tis though one of *Leonatus* friendes.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2 You are a Foole granted, therefore your Issues being foolish doe not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile goe see this Italian: what I have lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2 Ile attend your Lordship.

Exit.

That such a crafty Divell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Asse: a woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eightene. Alas poore Princeesse, Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly coyning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foule expulsion is Of thy deere husband, Then that horrid Act Of the divorce, he'd make the heavens hold firme The walls of thy deere honor. Keepe unshak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Whos there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lad. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafe where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clocke,

I prethee call me: Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech yee.

Sleeper.

Iachimo from the Truncke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquinius* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becomst thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheets: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,

How deere they do't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the flame oth' Taper

Bowes toward her, and would under-peepe her lids.

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder the windowes, White and Azure-lac'd

With Blew of heavens owne tinct, But my designe

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents oth' Story.

Ah, but so she naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaner Moveables

Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.

O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest

A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I'ch bottome of a Cowslippe. Heeres a Voucher,

Stronger then ever Law could make: this Secret

Will force him thinke I have pick'd the locke, and t'ane

The treasure of her honor. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this downe, thats riveted,

Screw'd to my memory. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Terreu*, heere the leaves turn'd downe

Where *Philostrate* gave up. I have enough,

To th' Truncke againe, and shur the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May beare the Ravens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes,

One, two, three: time, time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1 But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: its almost morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord,

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am advis'd to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: if you can penetrate here with your fingering, so we'll try with tongue too: if none will doe, let her remaine: but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderfull sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider,

Song.

*Hearke, hearke, the Larks at Heavens gate sing,
and Phoebus gins arise,*

*His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowers that lyes:*

*And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calves-guts, nor the voyce of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Cymbeline, and Imogen.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for thats the reason I was up so earely: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance ou'r, And then she's yours.

Que. You are most bound to'th'King, Who lets goe by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicit, and be friended With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to doe those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Maf. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors fr from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on us We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have given good morning to your Mistris, Attend the Queene, and us, we shall have need T'employ you towards this Romane. Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be up, Ile speake with her: if not, Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leave hoa, I know her women are about her: what

If I doe line one of their hands, tis gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea and makes *Diana's* Rangers false themselves, yeeld up Their Deere to'th'stand o'th Stealer: and tis gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not doe, and undoo? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the case my selfe. By your leave.

Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lad. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

Lad. Thats more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, Can justly boast of: whats your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

Lad. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, Sell me your good report.

Lad. How my good name? or to report of you What I shall thinke is good. The Princeesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines For purchasing but trouble: the thankses I give, Is telling you that I am poore of thankses, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, twere as deepe with me: If you sweare still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent, I would not speake. I pray you spare me, faith I shall unfold equall discourtesie To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnesse, twere my sinne, I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folkes.

Clot. Doe you call me foole?

Imo. As I am mad I doe:

If you'll be patient, Ile no more be mad, That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verball: and learne now, for all, That I which know my heart, doe heere pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Charity To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against

Obedience, which you owe your father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almcs, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more means) to knit their sonles (On whom there is no more dependancy But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knor, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The

The consequence oth' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious noie of it ; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livory, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler ; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow :

Wert thou the Sonne of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides : thou wer't too base,
To be his Groome : thou wer't dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy, If were made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdome ; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clift his body, is dearer
In my respect, then all the haire above thee,
Were they all made such men : How now *Pisano*?

Enter Pisano.

Clot. His Garment ? Now the divell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hye thee presently.

Clot. His Garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worfe : Goe bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme : it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Renew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I doe thinke,
I saw't this morning : Confident I am,
Latt night twas on mine Arme : I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but him.

Pisa. I will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : goe and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me :

His meanest Garment ?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too :

Shes my good Lady ; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir,
To'th'worst of discontent.

Clot. He bareveng'd :

His meanest Garment ? Well.

Exit.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir : I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remaine hers.

Phil. What meanes doe you make to him ?

Post. Not any : but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come : In these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love ; they sayling
I must dye much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore payes all I can doe. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus* : *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I thinke

Hee'le grant the Tribute : send th' Arrerages,
Or looke upon our Romanes, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.

Post. I doe beleewe

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)

That this will prove a Warre ; and you shall heare

The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed

In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tydings

Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen

Are men more order'd then when *Iulius Caesar*

Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,

(Now mingled with their courages) will make knowne

To their Approvers, they are People, such

That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest harts, have posted you by land ;

And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sables.

To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answer, made

The speedinesse of your returne.

Iach. Your Lady,

Is one of the feyrest that I have look'd upon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty

Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,

And be false with them.

Iach. Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,

When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not

Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,

Ile make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which

Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easie.

Post. Make not Sir,

Your losse, your Sport : I hope you know that we

Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Covenant : had I not brought

The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant

We were to question farther ; but I now

Professe my selfe the winner of her honor,

Together with your Ring ; and not the wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your willes,

Post. If you can mak't apparant

That you have tasted her in Bed ; my hand,

And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion

You had of her pure honor : gaines, or looses,

Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leave both

To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances

Being so nere the truth, as I will make them,

Must first induce you to beleewe : whose strength

I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'll

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*; when she met her Roman,
And *Cidius* swell'd above the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Pride: A peece of Worke
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true:

And this you might have heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must iustifie my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or doe your Honour injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted, Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her honor:
Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell: See,
And now tis up againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post. Love——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basiliske unto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is beauty: Truth, where semblance: Love,
Where theres another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above measure false.

Phil. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or

Who knowes if one of her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More evident then this: for this war stole.

Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.
Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honorable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deere
There, take thy hyre, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves betweene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one perswaded well of.

Post. Never talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.

Iach. If you seeke
For further satisfying; under her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You doe remember
This staine upon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arithmeticke,
Never count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Iach. Ile be sworn.

Post. No swearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

Iach. Ile deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale;
I will goe there and doo't, ich' Court, before
Her father. Ile doe something.

Exit.

Phil. Quite besides.
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Lets follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Iach. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Dih call my father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-parcill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency so Rose, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the divels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarinen on,
 Cry'de oh, and mounted, found no opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The Womans part in me, for theres no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
 The womans: Flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
 Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
 All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knowes,
 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: yet tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very Divels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Clotten, and Lords at
 one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
 and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
 Be Theame, and hearing ever (was in this Britaine,
 And Conquer'd it, Cassibelan thine Vnkle
 (Famous in Caesars prayes, no whit lesse
 Then in his Feats deserving it) for him,
 And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
 Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
 Is left untender'd.

Que. And to kill the mervaille,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Caesars,
 Ere such another Julius: Britaine's a world
 By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our owne Noses.

Que. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
 The Kings your Ancestors, together with
 The Naturall bravery of your Isle, which stands
 As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
 With Oakes unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
 With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates
 But sucke them up to th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest
 Caesars made heere, but made not heere his bragge
 Of Came, and Saw, and Overcome: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our Coast, twice beaten? and his Shipping
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
 Like Egge-shells, mov'd upon their Surges crack'd
 As easly gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 'Oh giglet Fortune' to master Caesars Sword,
 Made Luds-Towne with rejoycing-Fires bright,

And Brittaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, theres no more Tribute to be paid? Our
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
 said) there is no more such Caesars, other of them may
 have crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard
 as Cassibelan, I doe not say I am one: but I have a hand.
 Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar
 can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moone
 in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
 no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans, did extort
 This Tribute from us, we were free. Caesars Ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' th' World, against all colour heere.
 Did put the yoke upon's: which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Our selves to be, we doe. Say then to Caesar,
 Our Ancestor was that *Mummius*, which
 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose use the Sword of Caesar
 Hath too much mangled: whose repayre, and franchise,
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
 Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mummius* made our lawes
 Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
 His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
 Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*
 (Caesar, that hath more Kings his Servants, then
 Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy?
 Receive it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
 In Caesar's name pronounce I'gainst thee: Look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus deside,
 I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
 Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
 Behooves me keepe at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
 Which not to reade, would shew the Brittaines cold:
 So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Majesty biddes you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day, or two, or longer: if you seeke us after-
 wards in other tearmes, you shall finde us in our Salt-
 water-Girdle: if you beate us out of it, it is yours: if you
 fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
 you: and theres an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
 All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanias reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters ber accuse? *Leonarius*:
 Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is false into thy care? What false Italian,
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Vpon the Love, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to doe good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanitie,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
*That I have sent her, by her owne command,
Shall give thee opportunitie.* Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Feedarie for this act; and look't
So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lords health: of his content: yet not
That we two are a sunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike.
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

*I*ffice, and your Fathers wrath (should hee take mee in his
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you, (oh the de-
reft of creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your
owne Love, will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remanes loyal to his Vow, and your encrea-
sing in Love.
Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisanio*?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How faire tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisanio*.
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loves Counsaile should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T'inherite such a Haven. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many score of Miles may we well ride

Twixt houre, and houre?

Pis. One score twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses have bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman faine a Sicknesse, say
She'll home to her Father, and provide me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Hufwife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere,
Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whole Roote's as low as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
And keepe their impious Turbands on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,
We house i'th' Rocke, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Haile Heaven.

Arvir. Haile Heaven.

Bel. Now for our Mountaine sport, up to yond hill
Your legges are young: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's and sets off
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes; of the Trickes in Warre.
This service, is not Service; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothidg for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in unpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepe his Booke uncross'd, no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing abed,
A Prison or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse

The freezing houres away? We have seene nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeake?

Did you but know the Citties Vſuries,
And felt them knowingly the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keepe: whoſe top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely ſeemes to ſeek our danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honour, which dyes i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curſe ſie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The world may read in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Firſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whoſe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gai. Vncertaine favour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whoſe falſe Oathes prevail'd
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: ſo
Followed my Banishment, and thiſt twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and theſe Demefnes, have bene my World,
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heaven, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to'th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th' Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will feare no poyſon, which attends
In place of greater State:

He meete you in the Valleyes.

Exeunt.

How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they the Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alive.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd up thus meanelly
I'th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. I love,
When on my three-foot ſtoole I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits flye out
Into my ſtory: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foote on's necke, even then
The Princely blood flowes in his Checke, he ſweats,
Straines his young Nerves, and puts himſelfe in poſture
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwal*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is row's'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and my Conſcience knowes
Thou did'ſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I ſtole theſe Babes,
Thinking to barre the e of Succeſſion, as
Thou reſts me of my Lands. *Emiphile*,
Thou waſ't their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother
And every day do honor to her grave:
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Piſanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came fro' horſe, the place
Was neere ar hand: Ne're longd my Mother ſo
To ſeeme firſt, as I have now: *Piſanio*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breakes that figh
From th' inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing preplex'd
Beyond ſelfe-explication. Put thy ſelfe
Into a haviour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe
Vanquiſh my ſtayder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke untender? Iſt be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance ſtill. My Huſbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome extremitie, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you reade,
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THy Miſtris (*Piſanio*) hath playd the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof, lies bleeding in me. I ſpeak
not out of weak ſurmises, but from prooſe as ſtrong as my
griefe, and as certaine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou
(*Piſanio*) muſt aſſe for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the
breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall
give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my Letter
for the purpoſe; where, if thou feare to ſtrike, and to make mee
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and
equally to me diſloyall.

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his Bed? What is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearefull dreame of him,
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's falſe to's bed? Is it?

Piſa. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I falſe? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'ſt accuſe him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'd'ſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

Thy favours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him :
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,
I must be ript : To peeces with me : Oh !
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy ; not borne where't growes,
But worne a baite for Ladies.

Pisa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought false : and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare : tooky pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
From thy great faile : Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart):
Feare not, tis empty of all things, but Griefe :
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Divine,
That cravens my weake hand : Come, heere's my heart :
So methings a-foot : Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart : thus may poore Fooles
Beleeve false Teachers : Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt hereafter finde
It is no act of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse : and I greeve my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art to slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,
I have not slept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didd'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be un-bent? when thou hast tane thy stand,

Th' elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose-so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course: good Lady
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy Tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falle strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottoome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curld injurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my life:
Ile give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll backe to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father: nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing;
That *Cloten*, whose Love-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole a Swannes-nest; prythee thinke
There's livers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad
You thinke of other Place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguis'd
That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at last)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourelly to your eare,
As truly as he mooves.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. We'll then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Tisbe*; and forgot
Your labour some and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Imo* angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them : Would you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his service : tell him
Wherein you're happy ; which will make him know,
If that his head have care in Musicke, doubtlesse
With joy he will embrace you : for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad :
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd : but wee'l even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious : If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-quallm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood : may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen : I thanke thee,

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Lucius, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir :
My Emperour hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoke ; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Sovereignty then they, mu st needs
Appaere un-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir : I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office :
The due of Honour, in no point omit :
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he have crost Severn. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

Qu. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clot. Tis all the better,
Your Valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath writ already to the Emperour
How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She lookes as like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have beene too light in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin : the Cure whereof my Lord,
Tis time must doe. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' lowd of noife, we make,

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmities,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make knowne : but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd ?
Not scene of late ? Grant Heavens, that which I
Feare, prove false.

Exit.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of her's, *Pisano*, her old Servant
I have not scene these two dayes. *Exit.*

Qu. Go, looke after :
Pisano, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*
He hath a Drugge of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeves
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her :
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flowne
To her desired *Posthumus* : gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee beeing downe,
I have the placing of the Brittain Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now my Sonne ?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled :
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better : may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day. *Exit Qu.*

Clot. I loue and hate her : for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-felles them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,
That what's selfe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I wil conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles shall —

Enter Pisanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pander, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
He have this secter from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,

How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
No farther balking: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Discover where thy Mistis is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation and thy death

Pis. Then sir:

This Paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's see; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far'renough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. He write to my Lord she is dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke

Clo. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villaine, but do me true service: under-
go those Employments wherein I should have cause to use
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee doe to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
ment,

Pis. Well, my good Lord:

Clo. Wilt thou serve mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger *Posthumus*; thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve
mee?

Pis. Sir I will,

Clo. Give me thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie and Mi-
stresse.

Clo. The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

hither, let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord.

Exeunt,

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (Iforgot to aske
him one thing, He remember't anon:) even there, thou
villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She said upon a time (the bitternesse
of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very
Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornement of
my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe will I ra-
vish her: first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see
my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.
He on the Ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my lust hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd:) to the Court He knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath dispis'd mee rejoycingly, and He be mer-
ry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet,

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my designe. Be
but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to
thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come and be true. *Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heavenly bleisings on her: This Fooles speede
Becroft with slownesse; Labour be his meede. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Ima. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Have made the gound my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh love, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched, such I meane,
Where they should be releev'd. Two beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers, My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th false Ones: now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path to't: tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, make it valiant.
Plentie and peace breeds Cowards, Hardnesse ever
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's civill, speake, if savage,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter,
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, heell scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Pelidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the feast: *Cadwal*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, tis our match:
The sweate of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes to. Come, our stomackes
Will make whats homely, savoury; Weariness
Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keepst thy selfe.

Gwi. I am throughly weary.

Arvi. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gwi. There is cold meat ith' Cave, we'll brouz on that
Whilst what we have killd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faery.

Gwi. Whats the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angell: or if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good master harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale: and parted
With Pray'rs for the Provider.

Gwi. Money? Youth.

Arvi. All gold and Silver rather turne doe durt,
As tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty gods.

Imo. I see your angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-haven.

Bel. Whats your name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prethee (faire youth)
Thinke us no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gwi. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I doe buy.

Arvi. Ile make't my comfort
He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as Ild give to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall mongst friends.

Imo. Mongst friends.

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting

To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gwi. Would I could free't.

Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guilt of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peece these twaine. Pardon me gods,
Ild change my texe to be Companion with them,
Since *Laonatus* false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes we'll goe dresse our Hunt. Faire you come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd
Weell mannerly demand thee of thy Story.

So farre as thou wilt speake it,

Gwi. Pray draw neere.

Arvi. The Night toth' Owle,

And Morne toth' Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir.

Arvi. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmarians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The false-off Britaine, that we doe incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Caesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2 Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the Numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am neere to'th' place where they should meet,
if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
serve me? Why should his Mistress who was made by him
that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word) for tis said a Womans fitness comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglory for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperfeverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortality is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris enforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough viage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turne all into my commendation. My horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cave, We'll come to you after hunting.

Arvi. Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignity. Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gwi. Goe you to hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well: But not so Citizen a wanton, as To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leave me, Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome, Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sicke. Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere, Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye Stealing so poorly.

Gwi. I love thee: I have spoke it, How much the quantity, the waight as much, As I doe love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arvi. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake me In my good Brothers fault: I know not why I love this youth, and I have heard you say, Loves reasons without reason. The beere at doore, And a demand who ist shall dye, Ild say My father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of greatnesse I
"Cowards father Cowards, and Base things Syre Bace:
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
Ime not their father, yet who this should be,
Doth myracle it selfe, lov'd before me,
Tis the ninth houre oth Morne.

Arvi. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arvi. You health. — So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kind Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I have heard:
Our Courtiers say, alls savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh thou disprov'st Report.
Th'empierious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke: *Pisano*,
Ile now taste of thy Drugges.

Gwi. I could not stirre him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arvi. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time, goe in, and rest.

Arvi. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our huswife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
This youth, how ere distressed, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arvi. How Angell-like he sings?

Gwi. But his neare Cookery?

Arvi. He cut our Rootes in Characters,
And sawe't our Brothes, as *Imo* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arvi. Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gwi. I doe note,
That griefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spures together.

Arvi. Grow patient,
And let the stinking- Elder (Griefe) untwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde those Runagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates?
Meanes he not us? I partly know him, tis
Cloten, the Sonne oth' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know tis he: we are held as Out-lawes; hence.

Gwi. He is but one: you, and my brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Sonne villaine-Mountainers?
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Gwi. A thing.
More slavish did I ne're, then answering
A Slave without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

Gwi. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arme as bigge as thine? a heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why

Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gni. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall;
Who is thy Grandfather: He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet:
My Taylor made them not.

Gni. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Theefe;
Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gni. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.

Gni. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
I would move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to th' Queene.

Gni. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gni. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:
When I have slaine thee with my proper hand,
He follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arvi. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voyce,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
Twas very *Cloten*.

Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gni. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gni. I am perfect what; cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gni. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat us?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare no Law, What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre have rav'd
To bring him heere alone although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arvi. Let Ord'nance

Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gni. With his owne Sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane
His head from him: he throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake.

Exit.

Bel. I feare twill be reveng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvi. Would I had done't:
So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seeke us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidole* play the Cookes: He stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arvi. Pore sickle *Fidole*.

He willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
He'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity,

Exit.

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,
Thou divine Nature; thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing beow the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enclasp'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th'Vaile. Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,
Civility not seene from other: valour
That wildly growes in them: but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being heere to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gni. Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Clothes* Clot-pole downe the streame;
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

Solemn Musicke.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hearke.

Gwi. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gwi. What does he meane?
Since death of my dear't Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is jollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.*

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arvi. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have seene this.

Gwi. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly:
My Brother wears thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh melancholly,
Who ever yet could found thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew that Coast thy sluggish care
Might easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing.
Love knowes what man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancolly.
How found you him?

Arvi. Starke, as you see:
Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Checke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gwi. Where?

Arvi. O'th' floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feet, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gwi. Why he but sleeps:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Grave a Bed:
With Female Faeries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arvi. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I live heere, *Fidele*,
He sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to flander.
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mofse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse—

Gwi. Prythee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' grave.

Arvi. Say, where shall I lay him?

Gwi. By good *Enriphile*, our Mother.

Arvi. Bee't so:

And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Have got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother: use like note, and words,
Save that *Enriphile*, must be *Fidele*.

Gwi. *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing: He weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worie
Then Priests, and Vanes that lye.

Arvi. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse, For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet Reverence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gwi. Pray thee fetch him hither,
Thersites body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neyther are are alive.

Arvi. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

Gwi. Nay *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arvi. Tis true.

Gwi. Come on then, and remove him.

Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the heats o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arvi. Feare no more the frownes o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow thee and come to dust.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash.

Arvi. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gwi. Feare no slander, Ceasure rash.

Arvi. Thou hast finish'd loy and mone.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorciser harme thee,

Arvi. Nor no witch-craft charme thee,

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.

Arvi. Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten,

Gwi. We have done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but about midnight more:
The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fit't for Graues: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gave them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

*Exeunt
Imogen*

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
 I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thither?
 'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?
 I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
 But soft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesse!
 These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
 For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But tis not so:
 Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in heaven, as small a drop of pitty
 As a Wrenseye; fear'd Gods, apart of it.
 The Dreame's heere still: even when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt:
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 The bawnes of *Hercules*: but his Ioviall face——
 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous divell *Cloten*,
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
 From this most bravest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! wher's that
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 Tis he, and *Cloten*. Malice, and Lucre in them
 Have laid this Woe heere. Oh tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugges he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s decde, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheekes with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seeme to those
 Which chace to finde us; Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will, have crost the Sea, attending
 You heere at Milford-Haven, with you Shippes:
 They are in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse
 Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 Be mustered, bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night the very Gods shew'd me a vision
 (I feast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 I saw Ioves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
 (Vnlesse my Sinnes abuse my Divination)

Successe to th' Roman host.

Luc. Dreame often so,
 And never false. Soft hoa, what trunke is heere?
 Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
 Let's see the Boy's face.

Cap. Hee's alive my Lord,

Luc. Hee'll then instruct us of his body: Young one,
 Informe us of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 They crave to be demanded: who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wracke? How cam't? Who is't?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: if not,
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
 That here by Mountainers lyes slaine: Alas,
 There are no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
 Try many, all good: serve truly: never
 Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
 Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend,

Imo. Richard du Champ: If I doe lye, and doe
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
 They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approve thy selfe the very same:
 Thy name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No lesse belou'd The Romane Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Consull to me, should no sooner
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
 Ile hide my Master from the flies as deepe
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
 With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave
 And on it said a Century of prayers,
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
 And leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertaine me.

Luc. I good youth,
 And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy he is preferr'd
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As Souldiers can, Be cheereful wipe thine eyes,
 Some falles are meanes the happierto arise. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again: and bring me word how tis with her,
 A Feavour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for his present? It strikes me, me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture.

Pis. Sir my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublefome:
Wee'l slip yon for a season, but with jealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Romane Legions all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with supply
Of Romane Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queene,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thanke you: lets withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes us, We feare not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We greeve at chances heere. Away. *Exiunt.*

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was flaine. Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplex in all. The Heavens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I love my Country,
Even to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd: *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gwi. The noyse is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleasure Sir, finde we in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure?

Gwi. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnaturall Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure us
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Clotins* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on his Torture.

Gwi. This is (Sir) a doubt
in such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopelesse
To have the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gwi. Then be so,
Betrer to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arvi. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did see man dye, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore unknowne.

Gwi. By heavens Ile go,
If you will blesse me Sir, and give me leave,
Ile take the better care: but but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romanes.

Arvi. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time seemes long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder Wives much better then themselves

For

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisano*,
 Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
 No Bond, but to doe just ones. Gods, if you
 Should have tane vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to pnt on this: so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strooke
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
 You snatch from hence for little faults; that's love
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illes with illes, each Elder worle,
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Amongst Italian Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: Tis enough
 That (*Britaine*) I have kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
 Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (*O Imogen*) even for whom my life
 Is every breath, a death: and thus unknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion lesse without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and the *Romane Army* at one doore:
 and the *Britaine Army* at another: *Leonatus Posthumus*
 following like a poore Souldier. They march over, and goe
 out. Then enter againe in Skirmish *Iachimo* and *Posthu-*
mus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth *Iachimo*, and then
 leaves him.

Iac. The heaviness and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country; and the ayre on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 (As I weare mine) are titles but of scorn,
 if that thy Gentry (*Britaine*) go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods.

Exit.

The Battaille continues, the *Britaines* flye, *Cymbeline* is
 taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Bellarius*, *Guiderius*,
 and *Arviragus*.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the advantage of the ground,
 The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts us, but
 The villany of our feares.

Gai. Arvi. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter *Posthumus*, and second the *Britaines*. They rescue
Cymbeline, and *Exeunt*.

Then enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and *Imogen*.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and save thy selfe:
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 Let's re. inforce, or flye.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a *Britaine Lord*.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lo. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backes of *Britaines* scene; all flying
 Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke
 More plentifull, then Toolles to doo't: stroke downe
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
 Solong a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled,
 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknesse flecte foules that flye backwards; stand,
 Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
 Like beatts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many:
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guiled pale lookes;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
 Damnd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The life o'th' need: having found the backe doore open
 Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,
 Some slaine before, some dying; some their Friends
 Ore-borne i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

Lor:

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, doe not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'ry ? here is one :

*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preserv'd the Britaines, was the Romanesbane."*

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end ?

Who dares not stand his Foe, ile be his friend :
For if he'll doe, as he is made to doe,
I know he'll quickly flye my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post. Still going ? This is a Lord : Oh Noble misery
To be ith' field, and aske what newes of me :
To day, how many would have given their honors
To have sav'd their Carkasses ? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster
Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words ; or hath moe ministers then we
That draw his knives i'th' War. Well I will finde him :
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I have resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane ; great the answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransomes death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.

Enter two Captaines, and Souldiers.

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th'Affront with them.

1 So tis reported :

But none of em can be found. Stand, who's there ?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him : a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crowes have peckt them here, he brags his service
As if he were of note : bring him to th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Romane Captives. The Captaines present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
You have lockes upon you :
So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2 Gao. I, or a stomacke.

Post. Most welcome bondage : for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty : yet am I better
Then one thats sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'fure Physitian, Death ; who is the key
T'unbarre these Lockes. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, and wrists : you good gods give me
The penitent instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Ist enough I am sorry ?
So Children temporall fathers doe appeale ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot doe it better then in Gyves,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my freedome tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vild men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
On their abatement ; thats not my desire.
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
Tis not so deere, yet tis a life, you coyn'd it,
Twene man, and man, they waigh not every stampe :
Thou light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours : and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell those cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemn Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, and Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then after other Musicke, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they dyed in the warres, They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spight, on Mortall flies :
With Mars fall out, with Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw :

Idy'de whist in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou shouldst have bin, and sheeld ed him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was Posthumus ript,
came crying mongst his Foes.
A thing of pitty.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestry,
moulded the stuffe to faire :
That he diserv'd the praise oth' World,
as great Sicilius heyre.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was he
That could stand up his parallell ?
or fruitfull object be ?
In eye of Imogen, that best
could deeme his dignity.

Moth. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From Leonati Seate, and cast
from her his deereft one :

Sweet Imogen ?

Sicil. Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy,
d d d To

To taint his nobler hart and braine, with needlesse jelousie
And to become the gecke and scorne oth'others villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,

our Parents, and us twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
tell bravely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, and *Tenanius* right, with honor to maintaine,

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd: (journ'd

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods, why hast thou thus ad-
The Graces for her Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy Christall window ope; looke out
no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

Morb. Since (*Jupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To'th shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity,

Bro. Helpe (*Jupiter*) or we appeale,
and from thy justice flye.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an
Eagle; he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their
knees.*

Imp. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore Shadows of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your never-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know tis ours.

Whom best I love, I crosse: to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid Sonne, our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his Trialls well are spent:

Our Ioviall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made

This Tablet lay upon his brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expresse Impatience, lest you stirre up mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. *Ascends.*

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foote us: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks *Jupiter.*

Sici. The Marble Pavement clozes. he is enter'd
His radiant Rooffe: Away, and to be blest

Let us with care performe his great behest. *Vanish.*

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne;

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,

Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I swerve:
Many Dreame not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fayeries haunt this ground? a booke? Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.

Vhen as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a peece
of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be
lopt branches, which being dead many yeeres, shall after re-
vive, be joynted to the old Stocke, and freely grow, then
shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, *Britaine* be fortunate, and
flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing;
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoles.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long agoe.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that,
you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: but the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, feare no more
Taverne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorry that
you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the braine the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawne of heavinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
up thousands in a trice: you have no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of whats past, is: and to come, the dis-
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters: so
the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feels not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a
Hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change
places with his Officer: for looke you Sir, you know not
which way you shall goe

Post. Yes indeed doe I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes ins head then: I have not
seene him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by
some that take upon them to know, or to wake upon your
selfe that which I am sure you doe not know: or lump
the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your journies end, I thinke you'll never returne
to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and
will not use them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man should
have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bringst good newes, I am call'd to be made
free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoles; no booke
for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, and be-
get yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: yet on my
Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
against their willes: so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowes: I speake a-
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
int.

Exeunt.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arvi-
ragus, Pisanio, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Stept before Targes of prooffe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. Norydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my griefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liver, heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) she lives. Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights oth' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet your our Victory? you looke like Romanes,
And not oth' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,
To sowre your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Whom worse then a Physitian
Would this report become; but I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Corn. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prethee say.

Corn. First, she confest she never lov'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Mined your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poyson.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who ist can reade a Woman? is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and lingring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew: yes and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lad. We did, so please your highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart.
That thought her like her seeming. It had bene vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines have rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen have made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our selfe have granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranfome, let it come: sufficient,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to thinke on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom'd: Never Master had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue joyne
With my request, which Ile make bold, your highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seene him:
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, live boy: nere thanke thy Master, live;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile give it:

ddd 2

Yes,

Yea, though thou doe demand a Prisoner,
The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I doe not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alacke,
Theres other worke in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death : your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy dildaines me,
He leaves me, scornes me : briefly dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplex ?

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy ?
I love thee more, and more : thinke more and more
Whats best to aske. Knowst him thou look'st on ? speake
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy Kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your highnesse, who being borne your vassaile
Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. Whats thy name ?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my Page,
Ile be thy Master : walke with me : speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviu'd from death ?

Arvi. One fand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad :
Who dyed, and was *Fidele* : what thinke you ?

Gwi. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further ; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gwi. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent : lets see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistris :
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,
Give answer to this boy, and doe it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our honor) better torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. Whats that to him ?

Cym. That Diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How ? me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring : twas *Leonatus* lewell,
Whom thou didst banish : and which more may greeve
As it doth me : a Nobler Sir nere liv'd (thee,
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord ?

Cym. All thrt belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remeber. Give me leave, I faint.

Cym. My Daught ? what of her ? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more : strive man, and speake.

Iach. Vpon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre : it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where : twas at a feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heav'd to head :) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say ? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praile our Loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the sweli'd boast
Of him that best could speake : for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond briefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiving,
Fairnesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou wouldst greeve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which by his tongue, being made,
And then a mind put int, either our biaggas
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sotties.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And she alone were cold : Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praile, and wag'd with him
Peeces of gold, gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honor'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery : he (true Knight)
No lesse of her honor confident
Then I did truly finde her, itakes this Ring,
And would so, had it bene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele ; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of Carre, Away to Britaine
Polte I in this designe : Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing ; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your dueller Britaine operate
Most vildly : for my vantage excellent.
And to be briefe, my practise so prevayl'd
That I returnd with simular prooffe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleeve in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of Chamber hanging, Pictures, this her Bractlet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crackd,
I having tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinks I see him now.

Post. I, so thou dost,
Italian fiend. Aye me, most credulous foole,
Egregious murderer, Theefe, any thing
Thats due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,

Some

Some upright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious : it is I
That all th'abhorred things oth'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter : Villaine-like, I lye,
That cau's'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious. Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she : yea, and she her selfe.
Spert, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set
The dogges oth'street to bay me : every villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany lesse then twas. Oh *Imogen* !
My Queene, my life, my wife : oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shalls have a play of this ?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part,

Pisa. Oh Gentleman, helpe,
Mine and your Mistris : Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne're killd *Imogen* till now : helpe, helpe,
Mine honor'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world goe round ?

Post. How comes these staggers on me ?

Pisa. Wake my Mistis :

Cym. If this be so, the gods doe meane to strike me
To death, with mortall joy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris.

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gavst me poyson : dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisa. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphure on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn. Oh gods !

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have (said she) given his Mistris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. Whats this, *Cornelius* ?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would seize
The present power of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Doe their due Functions. Have you tane of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gni. This is sure *Fidèle*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you ?
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Post. Hang there like fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my flesh ? My child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act ?
Wilt thou not speake to me ?

Imo. Your blessing Sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motive fort.

Cym. My teares that fall
Prove holy-water on thee ; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't my Lord :

Cym. Oh, she was naught ; and long of her it was
That we meet heere so strangely : but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Clotten*
Vpon my Ladies mistling, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gni. Let me end the Story : I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence : Prethee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gni. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gni. A most incivill one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine,

Cym. I am sory for thee :
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law : Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our presence,

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Souldier :
Wilt thou undoe the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath ? how of descent
As good as we ?

Arvi. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will prove that two ons are as good
As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arvi. Your dangers ours.

Gni. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him ? he is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age : indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes;
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nurling of my Sonnes?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heeres my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeeres
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes, Their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moov'd her too't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe; and I must loose
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heaven with Starres.

Cym. Thou weepst, and speakest:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tellst. I lost my children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while:
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Gniderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce,

Cym. *Gniderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Rejoyc'd deliverance more; Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arvi. I my good Lord.

Gni. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, untill we thought he dyed.

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare intinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Romane Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battaille? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the time, nor place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmelesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is severally in all. Lets quite this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did releeve me:
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-joy'd
Save these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet doe you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir
The souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeching: twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heavy Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learne our Freeneesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardons the word to all.

Arvi. You holpe us Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmenus.

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

VV Hen as a Lyons whelp, shall to him selfe unknown
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a peece
of tender Ayre: and when from a stately Cedar shall be
lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after re-
vive, be joynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then
shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate,
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majesticke Cedar joynd; whose issue

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Cains Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Caesar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heavens in justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres above, doe tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarfe-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romane Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames oth'Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Caesar*, should againe unite
His favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne wave
Friendly together; so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie: Seale it with feasts.
Set on there: Never was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FIN IS.